

# THE LONDON LITERARY CRITIC, AND JOURNAL.

VOL. XIV.—No. 330.

JANUARY 1, 1855.  
Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

DOUBLE NUMBER WITH SUPPLEMENT.  
Price 7d.

**CLERGY LIST for 1854. WANTED, a**  
COPY of the CLERGY LIST for 1854.  
Apply, stating price, to "G. C." (330), CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street,  
Strand.

**CHEAP BOOKS.—20 per cent. Discount off all**  
Books for Ready Money, at CHARLES HASELSEN'S, Book-  
seller, Shaftesbury House, 21, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.

**A BOW DRAWN at a VENTURE.—A**  
GENTLEMAN of liberal Education, good address, active busi-  
ness habits, and well-known to the Commercial and Literary Worlds,  
being desirous of REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT, OFFERS his  
SERVICES from New Year's Day, as an efficient and Confidential  
Assistant.

Letters, free, to "ALPHA," care of Mr. Ross, 355, Oxford-street.  
**PARTNER WANTED, with a Capital of**  
20,000, to 30,000, for an old-established Sugar Refining Busi-  
ness in Liverpool. The premises are in all respects adapted for carry-  
ing on a most extensive business, the Machinery and Utensils being of  
the best description. A most desirable opportunity now presents  
itself for entering the Trade. Apply to JOHN VICKES and SONS, on the Premises, Blackstock-  
street, Liverpool.

**TO PUBLISHERS of Religious Periodicals.**  
Books, &c.—A Clergyman, who when engaged in parochial  
ministrations had been accustomed to give his leisure moments to the  
preparation of theological contributions to the press, now that delicacy  
of health has compelled him to give up ministerial labours, would dis-  
charge some EDITORIAL ENGAGEMENT whose duties could be dis-  
charged at a distance from the office.  
Address "Rev. A. B.," Post-office, Queenstown, Cork.

**ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLUMES**  
In circulation at  
**WESTERTON'S ENGLISH and FOREIGN**  
LIBRARY, Hyde-park-corner. Single Subscription, One  
Guinea per Annum. Books can be exchanged daily. Libraries and  
the public supplied with duplicate copies of new works from the  
Library, at reduced prices.

**THE NEWEST WORKS ON ALL TOPICS OF INTEREST,**  
Are procurable at  
**WESTERTON'S LIBRARY, HYDE-  
PARK-CORNER.** The newest books. Subscriptions, from  
One Guinea per Annum. Annuals for Christmas presents.

**ALL THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS**  
Supplied, or Lent to Read, at  
WESTERTON'S LIBRARY, Hyde-park-corner.

**AUTHORS and AMATEURS should procure**  
"Sketch of the System of Publishing on Commission," to be  
had gratis, on application, or by post, for one stamp, of CHURTON,  
26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

**FAMILIES, BOOK SOCIETIES, LITERARY**  
INSTITUTIONS, PROVINCIAL ATHENÆUMS, AND  
COUNTRY LIBRARIANS supplied on the most liberal terms with  
all the New Works for perusal by a small Annual Subscription to  
CHURTON'S LIBRARY, 26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

**ALL THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS GRATIS.**  
A LIST of all the LONDON NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES,  
with their price, politics, and day of publication. The Times and all  
the other Newspapers forwarded by the morning and evening mails  
on the day of publication, and the day after, at reduced prices, and  
with printed directions to insure punctuality.  
JOHN NASH, and Co., 4, Saville-row, Regent-street.

**NEWSPAPERS.—THE TIMES or POST**  
posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter;  
HERALD, 2s.; CHRONICLE, DAILY NEWS, or ADVERTISER,  
2s.; TIMES (Second Edition), SUN, GLOBE, or STANDARD, 3s.;  
TIMES (Second Day), 16s. 6d. Annuals required, and orders must be  
prepaid.—JAMES BARKER, 19, Throgmorton-street, Bank.  
Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

**FREE TRADE IN BOOKS.—4, Copthall-**  
Buildings, Moorgate-street.—S. and T. GILBERT beg respectfully  
to inform the Public, that they supply all Books, Magazines,  
Reviews, Periodicals, Almanacs, Pocket-books, and Diaries, pub-  
lished at 1s. and upwards, at a reduction of 2d. in the shilling, for  
Cash. Country Orders executed on the same terms, and delivered on  
the following morning, at a charge for postage of 6d. for each pound, or  
fraction of a pound weight. School and Export Orders promptly  
attended to. Please note the Address.—S. and T. GILBERT, Book-  
sellers, 4, Copthall-buildings, Moorgate-street.

**BENNS and GOODWIN, PUBLISHERS,**  
44, Fleet-street, London, in order to meet the convenience of  
Authors about to publish, have adopted a plan whereby the Author's  
immediate outlay is materially lessened, and his entire risk at once  
decided. The facilities possessed by B. and G. for procuring a large  
sale, enhanced by the attention in which their books are held, will be  
strongly urged on behalf of all works consigned to them for pub-  
lication.

Selections from a large number of unsolicited testimonials from  
Authors.  
"I cannot sufficiently thank you for the interest you have taken in  
the publication, for the suggestions you have made, and the invaluable  
thought and time you have bestowed upon it."  
"Honourable dealings have characterised all my transactions."  
"In point of execution, and in every other respect, I have found  
nothing to desire."  
"I return the proof-sheet. Out of the many which I have had to  
correct at various times, for myself and others, I have never had less  
trouble."  
"I quite appreciate the kindness and care you have evinced through-  
out the progress of my book, and beg you will accept my sincere  
thanks."

**PHOTOGRAPHIC WAREHOUSE.—**  
A COMPLETE APPARATUS for 3s. taking "vitrals" and under,  
including a Double Achromatic Lens, beautifully mounted in brass, and  
Backwork and Pinion (warranted to produce as perfect a portrait, and  
as good as the most costly, and exchanged if not found in every  
way satisfactory); Walnut wood Camera, Tripod Stand, with brass top  
and screws; Scales and Weights, with Glass Pan in Box; two Porce-  
lain Dishes, Gatta Percha Bath and Dipper, and all the necessary  
Chemicals in Stopper Bottles, packed and sent to any part of the  
kingdom. The next size 5s. 3d., including every article as above, but  
larger in proportion, taking Portraits 4s. and under. Every  
article in Photography cheaper than any other house in London, at  
FLEMING'S, 408, Oxford-street.

**CONTINUOUS EMPLOYMENT GUARAN-**  
TEED.—A limited number of LADIES WANTED IMME-  
DIATELY, to pursue the Fashionable and Lucrative Arts of  
"ILLUMINATING ON VELVET" and "LITHOGRAPHY," for  
objects at the Crystal Palace, intended for publication. Each Art is  
taught for One Guinea, either personally or by correspondence, and by  
which a handsome income can be realised weekly.—Continuous em-  
ployment guaranteed at the Pupil's residence and private instruction.—  
The elegant specimens are on view daily, at Mons. LAURENT'S resi-  
dence, 14, Torrington-square, near Russell-square; Royal Polytechnic,  
&c.—References to families of distinction. No knowledge of drawing  
necessary.

**JULLIEN and CO.'S MUSICAL**  
PRESENTATION and CIRCULATING LIBRARY combined.—  
Subscribers to this Library are presented with 3s. 3d. worth of Music  
every year.  
Prospectuses forwarded on application to JULLIEN and Co.,  
214, Regent-street.

**MISS DOLBY'S NEW SONGS.—"Oh, let**  
Me Sing to Thee;" and "I do not ask a Brighter Lot." Com-  
posed by HENRY LESLIE, and sung with the greatest success by Miss  
Dolby. Price 2s. each, postage free.  
London: JULLIEN and Co., 214, Regent-street.

**ENGLAND and FRANCE: a New Patriotic**  
SONG. By LOUISE CHRISTINE. Price 2s. postage free.  
JULLIEN and Co., 214, Regent-street.

**MINNIE, sung by Madame Anna Thillon at**  
M. Jullien's Concerts with the greatest success. Price 2s. Illus-  
trated with a Portrait of Madame Thillon.—Also, "The Old Friends at  
Home," sung by Madame Thillon. Price 2s.  
JULLIEN and Co., 214, Regent-street.

**JULLIEN'S MOLDAVIAN SCHOTTISCHE,**  
performed at his Concerts with the greatest success, and nightly  
encored, price 3s.; also, the Katty-did Polka, price 3s.; the Adieu  
Waltz, 2s.; American Quadrille, 2s.; and the whole of the pieces  
performed at Drury-lane.  
214, Regent-street.

**RENÉ FAVARGER'S PARTANT POUR**  
LA SYRIE.—Tarentelle, L'Etoile du Nord, II Barbiere, Ondine,  
Souvenir de Beethoven, Wanda, and Oberon. (New Edition.)  
CRAMER, BEALE, Co., 201, Regent-street.

**INSTRUCTIONS in the ART of SINGING after**  
the Methods of the best Italian Masters, written and arranged by  
W. MAYNARD. Third Edition, price 5s.  
CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**THE STAR of BETHLEHEM. New Ballad.**  
Price 2s. free for stamps.  
"This beautiful and graceful little ballad should be in the possession  
of all our friends. It breathes the pure spirit of piety and devotion, and  
is set to a charming melody."  
JEWELL and LETCHFORD, 17, Soho-square.

**CHRISTMAS PARTIES.—Advice on this**  
subject set forth in a COMIC BALLAD, entitled, "Late Hours,"  
sung by Miss Pools with great éclat; written by Bellamy; composed  
by Glover, the successful composer of "The Cavalier," "The Cantinier,"  
and other popular songs.  
JEWELL and LETCHFORD, 17, Soho-square. Price 2s. free for stamps.

**NEW MUSICAL GAME for CHRISTMAS.**  
—THE THEORY OF CONCORDS.—Beautifully illustrated,  
price 2s. 6d., free for stamps. This amusing and instructive game is  
highly recommended by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, and all  
the leading members of the musical profession at reduced prices.  
JEWELL and LETCHFORD, 17, Soho-square, Music Publishers and  
Pianoforte Manufacturers.

**NEW MUSIC.—Daughters of Christian**  
England: Song by the Rev. J. B. MONSELL; Music by James  
Hine; Inserted to Miss Nightingale, 2s. The Alma; Song by  
Alexander, Music by Hine, 2s. The Battle Prayer, by the Rev. N. S.  
Goffrey, 2s. 6d. Sebastopol March, by Revell, 2s. Alma March, by  
Glover, 2s.; Triple Union March, by Heyloft, 2s. 6d. The Battle Fan-  
tasia, by Heyloft, 4s.—All post-free, at reduced prices.  
CHARLES JEFFREYS, 21, Soho-square.

**HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS**  
for the Pianoforte. Enlarged and Fingered by CARL CZERNY  
73rd Edition.  
"Never in the history of publishing had a book of this kind so re-  
markable a run. It is a universal favourite. The teacher who uses it  
finds himself relieved of half his labour, and where a teacher cannot be  
had, this work (of all existing works) affords the best substitute. Its  
cheapness, too, is astonishing. Sixty-two large music pages for Four  
Shillings!"  
ROBERT COCKS and Co.

**EXCELSIOR. Song by Miss M. LINDSAY.**  
Words by LONGFELLOW. Finely illustrated, 2s. 6d.  
"An exquisite lyric."—*Edinb. Cour.*  
"Stirring and expressive."—*Weekly Times.*  
"Sublime in its simplicity."—*Portsmouth Guardian.*  
"A gem which, in this musical setting, is seen to greater advantage."  
—*Falmer.*  
"Makes the heart echo the cry of 'Excelsior.'—*Epitaphist.*  
"Worthy of the exquisite lines of Longfellow."—*Church and State*  
*Gazette.*  
"Chaste and simple."—*British Banner.*  
Also, by the same Authoress, "Speak Gently,"  
2s. 6d.; and "The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," Duets, 3s.  
London: ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street, Music  
Publishers to the Queen.

**NEW and POPULAR MUSIC for the**  
YOUNG.—SIXTY AMUSING SONGS for Little Singers, with  
easy pianoforte accompaniment. Small 4to. gilt boards, 4s.; plain,  
2s. 6d.  
The YOUNG SINGER'S BOOK of SONGS.  
Post 4to. gilt boards, 5s.; plain, 3s. 6d.  
SELECTION of SACRED SONGS. Post 4to.  
elegantly bound, 5s.; plain, 3s. 6d.  
EASY ROUNDS and CATCHES. Price 1s.  
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS, Paternoster-  
row; C. JEFFREYS, 21A, Soho-square.

**CASE'S CONCERTINAS.—Messrs. BOOSEY**  
and SONS have the honour to announce that they have com-  
pleted arrangements with Mr. GEORGE CASE, for the exclusive SALE  
of his celebrated CONCERTINAS. The personal attention of this eminent  
professor will be given to the manufacture of these instruments, every  
one of which will bear his name. A large stock of second-hand con-  
certinas, for sale or hire, may be had of BOOSEY and SONS, 28, Holles-  
street.

FOR OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY,  
TRAVELLERS' and HOUSEHOLD PROTECTION.  
**COLT'S PATENT REVOLVERS.**  
Approved of by H.M. Hon. Board of Ordnance, and the most  
distinguished Naval and Military Authorities throughout the world. The  
PECULIAR EXCELLENCIES of COLT'S WEAPON are the lever rammed  
(doing away with the need of cartridge, wadding, or patch), hermeti-  
cally sealing and securing the charge, safety of carriage, simplicity,  
durability in long and hard usage, accuracy in shooting, celerity of  
fire, force of penetration, position and shape of the nipples, nicety of  
balance, &c. Five different sizes. A list of prices furnished.  
\* \* \* Order of any respectable Gun-dealer, or of the Inventor and  
Manufacturer SAMUEL COLT, 1, Spring-gardens, London.

**BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—Price Half-a-**  
crown.—The JANUARY NUMBER contains the commence-  
ment of a new Tale entitled "THE SPENDTHRIFT," by W. HAR-  
RISON AINSWORTH.—Don Alonso de Tabera, by John Oxenford.—  
The Ecstacy Public, by Dudley Costello.—Winter in the Crimea.—Miss  
Lettie Larkins's First Drive in a Hansom.—War, and the Paris Mes-  
merists.—John Gibson Lochart.—Inkerman, the City of Caves.—New  
Year's Adventure of a Box of Bonbons, by the Planter, &c. &c.  
London: RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in ordinary to her Majesty.

**REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.**  
Souscription.—Annuelle ..... 22 10s.  
" " Six Mois ..... 1 6  
" " Trois Mois ..... 0 14  
Cette Revue, si connue dans tous les pays du monde, est publiée deux fois  
par mois. Chaque No., grand in-8vo. de 200 pages, contient des Articles  
par les meilleurs Ecrivains Français, sur la Littérature contemporaine  
Française et Étrangère, Histoire, Politique, Philosophie, Voyages,  
Sciences, et Beaux-Arts. Chaque Souscripteur pour l'Année recevra  
gratis (sans les frais de transport) L'Annuaire des Deux Mondes, Histoire  
Générale des divers États, un grand vol. in-8vo. de 1090 pages.  
Agent: HIPPOLYTE BAILLIÈRE, Libraire, 219, Regent-street,  
et 250, Broadway, New York.

The January Part, price 7d., with 15 Illustrations by Harvey, Watts  
Phillips, and Gilk.  
**THE HOME COMPANION contains:—**  
The Pearl Diver.  
Homes and Haunts of the People.  
Memorial of Albert Durer, by Thomas Gillis.  
Christmas and New Year's Tales.  
And a variety of Miscellaneous Articles.  
LEA, Warwick-lane; MENZIES, Edinburgh; and all Booksellers.

This day is published,  
**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—NEW**  
SERIES.—No. XIII. JANUARY 1855. Price 6s.  
CONTENTS:  
I. The Anglo-French Alliance.  
II. Ballads of the People.  
III. Prussia and Prussian Policy.  
IV. The Prinzraub: a Glimpse of Saxon History.  
V. Poland: her History and Prospects.  
VI. Cambridge University Reform.  
VII. Austria in the Principality.  
Contemporary Literature:—§ 1. Theology and Philosophy.—§ 2. Politi-  
cis and Education.—§ 3. Science.—§ 4. Classics and Philology.—  
§ 5. History, Travels, and Biography. § 6. Belles Lettres.—§ 7. Art.  
London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 9, King William-street, Strand.

**HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.—The JANUARY**  
NUMBER (being the first of a New Volume) of this Popular  
Journal contains besides other interesting papers:  
Love's Provocations. Chap. I. By Cuthbert Bode, Author of  
"Verdant Green."  
Alexandre Dumas, the French Novellist. By our Paris Correspondent.  
Photographs of London Business.  
Sister Anne. By Marian James, Author of "Ethel."  
On the Use of Religion in Poetry. By Geo. Gillman.  
Memoranda by a Marine Officer. By Abel Log-  
Sittin; or, Glimpses of the Ancient World.  
Literature in London. By our Metropolitan Correspondent.  
Price One Shilling.  
\* \* \* Order of any Bookseller in Town or Country.  
Edinburgh: J. HOGG. London: R. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

On January 1st will be published, price 5s.  
**THE JOURNAL of SACRED**  
LITERATURE, No. XIV. Edited by the Rev. HENRY  
BURGES, LL.D., F.R.D., Curate of St. James's.

CONTENTS:  
1. Dr. John Kitto. In Memoriam.  
2. The Letters of Athanasius.  
3. On Proposed Revisions of the English Bible.  
4. The Historical Origin of the Passover.  
5. An unpublished Apology of Melito of Sardis, translated from a  
Syriac MS. in the British Museum.  
6. Three Months in the Holy Land.  
7. The Necessary Existence of God.  
8. The Disciples.  
9. The Method of the Divine Government.  
10. Identity of Cyrus, and the Times of Daniel.  
11. On the date of the Nativity.  
12. On the date of the Apocalypse.  
Notices of Books, Correspondence, and Biblical Intelligence.  
\* \* \* The attention of the Clergy and Laity is respectfully called to  
this very interesting number of the Journal.  
London: BLACKADER and Co., Paternoster-row.

On the 1st of January, No. XXIX., price 3s. 6d.  
**THE JOURNAL of PSYCHOLOGICAL**  
MEDICINE. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L.,  
late President of the Medical Society of London.

CONTENTS:  
1. British Asylum for the Insane.  
2. On Schizophrenia in the Treatment of the Insane.  
3. On Epilepsy.  
4. Psychology of Descartes.  
5. The Asylum Journal.  
6. On the Medical-Psychological.  
7. The History of the Blood in the Insane.  
8. On Medical-Legal Evidence in Cases of Insanity.  
9. On Pledges exacted from the Insane.  
10. On the Morbid Anatomy of Mental Diseases.  
11. On the Connection between Morbid, Physical, and Religious  
Phenomena.  
12. American Institutions for the Insane.  
13. Cerebral Pathology.  
14. Hospitals for the Intemperate.  
15. Heligum Hall Retreat.  
16. Suggestions for a New Psychological Terminology.  
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

Published Monthly, price 6d., 4s. pages, 8vo.  
**THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.**  
This Magazine is exclusively devoted to Biography. It en-  
deavours to portray the illustrious men and women of our own and  
past ages as they lived and thought; to recount the story of their dif-  
ficulties, sorrows, aspirations, and successes; to estimate their influence  
on the world's destinies, and their relation to the past, the present, and  
the future; to trace the development of genius and character; to re-  
duce the apparent anomalies of human disposition and conduct to the  
unchangeable principles of human nature; and to exhibit and urge  
those powerful moral lessons with which individual as well as general  
history abounds. Each number contains three or four complete  
biographies, of persons as far as possible different in style of character  
and mode of action. The material of some of the sketches will be de-  
rived altogether from original sources; in others, no effort will be  
spared by additional research to throw new light on old and neglected  
subjects; while a third class will supply carefully-digested details re-  
specting those whose published lives may be either easily accessible, or  
too voluminous for general use. The topics will be selected with regard  
to variety and present interest; and it will be the aim of each article  
to contribute to the accuracy of the statement of fact with impartial  
analysis of character. The matter is so arranged that, instead of the  
periodical form, it may every six months be bound into a volume of  
permanent worth, under the title—"Lives of the Illustrious."  
Biographies, of persons as far as possible different in style of character  
and mode of action. The material of some of the sketches will be de-  
rived altogether from original sources; in others, no effort will be  
spared by additional research to throw new light on old and neglected  
subjects; while a third class will supply carefully-digested details re-  
specting those whose published lives may be either easily accessible, or  
too voluminous for general use. The topics will be selected with regard  
to variety and present interest; and it will be the aim of each article  
to contribute to the accuracy of the statement of fact with impartial  
analysis of character. The matter is so arranged that, instead of the  
periodical form, it may every six months be bound into a volume of  
permanent worth, under the title—"Lives of the Illustrious."  
The January Number (price 6d.) contains "Lives of" John  
dinal Bishopp, and John Walsley.  
PARTIDGE, OAKLEY, and Co., 34, Paternoster-row.



**PUBLICATIONS SUITED FOR  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**

**HIGHLEY'S STEREOSCOPIC**  
VIEWS of NATURAL HISTORY OBJECTS. Five  
Photographs and a Stereoscope for 12s. 6d.  
\* \* \* Good and neat Stereoscopes supplied to the Trade at  
25s. per Dozen.

**BOTANICAL LETTERS** to  
a FRIEND. By Professor UNGER, of Vienna.  
CONTENTS:—Letter 1. Definition of Botany. 2. Element-  
ary Parts of the Plant. 3. Genesis of the Cell. 4. Union  
of the Cells. 5. Chemistry of the Plant. 6. Absorption and  
Distribution of the Plant's Food. 7. Phenomena of Assimila-  
tion. 8. Configuration of the Plant. 9. The Plant consid-  
ered as a leaved Axis. 10. Leaf Formations. 11. Archi-  
tectural Arrangement of the Plant. 12. Propagation of the  
Plant. 13. Formation of Shoots. 14. Unity of Race and of  
the higher Categories. 15. The Plant World in its local  
Distribution. Geography of Plants. 16. Chronological  
Aspect of the Plant. History of the Plant World. 17  
Nature of the Plant. Its Position in the Scheme of Creation.

**IDEAL VIEWS** of the PRIMITIVE  
WORLD, in its GEOLOGICAL and PALÆONTOLO-  
GICAL PHASES. By Professor UNGER, of Vienna. Illus-  
trated by Fourteen Photographic Plates. [Nearly ready.  
London: SAMUEL HIGHLEY, 32, Fleet-street.

**ELEGANT GIFT-BOOKS.**

New Edition, imp. 8vo. enamelled boards, or cloth, gilt edges,  
price 21s.; morocco, elegant, 11. 11s. 6d.

**THE SALAMANDRINE; or, Love**  
and Immortality. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.  
"The Salamandrine"—full of simple beauty of thought  
and happy turn of fluent versification—at once attracts the  
attention of all admirers of imaginative verse."—*Morning*  
*Chronicle*.

**THE LIFE** of MARTIN LUTHER.  
Beautifully illustrated with Fifty Plates, in the highest  
style. Cloth, gilt, price 12s.; morocco, 21s.

**NINEVEH and its PALACES.** The  
Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the eluci-  
dation of Holy Writ. Cloth, gilt, 6s.; morocco, elegant, 12s.

**THE THREE COLONIES** of  
AUSTRALIA. Cloth, gilt, 6s.; morocco, elegant, 12s.

**AN ILLUSTRATED LIFE** of FIELD-  
MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON. 2 vols. 8vo.  
Cloth, gilt, 12s.; morocco, elegant, 11. 4s.

**THE THREE PRESIDENCIES** of  
INDIA. Profusely illustrated. 8vo. cloth, gilt, 6s.  
morocco, elegant, 12s.

**ALGERIA: The Topography and**  
History. Political, Social, and Natural. of French  
Africa. Profusely illustrated. 8vo. cloth, gilt, 6s.; morocco,  
elegant, 12s.

**HANDBOOK** of FOLIAGE and  
FOREGROUND PLANTS. Cloth, 6s.; morocco, ele-  
gant, 12s.

**JOHN BARNETT'S** New Edition of  
WADE'S HANDBOOK to the PLANOFORTE. Demy  
4to. neatly bound in cloth, with Engravings and Diagrams.  
Price 6s.

**THE ILLUSTRATED NEW**  
TESTAMENT (Authorised Version); with upwards of  
120 Engravings, and embellished by a novel Panoramic  
Picture of the Holy Land, and a View of Lower Egypt.  
4to. cloth, gilt, 5s.

**THE PARABLES** of FRIEDRICH  
ADOLPH KRUMMACHER, 6s.  
These Parables, by the Author of "Elijah the Tishbite,"  
must be welcome to all readers, inculcating, as they do, in  
an alluring form, the deepest truths of Christianity.

**CILICIA and its GOVERNORS.**  
Cloth, gilt, 6s.; morocco, elegant, 12s.

**ENGLISH FORESTS and FOREST**  
TREES. Profusely illustrated. 8vo. cloth, gilt, 6s.;  
morocco, elegant, 12s.

**THE MICROSCOPE: its History,**  
Construction, and Applications, &c. 8vo. cloth, gilt,  
price 6s.

**THE PRACTICAL FARMER:**  
copiously illustrated by Engravings of Plans, Views,  
Animals, and Agricultural Implements, by Duncan, Weir,  
Linton, Hare, &c. &c.

**A HOLIDAY BOOK** for CHRISTMAS  
and the NEW YEAR.  
This splendid book contains above Two Hundred and Fifty  
Engravings of the highest order. Folio, in cloth, gilt edges,  
11. 1s.

\* \* \* Catalogues may be had on application.

LONDON: H. INGRAM AND CO.,  
Milford House, Milford-lane, Strand.

**PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S  
CHEMISTRY of COMMON LIFE.**

VOLUME II., COMPLETING THE SERIES, IS NOW  
PUBLISHED,

With a copious Index, price 6s. 6d., bound in cloth.  
The First Volume has been reprinted, price 5s., in cloth.

W. BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

**COMPLETION OF  
M'INTOSH'S BOOK OF THE GARDEN.**

THE SECOND DIVISION,  
COMPRISING  
**PRACTICAL GARDENING,**

Is now published, in One large Volume, royal 8vo. pp. 876,  
illustrated with Engravings on Wood, and containing care-  
fully compiled Select Lists of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, &c.  
Price 11. 17s. 6d. handsomely bound in cloth.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

**PEOPLE'S EDITION OF  
ALISON'S HISTORY of EUROPE.**

This day is published,

PART XVIII. Price One Shilling.  
VOL. VIII. Price Four Shillings, bound in cloth.  
ATLAS of MAPS and PLANS, Part VII. Price 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Just published, cloth boards, price 2s.,  
**POLITICAL SKETCHES:**  
Twelve Chapters on the Struggles of the Age.

By Dr. CARL RETSLAG,

Dr. Phil. of Berlin, late Professor of Philosophy in the  
University of Rostock.

"Sed dux atque imperator vite mortalium animus est."—*Sallust*.

Preparing for publication, in crown 8vo.,  
**RUSSIA AND HER CZARS.**

By E. J. BRABAZON,

Author of "Outlines of the History of Ireland," "Tales  
from the History of the Muslims in Spain," &c. &c.

**THE PHILOSOPHICAL  
TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.**

Being Four Lectures delivered at Edinburgh and Glasgow

By J. D. MORELL, M.A.,

Author of "An Historical and Critical View of the  
Speculative Philosophy of the 19th Century," "Philosophy  
of Religion," "The Analysis of Sentences," &c. &c.

8vo., cloth, Cheap Edition, price 3s.,

**THEOBALD'S  
BIBLE EXERCISES;**

OR,

**Scripture References for Schools and Families.**

The principle is simple; in most cases the chapter is given,  
and the pupil is required to add (in a space left) the verse  
or verses applicable to the subject. These exercises are thus  
adapted both to individual teaching and the Bible Classes.

A Specimen Sheet sent free on receipt of a postage-stamp.

Post 4to., price One Shilling.

LONDON: ROBERT THEOBALD, 26, Paternoster-row.

Third Edition. Price 7s. 6d.

**INDIAN MISGOVERNMENT.** By  
Lieut.-General Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

Second Edition. Price 2s.

**WELLINGTON and NAPIER:** a  
Supplement to the above. By Lieut.-General Sir  
WILLIAM P. NAPIER, K.C.B. and Captain RATHBORNE.

New and Cheaper Edition, with Illustrations, price 12s.  
**THE ADMINISTRATION of SCINDE;**  
and the Campaign in the Cutchee Hills. By Lieut.  
General Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

Price 3s. \*.

**CHRIST'S SERMON** on the MOUNT  
a perfect System of Ethical Philosophy. By NATHA-  
NIEL OGLE.

Price 2s. 6d.

**THE LOST CHILD:** a Tale of London  
Streets; and other Stories for Children. By Mrs.  
BESSETT, Authoress of "The Black Princess," &c.

Two Vols. Price 18s.

**CASTELLAMONTE;** an Italian Auto-  
biography. By "MARIOTTI."

New and Cheaper Edition. Price 5s.

**SPENCER'S CROSS MANOR HOUSE:**  
a Tale for Young People. By the Author of "Belgravia,"  
"Temptation," &c.

Price 1s. Fourth Edition.

**LADY MORGAN'S LETTER** to  
CARDINAL WISEMAN, on ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

Price 1s. With Four Illustrations,

**THE LEGEND of ST. PETER'S**  
CHAIR. By ANTHONY RICH, B.A.

Third Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

**POPISH PRACTICES** at ST. PAUL'S,  
KNIGHTSBRIDGE. By CHARLES WESTERTON,  
Churchwarden.

Now ready. Price 6d.

**CHURCHWARDEN WESTERTON'S**  
REPLY to the ADJUDICATION of the BISHOP OF  
LONDON on the above.

CHARLES WESTERTON, Hyde-park-corner; SIMPKIN,  
MARSHALL, and Co.

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—**

The year 1855 bids fair to be one of the most important  
and eventful of modern history. On the 6th of January  
1855 will be issued the first number of a new volume of the  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, and not merely a new volume,  
but of a New Year—each volume being perfect and complete  
in itself—containing, for the time, the faithful record, pic-  
torial and descriptive, of all Events of Interest in every part  
of the world. To that limited portion of the Public who do  
not subscribe to this Journal, it may be stated, that no  
period could be selected more opportune for commencing—  
the whole expense being but Twenty-six Shillings per  
annum, exclusive of double numbers, which are issued on  
rare occasions, when it would be impossible to crowd the  
important events and Engravings into a single number; for  
this small sum the Subscriber will receive twenty-four large  
Pages—seventy-two columns—of the most interesting infor-  
mation, carefully selected from the News of the Week,  
interspersed with a variety of charming Articles on the chief  
topics of the day.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has, by its impartial and  
consistent advocacy of the welfare of the Public, secured for  
itself a political influence scarcely second to any Newspaper  
in the Empire; and reference can, with some pride, be made  
to the support afforded to all beneficial measures proposed  
and adopted by the English Parliament.

Foreign Politics will ever command the attention which  
ought to be devoted to so important a feature of a News-  
paper. On the question of the Russian War, during the year  
1854, ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS appeared in the  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. Extensive arrangements,  
calculated to improve this popular Journal, and engage-  
ments such as will greatly enrich its Literary, Scientific,  
and other departments, have been made, and will thus com-  
bine on this Paper the greatest talent of the day.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has been established  
thirteen years, during which period it has received a greater  
degree of encouragement and approbation than any Journal  
ever published. This is proved by the Returns of Stamps  
issued from time to time by order of Parliament. The  
Stamps applied for the first six months of 1854 were upwards  
of 2,734,000—showing a WEEKLY CIRCULATION of  
UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED and THIRTY THOUSAND  
COPIES!

Terms (for payment in advance)—Half-year, 13s. 6d.;  
Year, 26s.

Any of the Volumes of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,  
from the commencement to the present time, may now be  
had, in paper or cloth. Covers for Binding the Volumes,  
2s. 6d. each.

All Numbers may be sent free by Post to any part of the  
Kingdom and the Colonies.

Give an order for Six Months, to ensure all the gratuitous  
Prints and Supplements. Supplied by all Booksellers and  
Newsmen.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is published in London  
every Saturday, Stamped, to go free by Post, Sixpence per  
Copy.

OFFICE, 198, STRAND, LONDON.



# VALUABLE LITERARY PRESENTS.

In Two handsome Volumes, post 8vo. bound in scarlet cloth, gold title, entitled,

## The Military Achievements of Field Marshal the DUKE of WELLINGTON

CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AND THE MOST CELEBRATED MILITARY COMMANDERS  
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES,

BY A PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO OFFICER,

*Just published by Messrs. Hope and Co., at One Guinea,*

Will be presented GRATIS to the First Thousand Subscribers to

## The Courier and Church Reform Gazette

FROM THE 4th OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

This month the COURIER enters on the third year of its existence. The first year it was published monthly, the second fortnightly; and now,

On the 4th February it will be Enlarged to the size of the "Illustrated London News,"

AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AT THE PRICE OF SIXPENCE,

Equal to any of the Metropolitan Journals in the ability of its editorial management and the extent and correctness of its general news. A military officer of great experience has undertaken the Military Editorship, so that our readers may depend on the correctness of the criticisms on the military department of the Government, and the movements at the Seat of War.

In the Ecclesiastical management, the Editor will be supported by some of the first Divines of the day. In each and all of the various departments of Journalism—Ecclesiastical, Political, Naval, Literary, Military, Legal, and Commercial—the Editorial management will be complete, so as to furnish to the friends of Church Reform a Journal worthy in every respect of the great cause in which it is embarked.

Immediately on the receipt of a year's order for the COURIER, accompanied by the first half-year's remittance of Thirteen Shillings (the other half payable on 1st of August) a copy of the above highly-interesting and valuable work will be transmitted in course of post. As a considerable number have already been enrolled, no time should be lost in sending orders.

Churchmen, to you we earnestly appeal for support in disseminating the COURIER far and wide, that its principles be brought into discussion in every town and hamlet, so as to raise up one universal mind to carry out the Second Reformation.

Post-office orders to be payable to HOPE and CO., and forwarded to them at 16, Great Marlborough-street, London.—Postage-stamps not received.

## IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.—NEW PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS.

## HOPE AND CO., PUBLISHERS,

16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON,

CHARGE NO COMMISSION FOR PUBLISHING WORKS PRINTED BY THEM until the Author has been refunded his original outlay. They also print in the first style greatly under the usual charges; while their Publishing Arrangements enable them to promote the interest of all Works intrusted to their charge. Estimates and every particular furnished gratuitously in course of post.

## HOPE AND CO. HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

### I. THE NEW NOVEL.

**Mary Ellis; or, Life and its Mistakes.** In 3 vols. post 8vo. Now ready at the Libraries.

### II.

**Alice Nugent; or, Seed for Coming Days.** Price 4s.

### III.

**Edith Vernon; or, Contrast of Character.** 2 vols. post 8vo. In the press.

### IV.

A NEW WORK BY THE REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS. In 1 vol. post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.  
**Christian Politics.** By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., Author of "The Cradle of the Twin Giants," "Echoes of the Universe," "Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean," &c.

### V.

Just published, price 5s.  
**The Glorious Gospel of the BLESSED GOD:** a Series of Parochial Lectures from Consecutive Portions of the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN HAWKSWORTH, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Woore, Salop, and Incumbent of St. Leonard's District, attached thereto.

### VI.

**The Light which Lighteth every Man:** Sermons by ALEXANDER R. RUSSELL, late Curate at Herstmonceux. Price 6s.

"The volume of Sermons by Mr. Russell is one of those rare appearances which command attention, and, so far as our judgment extends, is worthy to be possessed by every clergyman. Moderate in tone, chaste in language, and replete with brilliant thoughts, alike explanatory of God's word, and testifying deep acquaintance with the human heart, 'The Light which Lighteth every Man' will well repay constant perusal."—*Clerical Journal*.

"We have been much pleased with these sermons, and can recommend them for family reading as among the very best we have lately met with."—*Press*.

### VII.

Ready this day, Second Edition, much improved, price 7s. 6d.  
**Thirty-four Practical Sermons.**

By G. W. BRAMELD, M.A., Oxon., Vicar of East Markham, late Curate of Mansfield.

"Truly spiritual."—*John Bull*.  
"Brief, earnest, and forcible."—*English Churchman*.  
"These discourses are truly what they are termed in the title-page—practical. Mr. Brameld does not command belief, he persuades and convinces."—*Critic*.  
"Sound and impressive, simple, yet eloquent discourses."—*Notes Guardian*.  
"An able and excellent volume."—*Nottingham Mercury*.

### VIII.

**The First Form Latin Grammar** on Analytical Principles. By EDWARD BAINES, M.A., Rector of Blantisham, Hants, and formerly Fellow and Senior Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. Price 2s. 6d.

### IX.

Second Edition, price 1s.; or post free, 1s. 3d.

**The Cholera in Berwick-street.** By the SENIOR CURATE of ST. LUKE'S.

"A deadlier field than Alma."—*Daily News*.  
"Heroism at home."—*Times*.

### X.

Just published, price 5s.

**Sacred History, with a Compendium of Ecclesiastical History, from the Death of Christ to the Reign of Constantine.** Edited by the Rev. J. C. CHAMBERS, M.A.

"Well adapted as a text-book for instruction."—*Literary Gazette*.  
"An opportune and valuable manual."—*Morning Advertiser*.

### XI.

Price 7s. 6d.

**Thirty Sermons on Jonah, AMOS, and HOSEA.** By the Rev. W. DRAKE, M.A., Lecturer of St. John Baptist Church, Coventry; Hebrew Examiner in the University of London; and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

"The sermons of Mr. Drake are an important contribution to the pulpit teaching of the day; for they deal with the portion of the prophecies on which they treat, as matters which seriously concern Christian hearers. Without any parade of learning, they yet display a con-ummate and critical knowledge of their subject; and great pains are taken that nothing be lost of their full meaning. They make a valuable commentary, as well as a volume of profitable sermons."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

Now ready, the Third Revised Edition, post 8vo. boards, price 2s. 6d. of  
**SONGS OF THE PRESENT.** By ARCHER  
 GURNEY, Author of "King Charles the First" and "Spring."  
 "A really great poet. No mannerism, no pretence, no pompous  
 commonplace."—*English Review*.  
 London: CLARKE and BRETTON, Fleet-street.

Price 3s. sewed; 4s. half-bound.  
**POOLE'S IMPROVED FAMILY**  
 ACCOUNT-BOOK for the Year 1855, containing a complete  
 Cellar-Book and Laundry's Weekly Washing Account, with an Alma-  
 nack, and Memorandums for keeping an exact Account of Engage-  
 ments, and of the various Sums expended throughout the Year.  
 London: R. and A. SUTTABY, Stationers'-hall-court; PHELPS and  
 SON, Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers and Stationers.

APPROPRIATE PRESENT FOR THE NEW YEAR.  
 Just published, price 6s.  
**LIFE'S HOLIDAYS ILLUMINATED:** Birth-  
 days, Meetings, Partings; in Poems addressed to Annette. By  
 W. J. CHAMPION, A.B.  
 "I wish to please those who, while they are fond of poetry, love to be  
 reminded that they are to live for ever."—*Preface*.  
 London: S. EILEY, Fleet-street; and sold by MASON, Paternoster-row.

A GIFT OF THE SEASON, superbly bound in  
 green and gold, with gilded leaves, and containing matter of  
 permanent interest and value, is **BEAUTIFUL POETRY, SECOND**  
**SERIES**, a collection of the choicest in our language, by the EDITORS  
 OF THE CRITIC. Price 7s. 6d. only. The second edition of First Series  
 will be ready next week.  
 By order of all booksellers, or it will be sent by post to any person  
 enclosing 7s. 6d. in postage-stamps, or a post-office order, to the CRITIC  
 Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Just published, 8vo. price 1s.  
**PAINLESS TOOTH-EXTRACTION**  
 without CHLOROPFORM. By WALTER BLUNDELL, Surgeon-  
 Dentist.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.  
 Mr. BLUNDELL performs Dental Operations under his new patent  
 process daily, from Ten till Four.  
 29, New Broad-street, City, London.

Just published, price 2s.; by post, 2s. 6d.  
**DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY induced by**  
**SPERMATORRHEA:** the Symptoms, Effects, and Rational  
 Treatment. By T. H. YEOMAN, M.D., Physician to the General Post-  
 office Letter-Carriers' Provident Institution, &c.  
 London: ERFINGHAM WILSON, 11, Royal Exchange; and, by post  
 only, from the Author, 23, Lloyd-square.

Recently published, 8vo. cloth, 6s.  
**ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN,** generally con-  
 sidered Intractable. By THOMAS HUNT, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to  
 the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin.  
 "Mr. Hunt has transferred these diseases *en masse* from the category  
 of the incurable to that of the curable maladies; and we venture to say  
 that there are few English Physicians who have failed to profit by  
 these important investigations."—*Lancet*.  
 London: CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

IMPORTANT PRESENT TO LITERARY MEN.  
 In one volume, super-royal 8vo., above 1600 pages, double columns,  
 2l. 12s. 6d., cloth lettered; or, strongly bound with flexible back in  
 half-morocco, marbled leaves, 3s. 6d.; in whole morocco, gilt leaves,  
 5s. 6d.

**CYCLOPEDIA BIBLIOGRAPHICA: A**  
 Manual of Theological and General Literature, Manual  
 Guide to Books for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men.  
 Analytical, Bibliographical, and Biographical. By JAMES DARLING.  
 "A Prospectus, with Specimens and Critical Notices, sent free  
 on receipt of a postage-stamp."  
 "An admirable study-companion to literary men."—*Evangelical*  
*Magazine*, September.

"As respects theological literature, nothing so full or so accurate  
 has hitherto been issued in this country."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.  
 JAMES DARLING, 51, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields.

GRATIS! GRATIS! GRATIS!

Seventy-four Thousand. Library Edition. Sent free on receipt of six  
 stamps to prepay postage, &c., and through all booksellers, price 6d.

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR:** A  
 Popular Guide to Health, addressed to the Young, the Old, the  
 Grave, the Gay. By a PHYSICIAN.

"Admirably adapted to enlighten the public mind in a species of  
 knowledge in which every individual is concerned."—*Co. Chron.*  
 "To the married and unmarried, we particularly recommend this  
 work. It is calculated to afford just that very necessary information  
 as to too frequently sought in vain from other sources."—*Atlas*.  
 "Parents, heads of families, clergymen, conductors of schools, and  
 all who are interested in the future well-being of others should possess  
 this invaluable guide."—*Meath Herald*.  
 "It ought to be placed in the hands of every youth."—*Kent Observer*.  
 "Calculated to do more good than fifty sermons."—*Plough*.  
 Address—MR. LAWS, Publisher, 14, Hand-court, Holborn, London.

**WORKS BY WILLIAM MACCALL**

The ELEMENTS OF INDIVIDUALISM: Thirty-  
 five Lectures, 7s. 6d.

The AGENTS OF CIVILISATION. Ten Lectures,  
 1s. 6d.

The EDUCATION OF TASTE. Eight Lectures. 1s.

The INDIVIDUALITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL:  
 1s. 6d.

The DOCTRINE OF INDIVIDUALITY: a  
 Discourse, 6d.

SACRAMENTAL SERVICES, 6d.

The LESSONS OF THE PESTILENCE: a Discourse,  
 6d.

The UNCHRISTIAN NATURE OF COMMER-  
 CIAL RESTRICTIONS: a Discourse, 3d.

Notices of the Elements of Individualism.  
 "A book which, whatever may be thought of isolated expressions  
 and opinions scattered through it, few can read as a whole without  
 becoming wiser and better men."—J. D. MORELL'S *Philosophical Tendencies*  
*of the Age*.  
 "The best English book I ever read. Best as to matter and best as  
 to manner. As to style, rich as an Oriental poem—its language, the  
 grandest, most manly Saxon."—E. P. O'KELLY'S *Consciousness*.  
 "A work of singular originality, though not free from the fancies and  
 eccentricities which frequently accompany true genius."—*Chambers's*  
*Edinburgh Journal*.  
 "Even those who can find no sympathy with its philosophy, will  
 derive pleasure and improvement from the many exquisite touches  
 of feeling and the many pictures of beauty which mark its pages. The  
 expansive philosophy, the penetrative intellect, and the general hu-  
 manity of the author, have rendered *The Elements of Individualism*  
 a book of strong and general interest."—*Critic*.  
 "We have been singularly interested by this book. Here is a speaker  
 and thinker whom we may securely feel to be a *lover of truth* exhibiting  
 in his work a form and temper very rare and peculiar in our time."—*Manchester Examiner*.  
 THURBER and Co. 12, Paternoster-row.

**GILBERT'S DRAWING PENCILS.**—These  
 unsurpassed Drawing and Commercial Pencils have obtained  
 five prize medals during the past ten years for their superiority. Price  
 2s. per dozen. Specimen set of five, post-free, for fourteen stamps.  
 Woodley's Drawing Book, containing a great variety of new and  
 beautiful designs, 2s. 6d. Economic Sketching Books, to draw in,  
 3d., 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each. Wholesale and retail, of J. H.  
 WOODLEY, 30, Fore-street, City.

**THE ONLY PRIZE FLUTES.**—These  
 beautiful toned instruments may be seen and heard daily, from  
 12 till 2, at the Patentees' and Manufacturers', RUDALL, ROSE,  
 CARTE, and Co., 100, New Bond-street, where Mr. Carte will be in  
 attendance to explain their peculiar excellences. Every kind of Flute  
 upon the new and old systems—Carte's Sketch (price 1s., by post  
 1s. 6d.) gives a full description.

**ALLISON and ALLISON** beg to solicit an  
 inspection of their STOCK OF PIANOFORTES, manufactured  
 after the most approved designs of modern and antique furniture, in  
 Spanish mahogany, rosewood, French walnut-tree, &c., from 25 Guineas  
 upwards, at their ware-rooms, 73, Dean-street, Soho, and CHAPPELL'S,  
 50, New Bond-street. No connexion with any other House of the same  
 name.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC CATALOGUE.**—E. G.  
 WOOD'S NEW CATALOGUE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERAS,  
 LENSES, CHEMICALS, CASES, &c., just published, free by post, on  
 receipt of three postage stamps.

E. G. WOOD'S VITREOUS VARNISH for protecting Collodion  
 Pictures, in bottles containing 6 ounces, 1s.  
 E. G. WOOD, Optician, and Manufacturer of Photographic Ap-  
 paratus, 117, Cheapside, London (late of 123, Newgate-street).

**THE beautiful CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL**,  
 originally published at 79 guineas, engraved by Messrs. Holloway  
 and Co., may now be had for 6 guineas the set of seven, or on fine India  
 paper, including the admirable portrait of Raphael, for 10 guineas. To be  
 had of Mr. WEBB to whom the property now belongs at his  
 Pianoforte and Harmonium Salons, 33, Wigmore-street, four doors from  
 Cavendish-square.

**BOOKBINDING.**—W. HOLMES, Practical  
 Bookbinder, 195, Oxford-street, London. Books bound in  
 Morocco, Russia, or Calico, both plain and elegant, on the lowest terms.  
 Gentlemen waited upon with patterns. Estimates given for large or  
 small Libraries.  
 Address, 195, Oxford-street.

**MARKING LINEN.**  
**THE PEN SUPERSEDED.** The most  
 elegant, speedy, economical, and best method of marking linen,  
 silks, books, &c., without the ink spreading or fading, is with F.  
 WHITEHEAD'S INCOERIBLE PLATES. Any person can easily  
 use them. Initials from 6d. to 1s.; name, 1s. to 2s.; crest, 2s. to 5s.;  
 numbers per set, 1s. 3d. to 3s. 6d., with directions, sent post free on  
 receipt of stamps.  
 Arms found and sketched 3s. 6d., or emblazoned 5s. 6d. A card  
 plate and 100 superior cards 4s. Wedding orders executed.  
 FEED WHITEHEAD, sole inventor of the Registered improved mark-  
 ing plates, 19, Little Queen-street, High Holborn. Beware of inferior  
 imitations. Orders executed for the trade.

**CIRCULARS AND ENVELOPES.**—The most  
 respectable and certain way of increasing Business or Professions  
 in a City, Town, or Village, is by a well-executed Circular. Nearly  
 every "prosperous" House in the Kingdom issues its circulars, a safe  
 mode of success where judiciously adopted. Persons about to use this  
 elegant style of quiet publicity are invited to inspect a moderate rate of  
 charges never before submitted to the public:—Lithographed Note Cir-  
 culars, 2s. 6d. per 100; carriage-free, 3s.; 100 Letter Circulars, 4s. 6d.;  
 1000 for 1s. 12s., or 10,000 for 12s. Other printing, especially where large  
 quantities are required, equally cheap. 1000 Envelopes, Letter or Note  
 size, with your Name, Address, &c., or Crest, or Initials, or Club, or  
 Institution, embossed on the Seal, in colour or plain, carriage-free any-  
 where, for 1s.; 5000 for 3s.; or 10,000 for 5s. Envelopes, directed ready  
 for post or delivery, at 12s. per 1000.—A great convenience to ad-  
 vertisers and applicants for public places of honour or emolument.—  
 ROBERT KEIR, Printer and Stationer, 2 and 3 (opposite each other),  
 Chichester-terrace, Chancery-lane, London. Post-office Orders to be  
 payable at the Strand Office, and Cheques to be crossed "The Royal  
 British Bank."

**WORKS BY MISS CORNER.** Published by  
 DEAN and SON, 31, Ludgate-hill.  
 The Press have universally praised and testified to *Corner's Accurate*  
*Histories*, for School and Family Reading.  
 Miss Corner's Thirteen Histories are well adapted for Schools or  
 Family Reading, being pleasantly written, and forming agreeable con-  
 trasts to those dry epitomes with which children are so often teased.  
 The whole thirteen form a complete History of Europe, and are com-  
 piled from accepted modern English and French authorities, and  
 strongly bound, and embellished with Maps and Plates.

**Corner's History of ENGLAND & WALES.**  
 Twenty-seventh thousand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and  
 Index. New Edition, continued to the present date. 3s. 6d. bound.  
 With Questions, 4s.

**Corner's History of IRELAND.** Seventh thou-  
 sand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table, and Index. 2s. 6d. bound.  
 With Questions, 3s.

**Corner's History of SCOTLAND.** Plates, Map,  
 Chronological Table, and Index. Tenth thousand. 2s. 6d. bound. With  
 Questions, 3s.

**Corner's History of FRANCE.** Plates, Map,  
 Chronological Table, and Index. Thirteenth thousand. New Edition,  
 corrected to the present time. 2s. 6d. bound. With Questions, 3s.

**Corner's History of GREECE,** with Questions,  
 3s. Map, and Chronological Table and Index. Fifth thousand.

**Corner's History of ROME,** with Questions, 3s. 6d.  
 Map of the Empire, and Chronological Table and Index. Seventh  
 thousand.

**Corner's History of GERMANY and the**  
**GERMAN EMPIRE,** including Austria and Prussia, 3s. 6d. bound.  
 Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and Index.  
 Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 2s. 6d.—Poland and the Russian  
 Empire, 3s. 6d.—Turkey and the Ottoman Empire, including Modern  
 Greece, 3s. 6d. bound.—Italy and Switzerland, 3s. 6d. bound.—Holland  
 and Belgium, 2s. 6d. bound.

A Prospectus of Miss Corner's Histories, post free, on application.

**The First History of England** that should be  
 placed in the hands of a Child. Third Edition. Printed in large type,  
 twenty-four pages of tinted plates, 3s. 6d. gilt edges, or in eight divi-  
 sions, fancy stiff covers, 6d. each. Without the plates, for the use of  
 Schools, 2s. 6d.

**Every Child's History of England,** with Ques-  
 tions to each Chapter, adapted to the Junior Classes. By Miss  
 CORNER. Price 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth, with the Map  
 coloured.

**The Play Grammar;** or, the Elements of Grammar  
 explained in Short and Easy Games, By Miss CORNER. Eleventh  
 Edition, improved, with illustrations. 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in  
 cloth.

**Charles Butler's Easy Guide to Geography**  
 A New and Concise Description of the Five great Divisions of the  
 Globe; their Natural, Mineral, and Vegetable Productions; and the  
 Characteristics of their Inhabitants. New Edition. Ninth thousand.  
 1s. 6d. in cloth; or, with the USE OF THE GLOBES, and SEVEN GLY-  
 PHOGRAPHIC MAPS, 2s. bound in cloth.

**Charles Butler's Guide to Useful Knowledge,**  
 containing, in the form of an easy familiar Catechism, a complete  
 Series of the Newest and most useful Information connected with the  
 Arts, Sciences, and the Phenomena of Nature. Seventh Edition, 1s. 6d.  
 cloth.

**Scriptural History Simplified.** By Miss CORNER  
 and Dr. J. KITTO, LL.D. Price 3s. 6d. in a clear type, royal 18mo

**Miss CORNER'S Fables for the Young.** Illus-  
 trated by CROWQUILL and NORTHGOTE. Price 3s. 6d. gilt edged.  
 "Truly a book worth buying."  
 London: DEAN and SON, Printers and Publishers, Bible and Prayer-  
 Book Warehouse, 31, Ludgate-hill.

**C. R. BROWN and J. MACINDOE,**  
 Auctioneers of FINE ART, LITERARY and other Property,  
 74, QUEEN-STREET, GLASGOW.  
 Consignments of Pictures, Articles of Virtù, Books, Decorative Fur-  
 niture, &c., will have the advantage of an established and most  
 extensive first-class connection.  
 Season commences 1st October; ends 31st May.

**TO BOOK-BUYERS and Collectors of Topo-**  
**graphy and COUNTY HISTORY.**—A NEW CATALOGUE is  
 now ready, consisting entirely of works relating to TOPOGRAPHY  
 and COUNTY HISTORY; also a Catalogue of CHOICE, RARE, and  
 CURIOUS BOOKS. Either of these very interesting Catalogues will  
 be sent by post on receipt of two stamps to repay it.  
 UPHAM and BERT (late Rodwell), 46, New Bond-street, corner of  
 Maddox-street.

**TO CLERGYMEN, AUTHORS, &c.**—  
 PARKINS and GOTT'S NEW WRITING PAPER, made  
 from straw, is invaluable to rapid writers. It has a hard and smooth  
 surface, can be written upon on both sides, with either metal or quill  
 pen, is much pleasanter to write upon than any other paper, and nearly  
 half the price, being only 3s. per ream.

**NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING.**—A single  
 packet of Note Paper, or 100 Envelopes, stamped with Arms,  
 Crest, or Initials free of charge, and every description of Stationery full  
 30 per cent. cheaper than any other house, at PARKINS and GOTT'S,  
 Paper and Envelope Makers, 29, Oxford-street. Useful Cream-laid  
 Note Paper, full size, five quires for 6d.; superior thick ditto, five quires  
 for 1s.; India Note, five quires for 1s.; Letter Paper, 4s. per ream; Ser-  
 mon Paper, 4s. 6d.; Foolscap, 6s. 6d.; and Draft, 7s. 6d. per ream; good  
 Cream-laid Cemented Envelopes, 4d. per 100; the Queen's-Head En-  
 velopes, 1s. per dozen; Office Envelopes, 5s. per 1000; BLACK-BOR-  
 DERED CREAM-LAID NOTE PAPER (full size) five quires for 1s.; Bor-  
 dered Envelopes, 9d. per 100; best Wax, 3s. 6d. per lb.; 100 super  
 Visiting Cards printed for 1s. 6d.; and sample packets of Paper and  
 Envelopes, by post, 1s. each. List of prices sent post free. On orders  
 over 20s. carriage paid to any part of the country.—Copy the address,  
 PARKINS and GOTT, Paper and Envelope Manufacturers, 29, Ox-  
 ford-street.

**INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,**  
 72, Lombard-street, and 24, Connaught-terrace.  
 Trustees:  
 Richard Mallon, Esq., Q.C., M.P. Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.  
 James Fuller Madoc, Esq. John Campbell Kenton, Esq.  
 William Wilberforce, Esq.

A reduction of 25 per cent. has been made on the premiums of all  
 policies of five years' standing. ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

Money received at 5 per cent. Interest, payable half-yearly,  
 in April and October.

**HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE**  
 COMPANY INVESTMENTS.  
 Money intended for Investment only is received on deposit at Interest  
 after the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, at the Office of the Company,  
 between the hours of ten and four.  
 R. HODSON, Secretary.

15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi.

**FAMILY ENDOWMENT LIFE ASSUR-**  
**ANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY.**

12, CHATHAM-PLACE, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.  
 CAPITAL, 500,000.

DIRECTORS.  
 William Butterworth Bayley, Esq., Chairman.  
 Lewis Burroughs, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Robert Bruce Chichester, Esq. Edward Lee, Esq.  
 Major Henderson. Colonel Ouseley.  
 Charles Henry Latouche, Esq. Joshua Walker, Esq.

An Annuity Bonus is allowed to parties who have made Five Annual  
 Payments on Policies taken out on the Profit Scale. That for the cur-  
 rent year is 20 per cent. in reduction of the Premium.

ENDOWMENTS AND ANNUITIES GRANTED AS USUAL.

INDIA BRANCH.  
 The extensive Assurance Business of the Agra and United Service  
 Bank has been transferred to this Office, and the Society has Branch  
 Establishments or Agencies at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Agra, and  
 Hong Kong.

JOHN CAZENOVE, Secretary.

## CONTENTS.

<b>LEADING ARTICLES:—</b>	
The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings .....	5
<b>Original Poetry:—</b>	
The Door and the Doorway .....	6
<b>ENGLISH LITERATURE:—</b>	
The Arts:—	
The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours. By M. E. Chevreul .....	6
<b>Philosophy:—</b>	
Ferri's Institutes of Metaphysics .....	9
Notices of Small Books .....	10
<b>Biography:—</b>	
Life of T. P. Barnum .....	10
<b>Voyages and Travels:—</b>	
Leaves from the Diary of an Officer of the Guards .....	12
The Englishwoman in Russia .....	12
Knights of the Tropical Skies .....	12
<b>Politics and Political Economy:—</b>	
Thirty Years of Foreign Policy .....	14
<b>Poetry and the Drama:—</b>	
Lady Jane Grey. By Elizabeth Rainer Bailey .....	16
Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History. By Ann Hawshaw .....	16
The Village Bridal. By James Henry Powell .....	16
Clytie, with other Poems. By G. Gerard .....	16
The Sceptre of Tara .....	16
The Poetry of Germany. By Alfred Baskerville .....	16
<b>Miscellaneous:—</b>	
George Gillman's Third Gallery of Portraits .....	16
<b>FOREIGN LITERATURE, &amp;c:—</b>	
The Critic Abroad .....	19
<b>France:—</b>	
A. du Casse's Memoirs of King Joseph .....	20
<b>Italy:—</b>	
From our Italian Correspondent .....	21
<b>SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c:—</b>	
<b>Archæological Science:—</b>	
Summary .....	22
The British Archæological Association .....	22
<b>Architecture:—</b>	
Monthly Review of Architecture as a Fine Art .....	23
<b>Popular Medicine:—</b>	
The News and Gossip of the Medical World .....	24
<b>Art and Artists:—</b>	
Winter Exhibition .....	25
Talk of the Studios .....	25
<b>Music and Musicians:—</b>	
New Music .....	25
Musical and Dramatic Chat-Chat .....	25
<b>Literary News:—</b>	
<b>Drama and Public Amusements .....</b>	26
<b>Obituary .....</b>	27
<b>List of New Books .....</b>	27
<b>Advertisements .....</b>	1, 2, 3, 4, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The subscriber who writes to us from Montgomery respecting the "Liederhant"—a collection of German poetry, which was noticed in the CRITIC—is informed that it may be had of Messrs. Nuth, or any of the foreign booksellers in London; and that the price does not exceed a couple of shillings.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

If the war mania runs much higher, we may chance to make some curious discoveries. We have long since been practically informed that newspaper-editors are the best and most intelligent exercisers of the governing function; now we are told in plain words that reporters may become by intuition perfect masters of the art of war. Scarcely a month back, Louis Kossuth, a man who has seen something of warfare in his time, was openly jeered for presuming to know something of military science, after having brought his luminous mind to bear upon it for two years; now we have it upon the authority of an *Anglo-Parisian*, that Colonel St. Ange, the military editor of the *Journal des Débats*, has pronounced the special correspondent of the *Times* to be a man thoroughly versed in the art of war. Giving every credit to the sharp-witted reporter in question for all the qualities and every branch of information to be picked up in the reporters' gallery, and in the course of a varied life about town, we must protest against the absurdity of this. Yet great generals and great strategical operations are criticised upon the faith of him. The other day, a Dublin paper, with true Hibernian appropriateness, christened him the Xenophon of the expedition—as if there was a retreat already.

The criticism upon Mr. Gough, which appeared in our last impression, has drawn the following communication from Mr. TWEEDIE, the publisher:—

To the Editor of the Critic.

DEAR SIR,—In reading your very able critique upon the distinguished orator, Mr. Gough, I regret to find that you throw a doubt over the truth of certain of his illustrations. I have had great opportunities of testing Mr. Gough's character both publicly and privately; and if there is one thing more than another in which he shines, it is in his entire truthfulness; and while he vividly draws a portrait of what he has seen, he never over-colours. The two cases you instance are cases to the point. I do not wonder that you and many others find a difficulty in believing such statements, for they are degrading to our conceptions of humanity, and we are naturally anxious to draw the curtain over such things; but it is Mr. Gough's mission to show the great evil of drunkenness, and he states the whole truth. That the cases are never invented I am prepared to prove. In regard to the case of the literary man, who was made to drink by the publisher of a magazine, you quite err in supposing that it meant Professor Wilson. The last days of that remarkable man were not those described by Mr. Gough. If you will call here, I shall be glad to give you such information as will satisfy you that every incident described was too true. The other case, that of the poor reformed drunkard, who was induced by his minister to break the pledge, is but a matter of yesterday; and I am able to tell you where you can prove for yourself the whole matter, and see the wife, who broke up the card of membership, a beggar in the streets.

In concluding, I would only remark that cases of drunkenness are every day occurring, such as no man dare describe to a popular audience; and the necessity is becoming more and more evident that something must be done to banish the cause of drunkenness from the land.

Yours respectfully,

W. TWEEDIE.

In reply to this, we would make one or two observations. In the first place, it will be remembered that we gave Mr. Gough full credit for sincerity; and when we suggested a tendency to exaggerate, it was noticed as a defect of his class—namely, that of popular orator—and not at all as a wilful deviation from the truth. We all know by experience how prone the most sincere of human minds are to colour facts until they match preconceived theories and opinions. This is generally found to be the case with every enthusiastic theorist, whether his cause be political, social, or moral. "Facts and figures will prove anything." In the case of "the poor reformed drunkard," we based our incredulity upon two points; first, a doubt as to the reality of the reformation which could withstand the persuasion of a wife, yet yield to the gibe of a toddy-drinking minister; secondly, the inconsequentialism of drinking two bottles of whiskey at a sitting because he had been persuaded to drink a single tumbler of punch. Mr. TWEEDIE now offers to show us the wife "a beggar in the streets." This is a new element in the case. The husband, being then in a state of prosperity, is said to have drunk himself dead in nine days; and, even assuming that he kept on at the fearful rate at which he started, only eighteen bottles could be consumed—a consumption scarcely sufficient to reduce his wife to beggary in the streets. If she be a drunkard, that may account for her state; but we must not confound the cases. The moral of the story was plainly to illustrate the danger of the slightest infraction of the pledge; and this was shown by the example of a man who took one tumbler of diluted alcohol, and in consequence of that drank two bottles of whiskey, and died within nine days. We have heard that Mr. Gough has lately offered to substantiate literally every anecdote which he relates. Now we know

very well that, in the heat of public speaking, a man may choose a word which fails to convey accurately the facts of the case; and it appears to us, therefore, that this challenge is a very bold one on the part of Mr. Gough. For the sake of friendly argument, however, we will take him at his word, and remind him of an anecdote which seems to be a very favourite one with him, for we have heard him relate it twice, and we have heard of it being selected much oftener; we refer to the case of a husband who cut off his wife's hair to get him drunk. The style in which Mr. Gough relates this anecdote is very happy, dramatic in the highest degree, pathetic beyond description, and it never fails to elicit a warm burst of sympathy from the audience. The poor wife was slumbering, cajoled and lulled by the unwonted words of kindness which had fallen upon her unaccustomed ear; and then this fiendish husband came, and he loosened the rich masses of her hair, once the object of his compliment in the days of their early love, and as the glorious tresses fell in all their splendour to the floor, he took a knife and cut them off, and sold them to get him drunk. Now Mr. Gough is very fond of dramatic effect, and we will give him a hint. Let him get a barber's block, furnished with "glorious tresses" of real hair, and let him try to cut them off with a knife before the audience. If he succeeds, we will admit that he has proved his story literally; if not, let him have a little modesty and moderation about the accuracy of his facts. And this is giving him a great advantage; for the story relates that the hair was cut, not from a block, but from the head of a sleeping woman. Why, it couldn't have been done with a razor. When Cardinal DE RETZ was in Spain, he heard of a beggar upon whom a wonderful miracle had been performed. Up to a certain time he had been known to have only one leg and a stump. The priests had rubbed the latter with holy oil, and when the Cardinal saw him, he walked erect upon two sound legs. The priests were very anxious that the Cardinal should believe in the miracle, and they offered him the most satisfactory testimony in proof of the facts: they had respectable inhabitants who knew the man when he only had one leg, and who recognised him as the same person now that he was possessed of two. "But," says the Cardinal, "I knew how prone the human mind is to believe in miracles, and how powerful are the influences of fraud and credulity, so I did not think it worth while to question the witnesses. I knew that it was impossible, and therefore I disbelieved it."

The following note tells its own story:—

To the Editor of the Critic.

SIR,—In the *Critic* of Dec. 15th I read that a New York paper "states that Bulwer, the novelist, in a letter to a gentleman at Boston, says—'I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have expended the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found.'" Assuming Bulwer the novelist to be myself, I beg to state that I know no gentleman in Boston to whom I should write upon any matter concerning myself—that I never wrote anything of the sort to any one—and that the whole statement is a complete fabrication.

Yours, &c.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

We are very glad to hear that it is a fabrication; and to infer from this contradiction, not only that Sir EDWARD'S career "as a writer of fiction" is not closed, but also that he is as yet unaffected with hypochondria. The paragraph in question has "gone the round of the papers," and we quoted it for so much as it was worth, giving our authority. As our quotation has had the effect of drawing the above satisfactory assurance from the distinguished subject of the report, we cannot regret having inserted it.

Attention has been called to a Bill passed by the Houses of the Colonial Parliament of the Cape of Good Hope, which legalises the importation of foreign piracies upon English copyright. It has been very cogently observed that this dangerous example may be followed by other and larger colonies, and that the English author will have no protection in British colonies; and it behoves every one interested in the welfare of literature to use the utmost of his endeavours to prevent this most unjust Bill receiving the sanction of the Home Government. Meantime, it is satisfactory to observe that, in another and most important quarter, the door is closed against the literary pirate. Belgium, hitherto one of the head quarters of piracy, has at length concluded a copyright convention with this country. A similar convention between France and Belgium has been already concluded; and the result is, that 10,000 volumes have already been sent to Brussels by the publishers of Paris, to be deposited in the *Bibliothèque Royale*.

Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH has much to answer for before the public. He is the editor of three magazines; and now the *Times* charges him with being a burglar by proxy—not a literary burglar, but a *bonâ fide* one. During the week two very desperate characters have been apprehended at Newcastle upon the charge of being concerned in a series of burglaries. The reporter says, that "from statements made by them, they appear to have gathered up their notions from reading Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH'S work, 'Jack Sheppard,' a well-thumbed copy of which, with a mask, dark lantern, skeleton-keys, &c., was found upon them." It is a curious coincidence that these literary burglars, both of whom are very young,

are carpenters by trade. This may do very well for "awful example" at a lecture; but we would suggest the possibility of this being part of a system which the rogues are now universally adopting, in order to enlist the sympathies of the educational theorists. The rogues, who are much cleverer in every way than people give them the credit of being, have heard and read that certain powerful and wealthy gentlemen have made up their minds that the true causes of crime are want of sound education and the instillation of vicious principles through a certain class of literature. This being ascertained, they are willing to humour the conceit of these theorists by helping them to prove the accuracy of their views, because they know that by so doing they stand a chance of being better treated, and petted as proofs of the favourite theory. The governor of one of the largest and best regulated gaols in England told us that it was a matter of the commonest occurrence for prisoners, who had left gaol with a fair knowledge of reading and writing, to return shortly afterwards and profess utter ignorance of both accomplishments. Some of the visitors (educational theorists) would say: "Poor fellow, poor fellow, he can neither read nor write; how can he avoid going wrong?" May not this spirit be acting to the prejudice of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH; and is it not possible that "a well-thumbed copy" of his works now form a part of every burglar's stock-in-trade, as a provision for the possible contingency of being caught? We throw it out as a suggestion.

There has been a mystification about the Secretaryship to the Poor Law Board. A report was set afloat that Lord COURTENAY had resigned, and the post conferred on Mr. HAYWARD, "the translator of 'Faust,'" (as if there were only one translator of that poem); whereupon great felicitations in certain quarters about "the recognition of Literature," &c. As Lord COURTENAY never did resign, the whole story falls to the ground, and the originators of the report console themselves by abusing officials in general, and demonstrating the especial fitness of literary men to fill clerkships in public offices. This is surely nonsense. Literary men may have a fitness for receiving the salaries attached to these offices; but they can have no special fitness for the duties. Literary occupation is confessedly impatient of routine; and, from the poetical clerk who "penned a stanza when he should engross," to CHARLES LAMB, who excused his late arrival at the scene of his official duties by the fact that if he came late he went away early, literary men have never been remarkable for their business-excellence. The BERTOLACCI mystery has been cleared up. On being questioned about it, Mr. STRUTT informed the House of Commons that when Mr. LOCKHART resigned it was found necessary to appoint a man who understood accounts, and Mr. BERTOLACCI was that man.

Of journalism, we have to record that a new weekly paper, to be called *The Artist*, is projected; to be "devoted to the interests of art, to the enforcing of its claims as an intellectual, moral, and practical agent, and the elevating of the public sentiment with regard to it." This may be presumed to be the organ of that large body of artists who are not content to accept the *Art-Journal* for their exponent; and in that respect it will supply a void. Though rather belonging to the department of the fine arts than of literature proper, we cannot help noticing, with more of disgust than surprise, the complaints of an engraver of the Vernon Gallery plates against the Editor of the *Art-Journal*. According to the statements here made, the average cost of the plates composing this series was not more than seventy guineas apiece; which, according to the Editor's own admission, only afforded "half a loaf." It is also stated that the Editor informs the English engravers, that "some of the best Continental engravers offer to work for him at five shillings per day." If so, engraving must be a degree worse than street-sweeping.

The *Clerical Journal* commences the new year auspiciously. The proprietors have secured Dr. BURGESS (the Editor of *Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature*) for Editor. The connection between the *Clerical Journal* and the *Critic* (the latter being in fact the parent of the former), prevents us from enlarging upon its improved prospects.

The obituary of the fortnight includes Dr. ROUTH, the late President of Magdalen College, Oxford. As a centenarian, and one who for more than half a century has held a most distinguished position in the University, Dr. ROUTH'S is a reputation which would in any case attract notice whenever the subject of it was withdrawn from amongst us; but, as the friend and contemporary of Dr. PARR—as the scholar of whom that learned Theban wrote, "MARTIN ROUTH is of the right stamp: orthodox, not intolerant; profound, not obscure; wary, not sceptical; very, very, very learned, not pedantic at all"—he challenges more than common regard. MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH was a native of Suffolk, and was born on the 15th of September, 1755; in 1771 he matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford; in 1776 he became a Fellow; and in 1791 he was elected to the post which he filled to the day of his death. It is not easy to appreciate the value of a career, so long and yet so tranquil. Some faint appreciation of its historical duration may be gathered from the facts that he had known a man who was the contemporary of ADDISON; that he had seen Dr. JOHNSON "in his brown wig, scrambling up

the steps of University College;" and that "he had been told by a lady of her aunt, who had seen CHARLES II. walking round the parks at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there, during the Plague of London) with his dogs, and turning by the cross-path to the other side, when he saw the Heads of Houses coming." Considering that his life was one long summer of learned ease, Dr. ROUTH did not directly do much for the literature of his country. In 1814 he published the "*Reliquiæ Sacre; sive auctorum jam perditorum secundi tertique sæculi post Christum natum quæ superstant, &c.*"—a work of which Dr. PARK pronounced that none such had appeared in England for half a century. In 1823 he edited "Bishop Burnet's History of his own Life and Times;" and in 1852 he published "Burnet's Reign

of James II.," in a single volume. It appears, therefore, that he wrote only one original work, and that in a dead language. L.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE DOOR AND THE DOORWAY.

I saw the door and the doorway,  
And the crowds that were passing by,  
Ever coming and ever going,  
With careless step and eye!  
And most pass'd by regardless;  
But some stood there awhile,  
And then went on with a whisper  
To each other, and a smile.

And some with hasty footsteps  
Did boldly enter'd there.  
But these I saw departing  
With a slower and sadder air.

But some with earnest longing  
Did stand before that door,  
Then enter'd in with reverence,  
And these I saw no more!

And what was that door and doorway?  
It led through care and sorrow  
To the deeds which are not the greatest  
To day or perhaps to-morrow.

But when by time's endurance  
The truth is won at last,  
These deeds shall be set in jewels,  
And they shall crown the past. A

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### THE ARTS.

*The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Applications to the Arts, including Painting, Interior Decoration, Tapestries, Carpets, Mosaics, Coloured Glazing, Paper-staining, Calico-printing, Letter-press Printing, Map Colouring, Dress, Landscape and Flower Gardening, &c.* By M. E. CHEVREUL, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. Translated from the French by CHARLES MARTEL. London: Longman and Co.

THIS book is the Euclid of colour, and the law of contrast is the *pons asinorum*, which, once passed, opens to us as fertile a field for instruction and pleasure as, in the wide domain of science or art, remains yet untrodden.

The sight of coloured objects harmoniously assorted contributes so largely to our enjoyment of the works of nature and of art, that we are stimulated to omit no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the means by which this harmony is secured.

Some favoured individuals possess an "eye for colour," which, like an "ear for music," is the result of a peculiar organisation. Of such were Rubens, Raffaele, Titian, and our own Turner, who, following a kind of instinct, were enabled to enrich the world with examples of harmonious colouring, beside which most others look pale and ineffectual. To the less-gifted, such result is only attainable when the artist possesses a knowledge of the principles which govern the phenomena of contrast of colours.

These phenomena, so little understood, or even suspected, by the legion of artists daily occupied with coloured materials, are deeply interesting not only to them, but also to the general observer, since they afford a striking instance that the evidence of our senses is not always to be believed, unless we are at the same time cognisant of the law which governs the phenomena.

For instance, nothing appears more simple, when two objects of different colours are placed beside each other, than that we should see them as they appear when separate. Yet such is not the case; for each colour so modifies the other, that whatever difference naturally exists between them is exaggerated, and each appears as different as possible from the other.

For example, if we place in proximity two pieces of cloth or paper—one red, the other blue—they both appear yellower than when viewed apart, that is, the red will be tinged with orange, and the blue with green; and, moreover, if the red is light and the blue deep, the red will appear lighter and the blue darker at the line of contact; this modification diminishing as it recedes from this line.

In this example no less than four different phenomena are engaged, which we will endeavour to explain; premising, however, that they are due to the physiological fact of the eye being constructed for seeing white light, just as the lungs are constructed for breathing that peculiar compound called atmospheric air.

It is well known that a ray of white or solar light, when refracted by a prism, is decomposed into rays of various colours, which are conveniently divided into six groups, consisting of three, which are called primaries—viz. red, yellow, and blue; and three others, resulting from the mixture of these primaries in pairs,

called *secondaries*. Thus red, mixed with blue in proper proportions, produces *violet*; red and yellow yield *orange*; yellow and blue, *green*. Theoretically, when the three primaries are combined, white light is reproduced; but in practice, owing to the impurity of our pigments, when we unite blue, red, and yellow materials, the result is generally grey or black.

Now, in consequence of this aptitude for seeing white light, when the eye views a given colour, it passes through certain successive stages in its effort to see all the constituents of this white light: thus, if the eye views *blue*, it calls up the colour which, with blue, contains the elements of white light. This colour (*orange*) is called the *complementary* of blue, and *vice versa*; green is the complementary of red, and violet the complementary of yellow, and *vice versa*. Let us recur to the example above cited of the contiguous red and blue stuffs, and examine what takes place.

The eye, viewing red, calls up its complementary *green*, which, added to the contiguous blue, makes this yellowish or green; while the complementary of blue (*orange*), added to the red, yellows it, or tinges it scarlet; or, what amounts to the same thing, the deficient primary *yellow* is called up by the eye and added to both the blue and the red.

By this we perceive that the sight of juxtaposed coloured bodies gives rise to *simultaneous* contrast. This is followed by *successive* contrast, meaning thereby the colour which succeeds to that looked upon—its complementary: this latter, added to the other contiguous colour, constitutes the *mixed* contrast.

If the colours juxtaposed are complementaries, they are mutually improved and purified. Suppose they are red and green: green, the complementary of red, added to the green, makes it greener, more intense, brighter; while red, the complementary of green, added to red, increases its intensity, and purifies it also.

Besides contrast of colours, there is contrast of tone, which may be made evident by the following experiment.

Take a piece of cardboard, about three inches square, and mark upon it ten equal divisions. First, cover the whole with a thin wash of indian ink; when this is dry, cover all the divisions, except the first, with another coat of the same wash; when this is dry, cover all the divisions, except the first and second, with another coat of the same wash, and continue until the whole ten are covered with uniform flat tints, each increasing in intensity as it recedes from the first. Upon viewing this series of flat tints, at a proper distance, they will appear not flat, but shaded from the line of contact of each; thus the light stripe appears lighter, setting out from the line of contact, while the dark band appears darker, giving rise to an appearance of channelled surfaces, like those of a fluted column.

This is *contrast of tone*, and takes place also with coloured as well as with grey bands. Suppose a painter has to represent two contiguous bands of red and blue; if they are of different degrees of intensity or *tone*, they will be modified in the manner indicated; but if the painter is ignorant of the nature of this modification, he will add white to that portion of blue next the deep-toned red, while he will add grey or black to that portion of the red next to the light-toned blue, thereby exaggerating the effects of contrast of tone, whereas, if he were to paint them in flat tints, the modification of contrast of tone would take place of itself.

It is evident that a knowledge of the law of contrast must greatly abridge the labour of the artist: every picture painted in ignorance of this law must be more or less an experiment. But the instructed artist is enabled to anticipate results usually arrived at after failures more or less numerous. By working too long at a time upon his model, its colours appear to him dimmed or tarnished by the complementaries called up by the eye in its desire to see white light: to restore the eye to the normal state, it should be directed upon stuffs coloured with the complementary. From this we learn how much it lies in the power of the artist, familiar with the law of contrast, to increase the resources of his palette, and to modify or enhance the optical quality of his pigments, without increasing their number; for, by proper juxtaposition, he can make the same red appear scarlet or crimson—the same yellow greenish or orange—the same blue purple or green; and we also discover that the pigments termed simple or primary pass insensibly, by juxtaposition, into compound or secondaries.

The painter learns also, that to imitate his model correctly, he must copy it differently from what it appears to his eye; but he cannot tell in what direction his modification must be made, if he is ignorant of the law of contrast.

Suppose a painter has to reproduce a white drapery with two contiguous borders—one blue, the other yellow: in obedience to the influence of contrast these colours will both appear to him redder than they really are; and if he does not take this influence into consideration, he will produce an exaggerated effect in his picture.

Hitherto the language employed by writers on this subject has been deficient in precision, consequent upon the absence of clear ideas of the phenomena involved. Feeling the inconvenience of this vague definition of terms, the author has, at the outset, to establish the strict meaning of certain terms, such as tones, scales, hues, which it is important to take notice of.

The word *Tones* of a colour is exclusively employed to designate the different modifications which that colour, taken at its maximum of intensity, is capable of receiving from the addition of white, which weakens its tone, and black, which deepens it.

In other treatises on colour, the first modification is termed a *tint*, and the second a *shade*; but these words are frequently applied to *hues*, so that it is impossible to tell, when one is named, that another is not meant. Of the meaning of the author's *Term tones*, there can never be any doubt. We will now give his definition of *Scales*:—

The word *Scales* is applied to the collection of tones of the same colour thus modified. The pure colour, unmodified with black or white, is the *normal* tone of the scale. Thus, we say, the tones of the red scale, the tones of the blue scale, &c., to distinguish the case where one colour is modified by another colour—for instance, where blue is modified by yellow or red, added in such small quantities that the blue still remains blue, yet differing from what it was before the addition of yellow or red in being violet or green—the word *hues* is exclusively applied to these modifications; thus we say *hues* of green, *hues* of red, &c.

*Pure colours* comprehend those which are called primary—blue, red, and yellow; and those which result from the mixture of these primaries in pairs (*secondaries*), in any quantities.

*Broken colours* comprehend these pure colours mixed with black, either by the admixture of the third primary, or of a black pigment.



*Greys* are either *normal* or *coloured*. Normal grey is composed of black and white only. Coloured greys by the addition of pure colour to normal grey.

These definitions enable us to make six distinct harmonies of colours, comprised in two kinds:—The first kind are the harmonies of analogous colours: comprising the harmony of scales; the harmony of hues; the harmony of a dominant coloured light.

The second kind are the harmonies of contrast: comprising the harmony of contrast of scales; the harmony of contrast of hues; the harmony of contrast of colour.

With all these resources at command, we perceive how unnecessary it is ever to make a discordant association of colours: for these various kinds of harmony of colours are sufficient for the exigencies of every case that can occur; they enable us to form agreeable and effective assortments of colours, sober or gay, even when pure or bright colours are either not available, or not desirable if available.

The curious phenomena of contrast of colours are capable of easy verification by experiment; hence this volume has all the precision of a mathematical theorem. At length, happily, we have a sound theory of contrast of colours, with its practical applications; and the subject is rescued from the dogmatism of empirics, who have of late been so prolific in their lucubrations in a branch of science of which they neither understood the aim nor the right mode of investigation.

From what has been said, we are prepared to estimate the power this knowledge of the law which governs the contrast of colours gives to its possessor. Under its influence our dress, our furniture, our gardens, assume a charm never suspected until put in practice; while to the paper-stainer, decorator, carpet-weaver, dress-maker, gardener, calico-printer—in fact, to every artist who makes use of coloured materials—the law of contrast is like the magnetic needle to the mariner, a safe guide through all the intricacies of his course.

To show the practical application of this law, we will quote certain illustrations presented to the author by those who experienced serious inconvenience through their ignorance of the law of contrast:

When a purchaser has looked for a considerable time at a yellow fabric, and is then shown orange or scarlet stuffs, it is found that he takes them to be crimson; for there is a tendency in the retina, excited by yellow, to acquire an aptitude to see violet, whence all the yellow of the scarlet or orange stuff disappears, and the eye sees red, or a red tinged with violet. So, if there is present to a buyer, one after another, fourteen pieces of red stuff, he will consider the last six or seven less beautiful than those first seen, although the pieces be identically the same. What is the cause of this error of judgment? It is that the eyes, having seen seven or eight red pieces in succession, are in the same condition as if they had regarded fixedly during the same period of time a single piece of red stuff—they have a tendency to see the complementary of red—that is to say, green. This tendency goes of necessity to enfeeble the brilliancy of the red of the pieces seen later. In order that the merchant may not be the sufferer by this fatigue of the eyes of his customer, he must take care, after having shown the latter six or seven pieces of red, to exhibit some pieces of green stuff, to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to exceed the normal state, the eyes will acquire a tendency to see red—then the last seven pieces will appear more beautiful than the others.

These examples afford useful hints to our fair readers, when engaged in that most fascinating recreation of "shopping." Not less interesting, we opine, will be the applications of the law of contrast to dress. In this particular there has been a vast improvement during the last few years, dating most conspicuously from the year of the Great Exhibition; but, while we now meet with a greater variety of colours in female costume than formerly, and while the materials are richer and more costly, the *ensemble* rarely exhibits a judicious assortment of colours adapted to produce an agreeable harmony; but gaudiness, or a *bizarre* effect, is the common defect, arising both from the want of a cultivated eye and a knowledge of the principles of harmony of colours.

The first thing to be considered, in assorting colours in female apparel, is to adapt them to the colour of the skin and complexion: for which purpose we class the wearers into two types—the one with light hair and blue eyes; the other

with black hair and dark eyes. Now, it may reasonably be surmised, that what is well adapted for the one is less so for the other. Let us see what is best adapted for each respectively, beginning with the head-dress:

Light hair may be considered as exhibiting a mixture of red, yellow, and brown, producing a *very pale orange-brown*; the colour of the skin, although of a lower tone, is analogous to it, except in the red parts; blue eyes, then, are really the only parts of the fair type which form a contrast of colour with the *ensemble*; for the red parts produce with the rest of the skin only a harmony of analogy of hue, or, at most, a contrast of hue and not of colour; and the parts of the skin contiguous to the hair, the eyebrows and eye-lashes, give rise only to a harmony of analogy. The black-haired type, considered in the same way as the type with fair hair, shows us the harmonies of contrast predominating over the harmonies of analogy. In fact, the hair, eyebrows, eye-lashes, and eyes contrast in tone and colour, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the red parts, which in this type are really redder than in the blonde type. If we consider the colours which generally pass as assorting best with light or black hair, we shall see that they are precisely those which produce the greatest contrasts; thus sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the colour that approaches the nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colours long esteemed to accord favourably with black hair—yellow and red, more or less orange, contrast in the same manner with them.

The following are the general principles deducible from the law of contrast in assorting the colours of the clothing with the complexion.

*Rose-red* cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. It is necessary then to separate the rose from the skin in some manner; the simplest means of doing this, without having recourse to coloured stuffs, is to edge the garment with a border of *tulle*, which produces the effect of grey by the mixture of the white threads with the shadows. *Dark-red* is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because it renders them whiter by contrast of tone. *Green*, on the contrary, is favourable to all fair complexions deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience; but it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red the complementary of green adds to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

These examples will enable us to understand the effect of coloured bonnets on the complexion, which, however, does not apply to that kind of head-dress which, so small or so much thrown back, can only produce an insignificant effect.

It is generally believed that a coloured bonnet reflects its colour upon the complexion; that a rose-coloured bonnet imparts a rose tint to the skin, while a green bonnet will give a green tint to it: but experiment proves that this influence of reflection is very feeble, even under the most favourable circumstances for producing it. The result of the author's investigation goes to show the following facts, in connection with the fair-haired type:—

A black bonnet, with white feathers, and white, rose, or red flowers, is suitable. A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair or rosy complexions. But bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace, are suitable with all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue. A light-blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be trimmed with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers; but not with rose or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose. A rose-coloured bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and, if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-colour may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers amidst green leaves has a good effect. Yellow or orange coloured bonnets should never be selected for this type; nor is the use of violet ever to be recommended.

Now with regard to the type with black hair:

A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect when it has accessories of white, pink, red, orange, an. yellow. A white bonnet has t'e same effect as with the blonde type; except that for brunettes, preference should be given to trimmings of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue. Bonnets of red, pink, cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers with abundance of leaves have a good effect with rose. A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives

with advantage violet or blue trimmings; the hair must always interfere between the complexion and the head-dress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers are preferable to all others. A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or bright red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange-brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings. A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion; since there are none which its complementary yellow will suit. Yet, if we interpose between the violet and the skin not only the hair, but also yellow trimmings, a bonnet of this colour may become favourable.

Whenever the colour of a bonnet does not realise the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the head-dress by large masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the latter and the bonnet certain accessories, such as wreaths, ribbons, or detached flowers, &c., of a colour complementary to that of the bonnet, as in the case of the violet bonnet; the same colour should also be placed on the outside of the bonnet.

From these examples we learn how much it lies in the power of the milliner to enhance the natural beauty of her customers, as well as to conceal or modify the defects in a complexion more or less varying from what is considered to be the true standard of beauty: that the knowledge of such a power does not exist among *artistes* in dress is painfully evident whenever we examine the costume of a public assembly. Even this very day we have been struck with two striking instances of ignorance of harmony of contrast; one was a lady of the brunette type, who wore an intensely deep orange-coloured velvet bonnet trimmed with red flowers! the rest of her dress being black. The other was a lady clothed in a light blue dress, over which she wore a yellow crape scarf. Numerous similar instances of discord meet us at every step.

It must be remarked, however, that by persons in whom "an eye for colour" is prominent, such incongruities are seldom adopted; but through the exercise of a kind of instinct called *taste*, a pleasing and harmonious selection is unconsciously made: such persons are a law unto themselves; and whether they exert it in the selection of apparel, or in the arrangement of flowers in a bouquet, the same harmonious effect is attained.

In the decoration of interiors, especially our dwellings, the most flagrant violations of the law of contrast are observable. The painter, the paper-hanger, the upholsterer, act in mutual ignorance of each other's intentions, and in general ignorance that such a thing as a law exists by which their operations could be carried to a harmonious result. Even if the painter and paper-hanger have worked in concert, the upholsterer usually proceeds in direct opposition to the attainment of a favourable result. The subject is too extensive to admit of our going into details in this place. We may content ourselves, therefore, with naming an instance which is familiar to many of our readers, namely, the decoration of the interior of her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, which at the time of its production provoked much fruitless discussion, because the disputants were ignorant of the law of contrast. The linings of the boxes are *amber-yellow*, which, by contrast, imparts a *blue* tinge to the complexions of the audience; and moreover, being a very light colour, it does not possess the redeeming quality of contrast of tone, inherent in deep red or crimson, which, although they give rise to a greenish tinge, this effect is almost entirely neutralised by the great contrast of tone between the fair complexions of the audience and this deep red colour. We cannot follow our author in his investigations on the colours most suitable to the decoration of other interiors, as churches, museums, picture-galleries, &c.; these inquiries, so important in their bearings upon the enhancement of the beauty of the objects contained in such edifices, must be carefully studied by those whom they most nearly concern.

Let us now treat of the applications of the knowledge of the law of contrast to gardening. Those who possess flower-gardens, and cultivate them in conformity with the principles of harmony of contrast laid down by M. Chevreul, we do not hesitate to say, will derive a greatly increased enjoyment from the labour and care they bestow upon the arrangement of their parterres. In fact, in flower-gardening the widest

scope in the employment of colours is offered to amateurs: no less than five different classes of associations present themselves grouped under the two following:—1, the association of flowers which relate to the harmonies of contrast; and, 2, the associations which relate to the harmonies of analogy. To these may be added the art of assorting ligneous plants in gardens, so as to derive the best possible advantage from the colour of their foliage.

In describing these applications, the author goes into the minutest details, so as to render it a matter of the greatest ease and certainty for the amateur to follow out his investigations, and apply them for himself whenever convenient. Each month, from February to October, is illustrated by lists of plants which flower in those months, and directions are given for grouping them so as to obtain the most agreeable and effective combinations of colours. Dahlias, in their season, are most valuable agents in the exhibition of the law of contrast. In one section of this subject, the author gives the true principles of landscape-gardening, which, if followed, cannot fail to enhance the beauty and value of the estate upon which they are practised.

We will now say a few words respecting the author of this book. He is well known to the scientific world as a profound philosophical chemist, who, by the principles enounced in his "Considérations sur l'Analyse organique," and acted upon in his "Recherches sur les Corps gras d'Origine animal," laid the foundation of the modern science of organic chemistry, since so efficiently cultivated by Liebig and others. Being called, shortly after the publication of these works, to take the direction of the dyeing department of the celebrated Gobelins tapestry manufactory, the duties of that office (by demanding the investigation of the cause of certain defects in the dyed wools, which when employed for shadows in the tapestries gave unfavourable results) precluded him from continuing his researches on organic chemistry, and consequently deprived him of the harvest of a field he had himself ploughed and sown. For ten years he gave the most unwearied application to the investigation of the phenomena of contrast, which had commanded the attention of many other scientific men without practical effect. The successful result evolved by a truly scientific mind on a philosophical method of investigation is now before us; and we may venture to say that rarely has a subject of inquiry so fraught with beautiful and ready applications been presented to us.

To be familiar with the contents of this book is to possess a new sense: every object in nature and art speaks to us a new and exciting language. Colour becomes a music to the eye; its harmonies and contrasts affect that organ as musical sounds do the ear. We become impatient of any violent infringement of the principles of harmony, and seek every opportunity of putting our newly-acquired power into practice.

If it be true, as is so often asserted, that our continental neighbours understand better than we do the art of assorting colours, while something must be attributed to the effect of daily example, much more, we think, is due to the influence of M. Chevreul's investigations. For twenty-five years past he has given courses of lectures at Paris on this subject, to artists, artisans, and others interested. Keenly alive to their own interests, the silk manufacturers of Lyons solicited and obtained permission from the Government for M. Chevreul to lecture to the workmen and others in that city, and with the happiest result. Our artisans, unfortunately, have not had this advantage; but we may hope that the success attendant upon the courses of scientific lectures to working-men at the School of Mines may induce the authorities to add the subject of Colour to the course. The necessity for our manufacturers being on a par with those of other countries need hardly be insisted upon; but this result cannot be arrived at, unless similar means of instruction are made available to those needing it. The minuteness of investigation, the copiousness of illustration, which characterise this volume, are truly remarkable; the most untutored mind cannot fail to understand it if steady attention is given; but it is well known that the illustrations of the lecture-room have a peculiar value, especially to the working-class, whose time and opportunity for study are too frequently inadequate to the acquisition of knowledge most useful to them.

To those happy individuals favoured with the requisite leisure for study, we repeat, this book

will open a charmed world to them. As a preparation to a course of scientific study, it appears to us invaluable, for it is an excellent example of the Baconian method of investigation. It is upon a subject, too, which, as we have hinted, is peculiarly deserving the attention of the fair, so busy of late years with "Berlin wool." In sect. 380 is shown the results of mixing coloured wools. Many a "fairy-fingers" has been perplexed when her brilliant skeins have produced such dull and tarnished mixtures; little suspecting this result was due to an error in the mixing of the colours of her palette (of wools.) Of dress we have spoken, and of the cultivation of flowers also. These recommend themselves to attention, and so do the important selection of carpets, hangings, and tapestry, in furnishing our dwellings. These matters we need no longer leave to caprice: obedience to the principles now set forth will accomplish more than a hundred grave consultations with the upholsterer, backed by the suggestions of friends supposed to possess an untutored taste in such matters.

Not less important is this work to the critic, to him who pronounces upon the fate of the young aspirant to Academy honours—one perhaps who, by instinct or by knowledge of the law, is in advance of his time, and, like our own Turner, doomed to ridicule and obloquy by the sneers of the ignorant or the blindness of those who will not see.

Accustomed as we are in this country to sobriety of colours in our costume and in our public edifices (redolent of whitewash), it was not to be expected that the painter who courted nature in her festive moods should be understood by those who seldom see the sun rise or set; but on them who assumed the responsible office of judge it was incumbent to investigate before pronouncing judgment; yet, of those who during the last fifteen years (since the date of the publication of the original of the work before us) have derided the greatest colourist of this or past ages, how many, let us ask, went to the task qualified with the knowledge inseparable (from the consideration of the subject), afforded only by this book.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*Institutes of Metaphysics.* By JAMES F. FERRIER, A.B., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and Glasgow: Blackwood. 1854.

WITHOUT disputing with the author of this book his right to identify philosophy and metaphysics, we differ from him on the very threshold as to the two main requisitions by which he says a system of philosophy is bound—that it ought to be true, and that it ought to be reasoned. As regards the first requisition we may ask—Who is to determine the truth? Where is the standard of infallibility? What college of sages is to give a decision which all the world must accept? The moment you enter the region of speculative science the old familiar landmarks and the accustomed tests vanish. A system of philosophy is simply bound to be what the creator of the system, supposing him to be an honest man, has the genius to make it. Granting him to be an honest man, his system will be true in four senses:—in so far as it is the faithful expression of his mind and character; in so far as it corresponds to the intellectual and spiritual needs of individuals; in so far as it offers food to the primordial yearnings of mankind in the aggregate; and in so far as its conclusions harmonise with the results of the noblest practical sciences. It cannot help being true in these relations and to that extent; to speak of it as being required to reach a certain absolute truth is as absurd in doctrine as inaccurate in language. Oddly enough, while maintaining that a system of philosophy must be true, Professor Ferrier contends that it is still more important that it should be reasoned than that it should be true. This is strange teaching; for if a system is bound to be true, we should have deemed no other condition so stringent and indispensable. However, it may easily be shown that, as a system of philosophy is not bound in any absolute sense to be true, so neither is it bound to be reasoned. The more either in itself or in its exposition it is reasoned, the more it is logic or dialectics, and not philosophy. Otherwise we should be compelled to accept as real philosophers only the Aristotelian dogmatists from Aristotle's time downward. If the best philosophy is that which is the most admirably, the most triumphantly reasoned, then

the greatest of all philosophers were the Scholastics; for who, especially if there was anything ridiculous to be defended, or anything trifling to be demonstrated, reasoned so valiantly, so skilfully as they? Allowing, as the author affirms, and as we dispute not, that philosophy is chief among the gymnastics by which the soul is trained and disciplined and strengthened, we deny that through the parade and the potency of syllogism it attains the end sought. The gymnastics is the effort of what is most mysterious in us to grapple with what is most mysterious in the universe. But the most formidable hindrance to that effort would be your little, peddling, syllogistic dexterities. And this brings us to the essential defect of Scottish metaphysics. Overwhelming as logicians—subtle as psychologists—but with no warmth and wealth of religious emotion, and no mystic joy, no mystic awe, in the presence of the Infinite—the Scotch can neither climb the heights nor descend into the depths of metaphysics; neither the idea nor the ideal of metaphysics has ever penetrated them; and their power of argument and keenness of self-analysis do not bring them nearer to—they drive them away from, metaphysical discoveries. It is in consonance with this fact that Scotch preaching is always pleading, never appeal—far less divine nourishment. Scotch churches and Scotch chapels are crowded from other causes, no doubt; but who can deny that mighty among the causes is the interest felt in fierce logomachy? Few preachers who dare to abandon such fulminating polemics do not immediately lose their popularity, while a suspicion that they are heretical begins to spread. Now, we do not wish, in using such language, to bring a railing accusation against the Scotch; we simply wish to explain why metaphysics in Scotland are impossible. That the Scotch will do immense service in the sciences that surround metaphysics is our firm conviction; but from the proper metaphysical domain they are forever excluded. We have said the same thing, almost in the same words, before; and, if we repeat it now, it is in order that we may banish rationalism from whatsoever is most kindred to religion, and thus from religion itself. When man sees the invisible as if the veil were withdrawn that hid it from common eyes, he is a metaphysician; when he feels the invisible, as if no veil existed, or had ever existed, his bosom is incense, his desires are prayers, his whole being is adoration. Metaphysics is the insight of richest phantasy; religion kindles that insight into the purple glory of ecstatic worship. Now what can metaphysics have to do with rationalistic quibblings? The metaphysician sees—why should he prove to himself and to others that he sees? What we demand from him is that he should picture his visions in living, burning speech; and if he do this, how much in the Theophanies which he sublimely uncurtains will be found brother to poetry and sister to religion! Who then must alone be regarded as metaphysicians in every age? Not they who built elaborate and ingenious systems, and who fortified them with a whole Sebastopol of reasonings, but they who, by electric instinct, invincible intuition, were the seers of the unseen. It is thus that Germany's greatest mystic, Jacob Boehme, was probably also Germany's greatest metaphysician. The English Platonists of the sixteenth century were leading the nation toward a poetic and profound system of metaphysics, when Locke's famous essay appeared, which did less harm by retarding the comprehensive metaphysical development which had commenced, than by leading to erroneous opinions on the vocation of philosophy. Accepted for more than a century and a half as the chief metaphysical production of our country, and still honoured as such, it has yet been correctly enough described as a contribution, more or less valuable, to the highest kind of grammar. A metaphysical work most assuredly it is not; and as long as it is regarded as being so we cannot hope for a revival of fruitful metaphysical inquiry in England. As religion and metaphysics are so closely related, and always influence each other, grand metaphysical revelations will probably not burst upon us till we are once more in the heat and heart of a religious reformation; by which we do not so much wish to indicate an external revolution in the Churches, as an outpouring of the Holy Spirit into the roused and raptured soul of the whole community. Those spiritual changes are the most effectual and enduring that leave least at first of their trace on institutions, and which transfuse man before transforming society.



The more an idea strives to tell immediately on institutions, the more transient is its empire, the more frequent, furious, fatal, are the reactions which it provokes. And the shallowness and the worthlessness of ideas may generally be measured by their impatience. How often we discover in our riper years that the ideas of our youth were false—if for no other reason, simply because we were so impetuous in their advocacy! We, therefore, anticipate a more fecund religious life, a more radiant metaphysical apocalypse, for England in the course of the coming generations, precisely because our ear does not yet catch the shrieking, devouring breakers of any vast ecclesiastical catastrophe. The leading outward movements in England, during the next fifty or a hundred years, will be urged on and modified little by the war of parties or the war of sects. They will not disturb the equanimity, or vanquish the obstinacy, of that cautious conservatism to which the English so resolutely cling. They will leave all that complicated and anomalous mechanism which constitutes England's political and social existence nearly as it is now. They will relate almost solely to the people's achievement of an intenser, completer nationality, and to the triumphant, stupendous assertion of England's supremacy on shore and on sea in every clime. But while these outward movements are working their wonders and making England the queen of human destiny—far, far down in England's innermost consciousness, celestial thoughts, most sacred emotions, will be preparing themselves for utterance; and one part of the utterance will be a new metaphysics, the other a renewed religion. He that hath the vivid presentiment either of this new metaphysics or of this renewed religion will not deem himself summoned to oppose any attempt, however mistaken, at religious or metaphysical reform; but he will deem himself very imperatively summoned to oppose whatever pretends to be religion which is not religion, or metaphysics which is not metaphysics. As, however, this never occurs in any case except through the form and instrumentality of rationalism, with rationalism will his long conflict be; and, alas! rationalism, with its countless curses, prevails as horribly among the upholders as among the opponents of current theologies.

If this able and interesting volume of Professor Ferrier had come before us simply as a specimen of Scotch logic and psychology, we should have had little but what was heartily eulogistic to say regarding it. As it is, without accusing the author of presumption, we dispute the correctness of the title which he has given to his book, which does not deal with metaphysics at all, but with what may be called psychological dialectics. There is no doubt a profusion of metaphysical nomenclature, and great metaphysical names are marshalled before us; but, true to the genius of his country—and perhaps it is well that he should be so—Professor Ferrier offers us nothing but a spiritual rationalism, as contrasted with that sensational rationalism, in his hatred to which we ardently share. Now, looking at moral fruits, spiritual rationalism has a clear, an immense superiority over sensational rationalism; but no more than the other has it any metaphysical meaning, any religious relations. The basis of Professor Ferrier's system may be found in what he represents as the primary law or condition of all knowledge—that, along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognisance of itself. There is only a step from this proposition, which looks so harmless, and which is unquestionably not meant by the author to be destructive or atheistical, to the monstrous doctrines of Feuerbach and his school; for self-cognition is unavoidably, and by the most despotic necessity, self-deification. We go further, and maintain that the distinction, now so common, between subject and object is the enthronement of a Pyrrhonism more disastrous than foul materialist or fanatical denial ever with ribald scoff or audacious pride proclaimed. In a thoroughly metaphysical state I am conscious of the infinite alone. Bring me back to the consciousness of my individuality, and you put me into a logical, a dialectical, a rationalistic state. I syllogise, I accumulate subtle distinctions, I bow before my own understanding as infallible standard. Perhaps we are nearer than we suppose to the overthrow of Platonic dialectics, and dialectics in general: to which direct and rapid reasoning bears about the same value, as the grand strategy invented and practised by Napoleon bore to the pedantic and lum-

bering tactics which it displaced, and whose impotence it proved in many a bloody battle. Now, it would be as wise to recur to those obsolete tactics in our mighty conflict with the Czar, as it is to drill ourselves in the older dialectics, when we can smite our way to the pith of a matter with more crushing effect, and with the tenth part of the trouble. But, allowing to the scholastic logic and to dialectics the very utmost that their warmest admirers claim for them, we contend for their complete severance from the metaphysical region; and, therefore, fight with resolve as unflinching against the fundamental principle of Professor Ferrier's own system of metaphysics as against his notions of metaphysics altogether. There is consistency, of course, in the perfect correspondence between the principle and the notion. The most beggarly Me, however, which you can introduce to my acquaintance, is the Me Logical:—he is an uglier fellow than that morbid Me, from which the hypochondriac contrives to extract so much torture. Individuality, as the expression of a strong will—individuality, as the crown of a harmonious being—that is noble. But do not attempt to persuade me that a Me can be beautiful or holy, which says that it must peep into the corner of its own little cupboard of faculties before daring to gaze on the miracles of the unseen. When the Egyptians placed mirrors at the entrance of their temples, to lead the worshipper to a faithful survey of himself before kneeling to the manifold symbols of the Divine, it was something far different from a puny, prating self-cognition, that they dreamt of. If, however, metaphysics were in any way kindred to logic, to dialectics, it would be obviously right that they should begin with self-cognition, in order that you might first prove to yourself what you wished afterwards to prove to others. But, as metaphysics had nothing common with them in its origin, it has nothing common with them in its nature. Logic was an art invented by sophists; dialectics an art invented by other sophists, more gifted, and perhaps more honest; both arts arising at a mature and even corrupt period of civilisation. Long, long before, metaphysics had sprung forth from the irresistible yearning of religious hearts to refine the religion of the multitude. Man's earliest religion was the idolatry of nature—the idolatry, that is, of life, as the Pan and Proteus of ceaseless growth and transformation. It is a monstrous mistake, where it is not an ungenerous mis-statement, to speak of men as worshipping matter in the early ages. Matter is one of those words of which logic and pseudo-metaphysics make a great deal; but primeval man had no idea of matter, and most manifestly he was not its adorer. His God was the living universe, and he felt as if he adored that God best by his own unchecked prodigality of action; and thus, in a higher and more catholic sense than is now attached to the words, with him to labour was to pray. But primeval man, revelling, himself a joyous vitality, among the joyous vitalities of creation, though he felt that there was a mystery as well as a gladness in the life of the All, did not care to seek that mystery farther than in casual hours of gloom or disaster it crossed his path. But earnest and meditative souls arose who were attracted still more by the mystery than by the gladness of life. They did not brood on their own being; they did not analyse the constituents of existence; they sat of their own free choice under the shadow of the eternal synthesis while others were sporting in its beams. These were the first metaphysicians; for the metaphysicians were before the sages, just as the sages were before the logicians. Their voice from the curtain of mystery in which they dwelt could not be a system; it could not be the explanation of any difficulty, the solution of any problem; for no difficulty was seen, no problem was encountered. It was the outburst of wonder at a glory surpassing visible glory. Metaphysics, in this its most ancient aspect, was at once deeper than religion, and more imperfect; religion, by feeling alike the gladness and the mystery, gained in catholicity what it lost in depth. But religion and metaphysics continued to influence each other. Metaphysics fertilised and enlarged the region of religious symbolism; religion, by its ceremonial grandeur and its social power, gave Man a typical beauty and a radiating wealth of affinities, as the centre of metaphysical vision and discovery. This shows where alone we must seek for true metaphysics—namely, in those religions, however offensive they may be to a puritanic spiritualism,

in which the richest and profoundest symbolisms the most abounded. Wherever in such religions the mystery prevailed over the gladness, there you have metaphysics, and only there. Mysticism and metaphysics are not easily distinguishable; mysticism is the more emotional of the two, and has less ontological range. But the real mystic and the real metaphysician will always readily understand each other. Now how does what precedes bear on the future of metaphysics? Are we to accept Professor Ferrier's declaration, that metaphysics is a thing in the main yet to be created, he kindly furnishing us with the alphabet thereof? Or must we not rather admit that wherever we find the trace of religion, we find in profusion the pregnant verities of metaphysics? We can draw metaphysical light from the Hindoo and Egyptian mythologies—from the "Confessions" of Saint Augustine, from Thomas à Kempis, as well as religious sustenance. As to metaphysical systems, one must be just as good as another, seeing that the best of them cannot be, except in name, metaphysical: for the more you systematise, the more you introduce elements foreign to metaphysics; even as in religion, the more you demand rigidly concatenated systems, the more you prove your unfitness for the grace of God and for life in God. Our plan for the revival of metaphysics would be very different from that of Professor Ferrier. Instead of preaching self-cognition, and offering to be the architect of systems, and exposing for sale patent hammers that are to smash a meaning from the most perplexing enigmas of the universe—we should thrust every theoriser with huge hot haste aside, and join ourselves to the vast army of seers who, with prophetic pith and poetic picture and angelic melody, bring the Divine from its awful abysses, not as a gift to thinkers, but as a heritage to all. We can testify that from the hosts of professed metaphysical works which we have read we never got any metaphysical insight or nutriment; but we have got both with opulence when not seeking them, in the symbolisms of every religion, and in the utterances of mystical hearts.

Perhaps no part of Professor Ferrier's book proves more completely his metaphysical incompetence than his remarks on necessary truths. Of these he would greatly enlarge the empire in the metaphysical region; and he seems to think that he has accomplished some wonderful feat when he has shown, or endeavoured to show, that necessary truths belong as much to metaphysics as to the stricter sciences. Now, formally, all truths are necessary truths. But, if we go from the form to the essence, though necessity follows us, yet to speak of truth is preposterous. Logic, as its name implies, is an instrument of language—a means for perfecting language; mathematics is a species of logic seeking the same object, serving the same purpose as logic. When, therefore, we speak of necessary truths in logic and mathematics, we mean that correspondence between words and ideas which explicit language requires. But you might as well ask necessary truths from the poet as from the metaphysician. Give me a necessary truth, you say to the poet. No, answers the poet, I cannot give you a necessary truth; but I give you what is better—beauty. Give me a necessary truth, you say to the metaphysician. No, answers the metaphysician, I cannot give you a necessary truth; but I give you what is better—life, in its most spiritual revelations. You offer me a cluster of ripe and luscious grapes. To ascertain their value, I ask you whether they are necessary truths or not. What a fool I! And am I less a fool if, when panting for the divinest spiritual life, and you have spread for me a table in the wilderness of my wants, I desire, before eating, to be informed whether the rich meats which cover the table are necessary truths. A real metaphysician delights to escape from the barren realm of necessary truths. Trampling his way over frivolous formulas, he cries aloud: "Come, brothers, come to the banquet; there is enough for you, for me, for all who are tired of feeding on words."

After the "Ethics" of Spinoza, the "Wissenschaftslehre" of Fichte, and so many other works, which, whatever besides are their merits or their defects, are at least miracles of demonstrative argument, it is astonishing to us that Professor Ferrier should so confidently claim for his treatise the excellence—though after what we have said we cannot admit it to be so—of being the first thoroughly reasoned metaphysical production. This would lead us to suppose that Professor Ferrier is not well read in metaphysics.

Our complaint is the very opposite to that which he makes. It is the logic we object to. We are compelled to reject so many works pretending to be metaphysical simply because they are so elaborately, so energetically reasoned.

Though all through his volume Professor Ferrier assumes an air too oracular, yet we attribute this in the main not to arrogance, but to the enthusiasm of the system-monger. His book will swell the long list of failures in the attempt to harmonise incompatible things; and if he has been more successful than his predecessors in introducing logic and dialectics into metaphysics, by so much is he more wrong than his predecessors. But, viewed as a contribution not to philosophy, but to literature, his pages are consummately fresh, vigorous, varied, and suggestive. He shows in almost every sentence that he has other ties than those of blood to the mighty John Wilson. Though not profound, he is singularly acute; and the liveliness of his style, the fertility of his ideas, the affluence of his illustrations, assure us that, though he never will be great as a metaphysician, he will as an author be an honour to his country. We never cease to feel that we are in the presence of a man; his theories we may dispute or despise; but his heroic effulgence conquers our admiration. Besides what may be named the religion of metaphysics, there is what may be designated the poetry of metaphysics. For the latter Professor Ferrier may have a genius which he manifestly does not possess for the former. But we would counsel him in that case not to bother himself with epistemologies and agnologies, but to write with somewhat of the rhapsodical freedom of the kingly one whose biographer he is to be.

ATTICUS.

*Detached Thoughts and Aphorisms from the Writings of Archbishop Whately* (Blackader) is the title of a little book, containing extracts of brief, pithy passages of acute observations or profound thought found in the works of the Archbishop of Dublin. They have been selected with much judgment, and a few pages will afford food for reflection for many a day; they suggest even more than they teach.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Life of P. T. Barnum.* Written by Himself. London: Sampson Low.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES are invariably written for one object—namely, the gratification of personal vanity; but the ways of gaining this end are as various as the mental constitutions of those who adopt so singular a mode of self-glorification. Some, like a certain literary autobiographer who has lately favoured the world with his personal memoirs, write so unmistakably in the first person, that their vanity stands confessed in every page, and nothing is introduced that does not immediately conduce to the personal exaltation of the author; whilst everything is dragged in by the heels that can, by any torture of construction, be made to bear the slightest affinity to the interesting topic. Other autobiographies, like the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, conceal the no less all-pervading passion with art, and, by exaggerating trivial faults, strive to render real merits more illustrious, and to cast into obscurity serious vices. Some, like that of George Sand, proceed from an unaffected desire to set their authors right with the public, and, by correcting misrepresentations and furnishing missing details, must be regarded as new editions wronged forth by the injustice and imperfections of the originals. It is not often, however, that we meet, as in the present instance, with a man who is simple or brazen enough to appear before the bar of public opinion, and, by laying bare a whole life of humbug and chicanery, exhibit the process whereby a clever knave may make himself rich in this world of gulls and pigeons. (The "Autobiography of Jonathan Wild" was the humorous production of a satirist; the *Autobiography of Barnum* is the sober confession of a successful —. Well, we are content to leave it to our readers to apply the name.)

Phineas Taylor Barnum commences his autobiography with a genealogical account of his ancestry. His maternal grandfather, after whom he was christened, was a farmer in Bethel, Connecticut. The chief characteristics of this worthy seem to have been a love of practical joking and a national fondness for driving a bargain. There can be little doubt that the latter propensity has proved itself to be hereditary; as for the former, Barnum himself confesses that the love of a

practical joke is, in his case, bred in the bone and must come out in the flesh. Now a joke, even some practical ones, are not so very objectionable after all; but, judging from some samples of American practical joking quoted with great gusto by Barnum, we must confess that in England such proceedings might be apt to excite the notice of the police magistrate rather than the admiration of spectators. Take, for example,

### A PRACTICAL JOKE BY GENERAL HUBBARD.

On one occasion he got up a lottery—capital prize ten dollars, tickets twelve and a half cents each. He sold out all his tickets in a few days, and pocketed the money. Coming around in those parts a fortnight afterwards, his customers inquired about their prizes. "Oh," replied Gen. Hubbard, "I am convinced this is a species of gambling, so I have concluded not to draw the lottery!" His customers laughed at the joke, and lost their shillings.

Not always was the joke quite so successful, for the biter was sometimes bit, as in the case of—

### THE PEDLAR AND THE RAZOR STROPS.

"What is the price of razor strops?" inquired my grandfather of a pedlar, whose waggon, loaded with Yankee notions, stood in front of our store. "A dollar each for Pomeroy's strops," responded the itinerant merchant. "A dollar a piece!" exclaimed my grandfather, "they'll be sold for half the money before the year is out." "If one of Pomeroy's strops is sold for fifty cents within a year I'll make you a present of one," replied the pedlar. "I'll purchase one on these conditions; now, Ben, I call you to witness the contract," said my grandfather, addressing himself to Esquire Hoyt. "All right," responded Ben. "Yes," said the pedlar, "I'll do as I say; and there's no back-out in me." My grandfather took the strop, and put it in his side coat pocket. Presently drawing it out, and turning to Esquire Hoyt, he said, "Ben, I don't much like this strop now that I have bought it. How much will you give for it?" "Well, I guess, seeing its you, I'll give fifty cents," drawled the Squire, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, which said that the strop and the pedlar were both incontinently sold. "You can take it; I guess I'll get along with my old one a spell longer," said my grandfather, giving the pedlar a knowing look. The strop changed hands, and the pedlar exclaimed, "I acknowledge, gentlemen; what's to pay?" "Treat the company, and confess you are taken in, or else give me a strop," replied my grandfather. "I never will confess nor treat," said the pedlar, "but I'll give you a strop for your wit;" and, suiting the action to the word, he handed a second strop to his customer. A hearty laugh ensued, in which the pedlar joined. "Some pretty sharp fellows here in Bethel," said a bystander, addressing the pedlar. "Tolerable; but nothing to brag of," replied the pedlar; "I had made seventy-five cents by the operation." "How is that?" was the inquiry. "I have received a dollar for two strops which cost me only twelve and a half cents each," replied the pedlar; "but, having heard of the 'cute tricks of the Bethel chaps, I thought I would look out for them and fix my prices accordingly. I generally sell these strops at twenty-five cents each; but, gentlemen, if you want any more at fifty cents a piece I shall be happy to supply your whole village." Our neighbours laughed out of the other side of their mouths; but no more strops were purchased.

It was in this school of commercial morality that Mr. Barnum was bred; and we cannot wonder that he does credit to his education. He tells us that at school he was remarkable for his quickness at arithmetic, and that when only six years old he had saved up a dollar by pennies and halfpence. This small capital was quickly turned over in candy, gingerbread, and cherry-um. Apprenticed at an early age, at a "cash, credit, and barter store," we find him asking leave to do a little business on his own account, by selling candy to the juvenile portion of the customers. When between twelve and fifteen, he embarked in lotteries, and made "considerable cash" by that class of operation. Perhaps one of the most curious passages in this part of the autobiography is an examination into the nature and system of lotteries, demonstrating the certain gain to the projector, and exposing the "dodges" by which these arithmetical pieces of swindling are made to look specious before the public eye. To the lotteries succeeded an auction business, and to that a "yellow store," for dry goods, hardware, and crockery. Considering that the young speculator had not yet attained his majority, this must be admitted to have been very well. Before this epoch, too, he had married, and the object of his choice was Miss Charity Hallett, "an attractive tailor's," now the partner of Mr. Barnum's good fortune, and who is pronounced to be "one of the best women that ever was created." Soon after he became of age, the next speculation was

a newspaper. *The Herald of Freedom* spoke trumpet-tongued to the world, and, with that violence which distinguishes most youthful efforts of the pen, the inexperienced young editor printed a libel upon a clergyman, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The following particulars of the punishment, and the triumphant exit of the political martyr from confinement, reminds us forcibly and ludicrously of a similar imprisonment suffered by a journalist in this country for a libel upon George IV.:

I was very comfortably provided for in the common jail of Danbury. I had my room papered and carpeted previously to taking possession as a tenant for sixty days; I lived well; was even oppressed by the almost constant visits of cordial friends; edited my paper as usual, and received several hundred additional subscribers to my list, during my term of imprisonment. When that term was ended, the event was celebrated by a large concourse of people from all the country round. It was celebrated in the courtroom in which I had been convicted for libel. An admirable ode, written for the occasion, was sung, and an eloquent oration on the Freedom of the Press was delivered by the Rev. T. Fiske.

More ceremonies followed; but we have neither the leisure nor the patience to detail them. Suffice it to say that the *Herald of Freedom* does not seem to have been very successful in a commercial point of view, for its astute proprietor parted with it scarcely two years after the event recorded above.

In the same year he came to New York and launched into the full tide of speculation; having already made the valuable discovery that he could make money rapidly and in large sums, whenever he set about it "with a will." His *début* in New York was in the capacity of a boarding-house keeper, to which he shortly afterwards superadded that of a grocer; but just at that time an incident occurred which determined the future career of Barnum and converted him into a showman; he met with Joice Heth, the negress, supposed to have been the nurse of General Washington, and to have attained the ripe old age of one hundred and sixty-one. Of the manner in which Barnum became possessed of this curiosity he himself gives a long description; he freely discusses the probability of her having been an impostor, but declares that he does not know that she was so. This is unanswerable; but the means whereby he kept up the public interest in the exhibition were not, upon his own showing, strictly consistent with a thorough belief in the genuineness of the curiosity. "I kept up," says he, "a constant succession of novel advertisements and unique notices in the newspapers, which tended to keep old Joice fresh in the minds of the public, and served to sharpen the curiosity of the people." One of these "unique notices" will exemplify the class.

When the audiences began to decrease in numbers, a short communication appeared in one of the newspapers, signed "A Visitor," in which the writer claimed to have made an important discovery. He stated that Joice Heth was a humbug; whereas, if the simple truth was told in regard to the exhibition, it was really vastly curious and interesting. "The fact is," said the communication, "Joice Heth is not a human being. What purports to be a remarkably old woman is simply a curiously constructed automaton, made up of whale-bone, india-rubber, and numberless springs ingeniously put together, and made to move at the slightest touch, according to the will of the operator. The exhibitor is a ventriloquist, and all the conversations apparently held with the ancient lady are purely imaginary, and so far as she is concerned; for the answers and incidents purporting to be given and related by her are merely the ventriloquial voice of the exhibitor."

It is almost needless to remark that this suggestion was utterly false; and it is very evident by whom it was prompted, for, says Barnum, "the consequence was, our audiences again largely increased." As for Joice Heth, it was proved by a post-mortem examination, made when she died shortly afterwards, that her real age did not exceed eighty.

The next subject of speculation was a juggler, whom Barnum christened Signor Vivalda, to make him "sufficiently foreign." The merits of this gentleman were confined to the arts of balancing, plate-spinning, and stilt-walking; but the young *impressario* contrived to make money out of him. Shortly after his appearance, the success of the speculation was threatened by the appearance of one Roberts, who conjured nearly as well as Signor Vivalda; but Barnum was not the man to be baffled easily; a little "palm oil" bought up Roberts without difficulty; and to quicken the public interest in Vivalda, a trial of skill was



arranged, in which (as Barnum very coolly remarks) "Roberts, of course, was to be beaten;" and beaten he was to some purpose, for "the pit and upper boxes were crowded to suffocation, and the sales of tickets were stopped, because no more persons could possibly gain admittance."

As soon as the curtain fell, the two counterparts were called for. . . . Three hearty cheers were given by the enthusiastic audience, and the antagonists, looking daggers at each other, withdrew at opposite sides of the curtain. Before the uproar of applause had ceased, Roberts and Vivalla had met upon the stage, shaken hands, and were enjoying a hearty laugh; while little Vivalla, with thumb to his nose, was making curious gyrations to an imaginary picture on the back of the screen, or possibly to a real *tableau vivant* in front of the curtain.

A partnership between Barnum and the manager of an itinerant circus company now took them wandering over the country; and in the course of these peregrinations the genius of the great showman manifested itself in a variety of ways. "At Camden, S.C.," says he, "Sandford abruptly left me. I had advertised negro songs; no one of my company was competent to fill his place; but, being determined not to disappoint the audience, I blacked myself thoroughly, and sung the songs advertised." At the next station we find him under the conjurer's table, ready to receive through a trap-door the watch and chain which were to reappear round the neck of a squirrel.

Our readers will perhaps not easily guess the nature of the next speculation entered into. It was a spec in *Bibles*, and it was not successful. "But," says Barnum, "I thus made another effort to quit the life of a showman for ever, and settle down into a respectable calling;" a curious admission of his real appreciation of his own calling. But, to continue:—"In the mean time I again leased Vauxhall Saloon, and opened it June 14, 1841. I thought it would be compromising my dignity as a Bible man to be known as the lessee of a theatre; and the concern was managed under my directions, by Mr. John Hallett, my brother-in-law."

Towards the end of 1841, the American Museum, the foundation of all Barnum's extravagant fortune, fell into his hands. The story of this transaction, as related by himself, is curious enough. "I met a friend one day in the street, and told him my intention to buy the Museum. 'You buy the American Museum?' said he with surprise, for he knew that my funds were at ebb-tide; 'what do you intend buying it with?' 'Brass,' I replied, 'for silver and gold I have none.'" And with brass he certainly did buy it, as he very satisfactorily demonstrates. At the same time that he was negotiating, the directors of Peale's Museum (an incorporated institution) were in treaty also for the purchase. Upon making inquiries, Barnum made the important discovery that these directors were nothing better than speculators—a circumstance which appears to have placed them immeasurably beneath himself as desirable purchasers, at least in his own estimation. This discovery made:—

I went immediately to several of the editors, including Major M. M. Noah, M. Y. Beach, my good friends West, Herrick, and Ropes, of the *Atlas*, and others, and stated my grievances. "Now," said I, "if you will grant me the use of your columns, I'll blow that speculation sky-high." They all consented, and I wrote a large number of squibs, cautioning the public against buying the Museum stock; ridiculed the idea of a board of broken-down bank directors engaging in the exhibition of stuffed monkey and gander skins; appealed to the case of the Zoological Institute, which had failed by adopting such a plan as the one now proposed; and, finally, told the public that such a speculation would be infinitely more unwise than Dickens's "Grand United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company."

Considering that the author of these squibs was himself, and that he was desirous of making the very purchase which he ridiculed, it requires a tolerable amount of coolness to confess such a trick; but what shall be said of the "editors." Major M. M. Noah and the rest, who put "their columns" at the command of a mere scheming speculator, who had no higher aim to serve than his own interest, and to purchase the American Museum over the heads of those who were already in treaty for it? The American press owes it to its own honour, either to repudiate such a statement altogether, or to prove that such loose morality is not recognised by the respectable professors of its order. In this country, to prove such a transaction against any member or organ of the press, would be to sink them at once to the level of Mr. Birch and The

World; but Barnum appears to have secured the concurrence of the press, either in blowing-up other people's speculations or puffing his own, quite as a matter of course. In this instance the end was gained, and the American Museum, under its new management, proved to be a most successful speculation. But this result was not attained without difficulty: many additional attractions had to be provided; out of a long list of these may be enumerated "industrious fleas, educated dogs, jugglers, albinoes, gipsies, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, dioramas, panoramas, and American Indians." All these were legitimate enough; and if Mr. Barnum had confined himself to the exhibition of such harmless nonsense, our case against him would have ended with the circumstances attendant upon the purchase; but even these attractions were not sufficient without a very considerable admixture of "humbug," and for this, while he openly confesses it, Mr. Barnum offers a very singular excuse. "If," says he, "I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited camelopards, a rhinoceros, &c. So that, because he has availed himself of the "attractions" offered by truth, and has exhibited specimens which were not forgeries, he holds himself excused for wilfully perpetrating some of the most unmitigated pieces of swindling that ever filched money from the pockets of the public. How far the mermaid in question was questionable may be judged from his own account.

I am confident that the reporters and editors who examined this animal were honestly persuaded that it was what it purported to be—a veritable mermaid. Nor is this to be wondered at, since, if it was a work of art, the monkey and fish were so nicely conjoined that no human eye could detect the point where the junction was formed.

And immediately afterwards—

Assuming, what is no doubt true, that the mermaid was manufactured, it was a most remarkable specimen of ingenuity and untiring patience. For my own part, I really had scarcely cared at the time to form an opinion of the origin of this creature; but it was my impression that it was the work of some ingenious Japanese, Chinaman, or other eastern genius, and that it had probably been one among the many hideous objects of Buddhist or Hindoo worship.

It is clear from this that Barnum knew this wonderful specimen to be a forgery. He afterwards confesses that by means of the co-operation of his friends "the Editors," and the publication of engravings representing beautiful mermaids combing their hair among the rocks (fac-similes of which are given), he contrived to palm off this hideous piece of anatomical tailoring upon the credulity of the public; yet he considers it as nothing more than a little pardonable "clap-trap" which easily "finds an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities."

But great and shameless as this Mermaid deception was, it was speedily far outdone by that most stupendous prodigy of humbug, General Tom Thumb. Remembering, as we do, the manner in which all classes of our own society suffered themselves to be taken in by this barefaced imposture, we approach this subject with a feeling akin to shame, and are forced to acknowledge that Barnum had the wit to include within one gigantic swindle the whole English people, from the Sovereign to the meanest of her subjects. Here is his own account of General Tom Thumb, alias Master Charles S. Stratton.

He was only five years old, and to exhibit a dwarf of that age might provoke the question, How do you know that he is a dwarf? Some licence might be taken with the facts; but, even with this advantage, I really felt that the adventure was nothing more than an experiment, and I engaged him for the short term of four weeks at three dollars per week—all charges, including travelling and boarding of himself and mother, being at my expense. They arrived in New York on Thanksgiving-day, December 8, 1842, and Mrs. Stratton was greatly astonished to find her son heralded in my Museum bills as General Tom Thumb, a dwarf of eleven years of age, just arrived from England.

And we should have been very much surprised too, if we had had so little experience of Mr. Barnum as simple Mrs. Stratton had; for here were two barefaced wilful falsehoods, put forth with the most unblushing effrontery. When Barnum published those bills he knew that Charles Stratton was only five years of age, and he had just engaged him at Bridgeport. Commenting upon the fact, he very coolly admits that this announcement contained two deceptions; but that he may be allowed to plead the extenu-

ating circumstance that, if he had announced him as only five years of age, "it would have been impossible to excite the interest or awaken the curiosity of the public."

The dodge took, and the speculation was eminently successful. In a very short time the engagement rose from three dollars per week to twenty-five, and not long afterwards an agreement was signed, under which the General was taken on lease for a year, to be exhibited in Europe at the rate of fifty dollars per week, and all expenses.

In February 1844 Barnum and General Tom Thumb landed at Liverpool, and lost no time in proceeding to London. The fame of the General had gone before him. Barnum relates that the first gleam of sunshine which came to him in England was a note from Madame Celeste, offering him a private box at the Liverpool theatre. The next gleam was the appearance of Mr. Maddox, of the Princess's Theatre, who came down to Liverpool (as all great managers do) *incog.*, "with a view to making an engagement;" his offers were closed with, and Tom Thumb appeared in Oxford-street for three nights (to use Mr. Barnum's own significant words), "as a mere advertisement." "The news was out that General Tom Thumb was on the tapis, as an unparalleled curiosity; and it only remained for me to bring him before the public 'on my own hook,' in my own time and way." How this time and way came about, and were managed by the astute showman, is very well known in this country. Barnum states that he took "a furnished house in Grafton-street, Bond-street, West-end, in the centre of fashion. Lord Brougham, and half-a-dozen families of the blood-aristocracy and many of the gentry, were my neighbours." Nor were the illustrious strangers neglected by their aristocratic neighbours; for "the word of approval was indeed so passed around in high circles, that uninvited parties drove to the door in crested carriages, and were not admitted." Stern exclusion, which Barnum declares to have been necessary "to maintain the dignity of my position!" In the mansion of the Baroness Rothschild, where they were admitted by "an old chap dressed in livery," at Mr. Drummond's, and at even more noble households, were the General and his owner received and liberally fed. "I felt," says Barnum, "that the golden shower was beginning to fall." But even this was not enough—royalty itself must stamp the humbug with its approval; and we are sorry to say that no very great difficulty seems to have been experienced in effecting this. The incidents of General Tom Thumb's interview with the Queen were so thoroughly advertised at the time of its occurrence, that there is no need to repeat them now. How Barnum insisted upon speaking to the Queen, instead of through the Lord in Waiting; and how that august Lady "seemed not disposed to check my boldness;"—how General Tom Thumb saluted the Court with "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!" and how the General drew his sword upon a poodle dog who barked at him as he backed out of the royal presence;—all these are facts which have long since obtained notoriety; and all such of our readers as are not yet acquainted with them may refer to the *Court Journal* of the ensuing day, where they will find an account of the whole affair, written by Barnum himself. To the advantages of this notice from royalty no one could be more widely awake than Mr. Barnum; for now the golden shower began in earnest. "I ought to add," says the autobiographer, "that, after each of our three visits to Buckingham Palace, a handsome *doucer* was sent to me, of course by the Queen's command. This, however, was the smallest part of the advantages derived from these interviews, as will be at once apparent to all who consider the force of Court example in England."

The British public were now fairly excited. Not to have seen General Tom Thumb was voted to be decidedly unfashionable; and, from the 20th of March until the 20th of July, the levees of the little General at Egyptian Hall were continually crowded—the receipts averaging, during the whole period, about 500 dollars per day, sometimes going considerably beyond that sum. At the fashionable hour, between fifty and sixty carriages of the nobility have been counted at one time standing in front of our exhibition-rooms in Piccadilly.

And all that time, beneath the same roof, was the work of a man of genius—of a great painter, striving to obtain some notice from the world, whose wife and children were starving, whose soul and body were bowed down with toil, care,

and penury, and who (maddened by the sight of all this wealth of popularity, some few crumbs of which would have been so cheering to his heart, and so beneficial to those who were most dear to him, poured into the lap of an audacious charlatan) extricated himself from the difficulties of his life by putting an end to that life himself, and seeking the unhonoured grave of a suicide. The theme is old; but the lessons of instruction it contains can never be exhausted or unnecessary.

Want of space forbids us to follow the career of Mr. Barnum and General Tom Thumb in their peregrinations through this country and upon the Continent. Some amusing pages are filled up with the account of "A Day with Albert Smith," whom Barnum hails as a congenial spirit, and speaks of as "a particular friend of mine." "At this time (says he) my friend was an author, dramatist, and dentist; but subsequently he was exalted to the dignity of a 'showman'—affecting recognition of kindred genius! The 'day' in question consisted of a ramble through Birmingham, Stratford, and Warwick; and the incidents are amusing only when taken in connection with the personages to whom they happened. Those who wish to know more about them will find them detailed at length in a paper which appeared in *Bentley's Magazine* shortly afterwards, under the signature of Mr. Smith, and headed "A Day with Barnum."

What were the results of this European tour to Barnum himself we do not learn; but he tells us that when Mr. Stratton (the General's father) returned to America he had acquired a very handsome fortune, sufficient to enable him to settle a large sum upon the General, and to purchase land and erect a mansion at the cost of thirty thousand dollars, investing the balance upon bond and mortgage.

The next great "spec" in which Barnum engaged was the Jenny Lind adventure; and in this case also the facts obtained such publicity that it is needless to recapitulate them. Beyond the exact terms of the agreement, we find here very little that is new to us. One or two little points, illustrative rather of Barnum than of the Nightingale, may, however, prove acceptable.

#### JENNY ASKS BARNUM TO TAKE WINE.

At her request I dined with her that afternoon; and when, according to European custom, she prepared to pledge me in a glass of wine, she was somewhat surprised at my saying, "Miss Lind, I do not think you can ask any other favour on earth which I would not gladly grant; but I am a teetotaler, and must beg to be permitted to drink your health and happiness in a glass of cold water."

IT IS REPORTED THAT BARNUM IS TO MARRY JENNY.

The same day she told me in a playful mood that she had heard a most extraordinary report. "I have heard that you and I am about to be married," said she; "now how could such an absurd report ever have originated?" she continued. "Probably from the fact that we are 'engaged,'" I replied. She enjoyed a joke, and laughed heartily.

#### JENNY KISSES BARNUM.

When I witnessed her triumph, I could not restrain the tears of joy that rolled down my cheeks; and, rushing through a private box, I reached the stage just as she was withdrawing, after the fifth encore. "God bless you, Jenny, you have settled them," I exclaimed. "Are you satisfied?" said she, throwing her arms around my neck. She, too, was crying with joy; and never before did she look so beautiful, in my eyes, as on that evening.

From a statement of receipts and payments given in this book, it appears that the total amount realised by the ninety-five concerts, at which Jenny Lind sang for Barnum, amounted to more than 140,000*l.* sterling; of which the songstress received 35,000*l.*, and the balance paid expenses and the profit of the showman. How much the net profit was does not appear.

Into the subsequent speculations of Barnum we cannot now enter. He tells us that he obtained verbally through a friend the refusal of the house in which Shakspeare was born, desiring to remove it in sections to the Museum in New York; but the project leaked out, British pride was touched, and several English gentlemen interfered and purchased the premises. Barnum pathetically bewails his evil fortune that those gentlemen did not sleep a few days longer; for he has been assured that the British people would have bought him off with twenty thousand pounds. Catlin's Indians and the Bateman children were among his later "specs;" the latter of which approached, in the opinion of many, some of the more gigantic pieces of humbug. Colonel Fremont's "Woolly Horse" (an animal which Colonel Fremont never saw) might have been a clever swindle, if it had not been for a

timely and complete exposure. Later on Barnum has been trying his hand at Temperance oratory, and, judging from his own account, with no mean success. Since that, he has turned his hand to agricultural pursuits, and even here the talents of the showman seem to prove occasionally useful. Finding that the business of an agricultural meeting grew dull, he caught a live pickpocket (English, of course), and, having shut him up in a cage, advertised him all over the neighbourhood. The consequence was certain; "crowds of people rushed in to see the show, and our treasury was materially benefited by the operation." Mermaid, songstress, or pickpocket are all the same to Barnum—mere instruments for the production of cash. Only last season (1854) he delivered a lecture to the agricultural labourers of Stamford upon "The Philosophy of Humbug," a subject upon which he must be admitted to be a very competent authority.

Barnum (like an astute man as he is), having made his money, seems determined to enjoy it, and he is now living in great splendour upon an estate which he has purchased, and dignified by the name of Iranistan, which signifies "Oriental Villa." This realisation of Fairyland is situated within attainable distance of New York, and combines everything that wealth can minister to the gratification of the senses. The mansion is designed upon the plan of the Pavilion at Brighton; and its owner confesses that, in deciding upon that ornate style of architecture, he had "an eye to business," thinking that "a pile of buildings of a novel order might indirectly serve as an advertisement." In this mode of spending his money we see nothing but what is reasonable and sensible; and we might be content to dismiss Barnum and his career of schemes and dodges with the reflection that, after all, he has done no more than what thousands of unsuccessful men are hourly trying to accomplish, and that he has succeeded; but when he lays claim to the credit due to a public benefactor, it seems necessary to remind him of a discovery which, in another part of his book, he confesses to have made, "that real merit does not always succeed as well as humbug." With what face even the inventor of General Tom Thumb, and the indorser of the mermaid forgery, can lay claim to having been "a public benefactor to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists," it is difficult to conceive. Here, however, is the argument:—

My travelling museums of natural history have been the largest and most interesting ever exhibited in the United States; and no author, or university even, has ever accomplished as much, in the diffusion of a knowledge of the various forms and classes of animal life.

It seems almost unnecessary to observe, that the whole career of the man is an unbroken chain of proof that money, and money only, has been the one object of his labours; that truth has been as nothing in his calculations; and that when falsehood seemed more likely to promote their success, it was unhesitatingly adopted, and supported with all the energy and activity of an unscrupulous mind. This, however, is not the worst, as our readers may judge from the following sentence, quoted out of the very next leaf to that in which he avows the authorship of the Tom Thumb falsehood:—

I have had, and hope always to have, my seasons of loneliness and even sadness; and, though many people may not see how my profession of "a showman" can be made to appear consistent with my profession of another kind, I must claim *having always revered the Christian religion*. I have been indebted to Christianity for the most serene happiness of my life, and I would not part with its consolations for all things else in the world. In all my journeys as "a showman," the Bible has been my companion, and I have repeatedly read it attentively from beginning to end. Whether I have or have not been profited by its precepts is a question not here to be considered; but the Scriptural doctrine of the government of God and its happy issue in the life to come has been my chief solace in affliction and sorrow, and I hope always to cherish it as my greatest treasure.

This mixture of blasphemy and blarney reminds us forcibly of that pious grocer who cried out to his apprentice: "John, if you have sanded the sugar and watered the treacle, *come up to prayers!*" Some may be inclined to believe in the possibility of two consciences existing in the same man—the one a business conscience, elastic, convenient, not squeamish; the other a domestic monitor, pious, honest, and severe. But it seems to us that when there are two consciences the one must be a sham. None but a hypocrite can

do that in his counting-house which at home would appear to him as dirty and dishonest. It is, however, quite compatible with commercial knavery to be regular in money payments; and, as Barnum is constantly laying claim to the virtue, we see no reason why we should refuse to concede it to him. There is nothing, however, to show that if a contrary course of action seemed likely to pay better it would not be adopted in preference.

Far be it from us to deny that Barnum has done some good service to his fellows; he has done something towards preventing other men from following his example. By exposing the tricks of his trade, and showing how easy it is for a man to grow rich if he only have impudence enough to gull the public into a belief in his wares, and hypocrisy enough to persuade them into a belief in his honesty, he has rendered the business of a charlatan not so very easy to all its future professors. If this end be accomplished, he is heartily welcome to the dollars extracted from the public pockets by such means as General Tom Thumb and the Ichthyosimus monkey.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Leaves from the Diary of an Officer of the Guards.*

London: Chapman and Hall.

*The Englishwoman in Russia: Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady, ten years resident in that country. London: Murray.

*Tropical Sketches; or, Reminiscences of an Indian Journalist.* By WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The *Sketches of Campaigning Life* are, we are assured, the *bona fide* gleanings from the diary of an officer of the Guards during the Peninsular War. They have already appeared in one of the periodicals, and are now collected in a small volume which will serve to gratify the present taste for military doings. The stories here told may also be compared with some of those that come to us from the seat of war, and it will teach how like it is in its main features, spite of our boasted progress in refinement, civilisation, and science. We take two or three passages.

The troubles of camp life differ in kind according to climate, but not much in degree. The difference is between being baked or frozen. This was

#### CAMP LIFE AT ST. OLAYA.

We remained in our huddled camp in daily expectation of the enemy's movement in advance. The heat was excessive, our shelter from its intenseness inadequate; large plains, dotted and interspersed with olive-trees, afforded more dust than shade; our huts were not constructed of the best materials to defend us from the sun's scorching blaze; soon after daybreak they became little hot-houses, or rather ovens, from whence came forth for parade an almost baked battalion.

We have seen distinguished amateurs at the Crimea. But they have been more fortunate than was the roamer of whom mention is made in the following account of

#### AMATEUR WARRIORS.

During this campaign we had many amateurs, or *T. G.'s* as they would be called in modern phraseology, whose curiosity far exceeded their cognisance of military position; one of these found himself suddenly one fine morning in the midst of a French instead of an English out-piquet. Although arriving early, and quite unexpectedly, he was politely requested to remain and make a sojourn with them; he pleaded his non-combative qualities; protested "qu'il n'était pas du tout, du tout militaire;" laid great stress upon his love of the peaceful, the beautiful, the picturesque; that he was a mere wanderer to see the country and the war; and assured the French officer he was "purement un amateur." He who had charge of the Gallic outpost, however, was incredulous and uninfluenced by such sophistry, and could not understand such a fine-drawn distinction in so doubtful a predicament; besides, our unlucky countryman had adopted a military costume,—a blue coat, cocked hat, and sword,—which rendered his belligerent appearance more complete, and his peaceable pretensions less credible. Although later in life (*tempora mutantur!*) he might have declared himself one of "Bright and Cobden's own," at the time all his protestations were in vain. To the head-quarters of the enemy's army he was sent a prisoner. Not long previous to this, a French lieutenant-colonel had been taken by some of our people. When our unfortunate traveller reached his destination, a flag of truce was sent to Lord Wellington from the French Marshal, saying that they had taken a prisoner, calling himself an *amateur*; that the Marshal did not clearly comprehend what that name implied, as they had none such in their army; but if Lord



Wellington would exchange him for the lieutenant-colonel lately taken from them, the Marshal would return the *amateur*. Lord Wellington is stated to have answered, that he was "much obliged to the French commander for the proposition, but he begged he would keep him." I do remember however an amateur whose thorough English feeling led him, at Waterloo, into the thick of the fight; and whose activity, usefulness, and gallantry were conspicuous throughout the whole of that eventful day. In a plain blue coat, and round hat, he had ridden that morning from Brussels, joined the Duke on the field, and attached himself to him. As the staff of the great hero began to fall around him, and casualties occurred to man and horse, he supplied their place, and conveyed orders for the Duke to different parts of the field. This circumstance was well known at the time to all, and ought to be perpetuated, for none more honourably or honestly earned distinction that day than the present Earl Bathurst, then Lord Apsley. May other amateurs, in future wars, emulate so chivalrous and patriotic an example!

Upon the investment of Badajos, a grand fête was given upon the field. Reflect for a moment upon the *finale* of the capture and sack as described by Sir C. Napier—a scene from which hell itself might have learned a lesson of cruelty and horror—and read with a shudder this picture of its inauguration.

#### THE FETE BEFORE BADAJOS.

Lord Wellington, in taking the field, thought proper to inaugurate the event by giving a grand *fête* to Field-Marshal Beresford and his staff, a cordial to his friends, as an introduction to the more inimical operation of the siege of Badajos,—thus following the soldier's motto, "Let us be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die." Near Badajos there was no house or building within half a mile of the spot selected for Lord Wellington's head-quarter camp. It was a bleak and barren place enough, the only advantage being that, although within range, it was concealed by some rising ground from the fire of the fortress. During the siege, however, two or three shells did fall amongst these canvass residences. The tents for the use of the two head-quarter staffs of the British and Portuguese armies were brought from Elvas that morning; they arrived at their destination at nine o'clock; the ground was marked out, the tents erected, the kitchens made, a substantial oven built by transporting materials from the stone wall of a vineyard half a mile off, mortar was concocted, wood for fuel collected, and everything accomplished before one o'clock, at which time that man of celebrity the *chef*, or head cook, reached his scene of glory. Surrounded and within range of all the warlike implements of destruction, this greater than Vatel "a parfaitement conservé son sang-froid dans ses entrées." At half-past two, the elements on which his art depended arrived on foot. The bullocks, poor things! little thought of the uses to which they were walking, or that their respectable parts (although their forms partook of the greyhound cut) would be so precipitately transubstantiated into joints, gravy, and gelatinous substances. They however were killed, skinned, and cut up; and by six o'clock were served up to a company of distinguished men in as many savoury shapes as any party of guests in Grosvenor-square ever sat down to dawdle over,—the difference being that air and exercise, and a too great absence of plenty, occasioned a somewhat different appreciation of the indulgence, and a keener sense of the value of things. Dryden's recommendation of "Take the goods the gods provide thee" was then turned from a poetical to a practical fact, leaving "lovely Thais" out of the question, unfortunately because nobody had much time to attend to her, poor lady! It may be seen, from the sudden preparations and rapid accomplishment of this banquet, that in pleasure, as well as business, the grass was never allowed to grow under our feet. Without half the ceremony I have alluded to, and with the slightest possible disguise by cookery, I have often seen a lean, well-travelled bullock, killed and eaten in half an hour, his hide and horns alone remaining in demonstration of what he once had been.

We conclude with a wild scene.

#### THE MARCH ON BADAJOZ.

We followed no road. The First, Sixth, and Seventh Divisions, and two brigades of cavalry, marched in contiguous columns over this wide and tiresome expanse of level. Neither tree nor hill was to be seen. No living thing was visible except innumerable hares, which sprang up amidst our columns. The men's shouts drove them like shuttlecocks from one to the other, till, bewildered by noise, and surrounded by foes, followed by every yelping cur, galloped after by every officer they approached, they fell a sacrifice in endeavouring to force their way through our ranks. In their endeavours to escape they were almost all killed, and afforded capital sport to the many, and no slight profit to the few. Between forty and fifty hares graced the bivouac fires of our camp this day.

The *Englishwoman in Russia* is a shrewd, sensible, observant woman, who had opportunities for acquaintance with Russian life, manners, and

character, and made the best of them. For ten years she has resided in Russia, during which time she visited Archangel, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, and made a journey to the Volga. But her volume is not a diary, or a narrative of travel, but a carefully-written account of Russia as it appeared to her, illustrated by very numerous anecdotes of the people she met; and the result is, a volume which conveys a more distinct and apparently more accurate picture of our great foe than any that our literature possesses. We need not say how grossly the public were deceived by the newspaper descriptions of Russia and the Russians which preceded the war, for the results have painfully proved that we had committed that most fatal error—the under-rating of an enemy. This is the more lamentable, as there is reason to fear that the misrepresentations were not the result of ignorance, but of a systematic design by the democrat refugee party, which has acquired so baneful an influence in this country, to stimulate a war in the hope that it might be turned to their own profit.

Of the personal character of the Russians "the Lady" speaks highly. They are kind-hearted, generous, good-natured, hospitable, and very religious. But the serfs mingle these qualities with cunning and falsehood, the invariable accompaniments, because they are the weapons, of the weak and enslaved. By all classes the marriage tie is loosely held. The nobles are generous and liberal. The worst class in the country is that of the employés.

#### RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

The most detestably mean class in Russia are certainly the Government employés. There is no baseness too base, no dishonesty too dishonest, no cringing too low, no lie too barefaced, no timeserving too vile for them. "Do you see those men in their gold-laced coats, cocked-hats, swords, and ribands?" said a Governor's lady to me one day; "they are all coming to congratulate my husband. There is not one but would think it an honour to wipe the dust off his shoes." I fear, although severe, she spoke the truth, and knew well how to appreciate the character of her countrymen. There are, as far as we could learn, few exceptions to this servility, and unfortunately it seems to run through the whole of the different official ranks in Russia. It begins at the beginning; the Ministers cringe to the Emperor, the heads of the departments to the Ministers, the employés to their chiefs, and so on down to the very lowest writer or clerk receiving pay from the Government; and, what is worse, every one has his price according to his rank. When I was staying at the house of a provincial governor, the Emperor paid a visit to the place, and walked up and down in front of the station talking to his Excellency. His Majesty had no sooner left the town than the heads of the departments, the military officers, police, and employés, rushed in full-dress to the Governor's to offer their congratulations on the occasion. If he had been promised the inheritance of the Imperial crown itself, they could scarcely have magnified the honour more, or proffered a greater amount of flattery and adulation than they did on this event.

The serfs are very nearly what we were under the feudal system. They are *ascripti glebe*—which means, attached to the soil—sold with the estate, paying tribute to their lords in the form of a portion of the produce. If we English could emancipate ourselves from this condition, there is no reason why the Russian serfs should not do the same. But it took us two hundred years to complete the process; and we must not abuse the Russians because they will not do in twenty years what we were two centuries in doing. In judging nations we should do as with men, and look at home and inquire what we did when in the same circumstances. One of the gravest errors committed by ignorant writers in newspapers has been the representing of the Russians as incapable of patriotic or even national feelings, because they are serfs, and live under a despotism. We were assured that men would not fight who were driven to the field by the knout. Experience tells us a very different tale. And why should the Russian serfs be less patriotic than the English serf was when serfdom flourished among us? Or why should not a Russian fight as well under a despotism as a Frenchman?

The following is a curious trait of the fashionable world in Russia. But surely it must be an exceptional case:—

#### TRICK OF THE HAUT TON.

One day we went to pay a visit to an old lady. As all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, I committed no solecism of etiquette in rising to take a nearer view of some beautiful English engravings of which I caught a glimpse in the next room. I was surprised and rather annoyed

to find that I was followed step by step by the old lady herself, and that every movement of mine was closely watched by her. I was so vexed that I returned to my seat without having had the pleasure I expected. On going home I mentioned the circumstance to my friend. "You must not be surprised at it, *ma chère*," answered she, "for really you do not know how many things are lost in such parties from the too great admiration of the visitors." At a ball it is quite disgraceful to see the quantities of sweetmeats and fruit the ladies and gentlemen put into their pockets. The rush into the refreshment-room, when it is thrown open, is quite disgusting; it can be compared to nothing else than a swarm of locusts, and they leave the same desolation behind them. When the ladies go into the dressing-room they will often actually take the packet of white gloves or hairpins which it is the custom to place on the toilette-table in case any of the visitors should require them. It would really be an insult to the lowest peasant in England to suspect him of such meanness as one meets with every day among the *employés* and *soi-disant* gentlemen and ladies in Russia. Dmitri Ivanowitch was perhaps right in saying that nothing but the hurricane of revolution could clear the social atmosphere of its corruption. Perhaps the figure of Justice on the outside of the ministerial department in St. Petersburg is an unintentional satire upon the state of affairs within.

#### THE AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.

It was extraordinary how the Russians clung to the idea that they had secured the aid of America to save them from their embarrassments. They spoke of the help they were to receive with as much assurance as if a treaty had already been signed on the subject, and they appeared to regard the President of the United States with as much respect as a sailor does his sheet-anchor in a storm. To do the Americans justice, they took all the advances in perfectly good faith, and rather encouraged the hope: they were courted in all companies, feasted, petted, and as they say, "made much of," and seemed rather pleased than otherwise. It is odd that citizens of a republican nation, such as that of the States, should have so great a reverence for titles, orders, stars, and the like trumpery; for surely, if a person be a gentleman in the proper sense of the word, it is not necessary that he be ticketed as such like a prize ox in a cattle-show; and in Russia, above every other country, a glittering star, or a cross suspended by a scarlet ribbon round the neck, would be a most fallacious criterion that the wearer merited so high an appellation. Indeed, it often happens that the subjects of the Czar, the breast of whose coat is like a cushion on which all the family jewels are pinned, have the vilest souls and the blackest hearts, together with the most empty heads, in his dominions. I do not know if a foreigner would not really form a more correct estimate of their character if he judged of their baseness by the number of orders they display. The Americans in St. Petersburg did not seem to think so; for, the very morning I left it, one of the attachés of their Embassy showed my friends, with the greatest exultation, the Easter-eggs with which the Princess so-and-so, the Countess such-an-one, and several officials of high rank about the court, had presented him: he also exhibited the portraits of the whole of the Imperial Family, which he intended to hang up, he said, "as household treasures, when he returned to New York," whither he was going "right away," as he assured us.

The Russian people hate and dread the conscription. The following scene is almost worse than those which are said to be exhibited in France on similar occasions:

#### THE CONSCRIPTS.

A foreigner in St. Petersburg informed me that he had "gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among those who were pronounced fit for service, whilst the rejected ones were frantic with delight, and bowed and crossed themselves with the greatest gratitude." The most distressing scenes may be seen in the streets among the bands of recruits—they, their mothers and sisters, or wives, all weeping together as they walk along; for the women, with innate tenderness, accompany them for many miles out of the town, unwilling, until the very last moment, to bid the objects of their affection adieu for ever; whilst the latter, in entering the Russian army, like the condemned in Dante's "Inferno," leave all hope behind.

The consequences of a forced service are continual desertions.

Desertions are, of course, extremely frequent; and since the commencement of the war they are fifty times multiplied, if one may judge from the numerous groups of miserable wretches, heavily chained, met with almost hourly in the streets of St. Petersburg. I am sure it was enough to make one's heart ache with sorrow and indignation to look on their grief-stricken faces and thin figures, which seemed as if they had been wandering with the wolves in the wilderness to escape from the cruelty of their fellow-men. Once or twice I met a group even more horrible than these. Several soldiers with fixed bayo-

nets were walking on each side of a droshky, on which was seated one of their comrades, holding in his arms what was certainly the corpse of some unhappy deserter who had just received the punishment for his fault, his head shaking listlessly from side to side, and his arms hanging straight and rigid, the livid shadow of death on his sharp and painful features showing that the heavy lash had at last released him from his misery. In looking round on the broad streets of the capital, and seeing in contrast with so much suffering and misfortune the gaudy carriages of the nobles and their gaily-dressed occupants, who seemed so wholly busied in the pursuit of pleasure that they could not spare a single moment to reflect on the unhappiness of their fellow-creatures, I was often tempted to ask myself whether, if entreaty were made, as in times of old, "to spare the city for ten's sake," the domes and towers of St. Petersburg would still stand to cast their shadow on the earth.

To turn to more pleasing pictures. Here is a sketch of

#### RUSSIAN COSTUMES.

There is something quite classic in the Russian dress, and we frequently stood to admire the people at their employment. The straight, half-moon-shaped head-dress of the girls is almost a copy of that on Diana's brow; the narrow band confining the hair of the men could find its counterpart on many antique heads; the closely-setting folds of the women's sarafans are very like those in Greek paintings and on Etruscan vases; the loose shirts tied round the waist worn by the men, their moustached and bearded faces, look very like the figures on the friezes of the Athenian temples. Perhaps the reader may smile at the idea of comparing the half-civilised boors of Russia with the productions of the celebrated Phidias; but let him see those people in their native villages, not wrapped up in their sheepskin coats, but in their summer attire, and he will alter his opinion; or let him witness a "chariot race" between two peasants standing upright in their small country carts, and driving at the top of their horses' speed, holding the reins with outstretched arms, their heads uncovered, their fine figures clothed in the red or white shirt fluttering in the wind, and their faces, if not classically handsome, not devoid of manly beauty, and say then whether it does not recal to his mind the Greek chariot-races such as were depicted when Greece was Greece.

Mr. Knighton was the editor of a newspaper in Ceylon, whence he migrated to Calcutta to fill the same office there. In England a newspaper editor is necessarily the most stay-at-home of mortals. He must be always at his post, within ready reach of copy, and accessible at all times to proofs. It seems that the same requirements are not exacted from journalists in "the far East," for Mr. Knighton was enabled to make an extensive tour into the country surrounding the scene of his labours, and even into neighbouring countries, for we find him at Delhi, at the Cape, and at the Island of Tristan d'Acunha. But his volumes are not a formal narrative; they are, as he has termed them, sketches thrown together without regard to order of time or any other link of association—every chapter treating of one topic. Thus we have in succession "Newspaper Editing in the Far East;" "Anglo-Indian Comforts;" "The Ganges Steamer and its Passengers." In another place "a Ghost story;" "Per Porringer to Avan;" "A Luncheon in the Crater of a Volcano," and so forth.

In reviewing Mr. Knighton's former work on "Forest life in Ceylon," we repeated the protest which we have ever made against the mingling of fact and fiction. We believe the same objection was made by some of our contemporaries. But we can assure Mr. Knighton that we prepared the complaint in perfect good faith, and are not obnoxious to the censure which he passes on some of his critics. He says, truly enough: "No man can have been the editor of a newspaper anywhere without making many personal enemies." We subscribe to this assertion. He adds: "To such enemies a work issuing from the pen of the obnoxious editor will afford the long-sought opportunity of paying off old scores." From experience we can echo this; but let us add that we have no scores to pay off with Mr. Knighton, and what we have said has been said in sincerity.

The present volumes are freer from the objection that was preferred against their predecessors. They are a gallery of very lively and graphic pictures of Eastern life, and pleasant fireside reading. A few passages will suffice to show the manner and the character of the matter.

We can only refer the reader to his amusing account of "The Troubles of an Editor in Ceylon;" they are too long for extract. We pre-

fer a more serious adventure, because it is shorter. It makes one's blood run cold.

#### A VISIT FROM A SNAKE.

I had not been so lying for more than a minute, when I thought I felt the pillow particularly uncomfortable. Hard it was, of course—for that I was prepared; but for an uneasy oscillating motion which I thought I felt in it, I was not prepared. Deep in the midst of a thundering reply which I was contemplating to some article of the *Observer*, however, I did not heed the strange movement at first, merely pushing my head back more imperiously, and knocking the pillow impatiently, as it were, into its place. The uneasy oscillating motion continued, however—nay, became still more perceptible. Strange, thought I, as I sat up and tossed the pillow over on the bed beside me, to discover the cause. The cause was apparent in a moment. Feeble as the light given by the oil lamp standing in the corner of the room was, I could plainly discern a dark lengthened object, curled up for the most part, but just beginning to untwist itself and raise its head—altogether as disgusting and slimy-looking a detestable reptile as one could well see anywhere, and if out of place anywhere, certainly out of place when under one's pillow! It was a snake, with a small deadly-looking head, two cold glassy eyes shining in vivid contrast to the dun brown body—a snake, gradually increasing in thickness from the head towards the centre of its body, and tapering off again towards its tail. The forked tongue played incessantly, like the feelers of an insect, over the nose and upper jaw—the head was being elevated rapidly—not a moment was to be lost, for the first glance assured me it was a tie-polonga, one of the deadliest of serpents. To leap from the bed with one bound into the middle of the room was the work of an instant. The stiffness I had felt on jumping from my horse had marvellously disappeared, I felt it no longer. The disturbed reptile, annoyed first at the unwonted pressure of my head, and afterwards still more annoyed at the removal of its warm and convenient covering, stood erect at the bed's head, half its length perpendicularly elevated, whilst the rest remained coiled upon the mattress—the forked tongue playing more rapidly than ever—the diminutive, sharp-pointed head oscillating gently backwards and forwards, as if undecided as to what should be attacked—the cold glassy eyes peering after me, as I grasped a bar of wood with which the door was usually fastened within, calling loudly for my servant the while as I did so. But Nogo was busily engaged at the moment discussing a delicious meal of rice and curry, and found it convenient not to hear me. I brought the bar down with all my force upon the venomous reptile, still standing in the attitude of attack as it had been. I brought the bar down, and left it there to see the effect of the blow, for to have elevated it again, without due caution, might have been dangerous, inasmuch as the snake might possibly have been raised with it, and have dropped upon my head—anything but a comfortable position for either of us. The blow had inflicted much injury on the enemy, but he was not dead. His head now made its appearance between the wooden bars of the bed, which served as a rail to support the pillows—the body, bruised and injured, was rapidly following. I seized the wooden bar again, and elevated it aloft ready to strike another blow, but found no opportunity. Twisting and twining its body about between the rails, the reptile, bent on retreat, not on attack, made its way in a moment under the mattress. With the wooden bar still elevated, I meditated what was next to be done, standing near the door, and being ready to make my exit, in case the adversary charged. I stooped to have a look under the bed for him, but he was not to be seen. The big round drops were coursing each other down my cheeks with the excitement and the exercise.

Here is a novelty:—

#### A CHURCH IN CALCUTTA.

The scene presented by the interior of the church was a strange one. In all directions the large fans, called punkahs, were hanging by ropes from the lofty roof, and were pulled vigorously to and fro by natives who attended church for that purpose. With their turbans on, and bare feet—their symbols of respect—they moved noiselessly over the vacant spaces by the sides of the rows of pews, each holding the end of a rope in his hand, and, as the large canvas fan fixed on a wooden frame swung from him, he followed it a few steps, and then, with a vigorous tug and a few steps backward, brought it back again to the side. A long line of natives so employed stretched down either side of the sacred edifice, whilst similar functionaries lined the galleries above, all busily and noiselessly plying their vocation, their ordinary every-day vocation, on this day of rest, in the very house of God. It looked strange, but, as Mr. Lollipops assured me subsequently at dinner one day, it was absolutely necessary; the heat would be otherwise intolerable, and people would not go to church; and besides, they were heathens, those punkah-pullers, and might possibly be improved by some word in season by their attendants—which, as I found they were ignorant of English, did not subsequently appear to me to be very probable, although at the same time I had nothing to say against it. Leaving the morality of the question aside, how-

ever, for the present, let me describe what was actually the case. Backwards and forwards swung the heavy-looking punkahs, backwards and forwards walked the noiseless natives pulling them, without intermission and without variation. A similar fan moved over the head of the junior chaplain in the reading-desk, as he read the prayers, another over the venerable Mr. Lollipops at the communion-table, who was wisely reserving himself there, in the coolest portion of the church, for the pulpit. For a moment the heads of the junior chaplain and his clerk were apparent as they made their way monotonously through the appointed prayers, and then they were lost to view in the broad fan that came sweeping along with its fresh current of air, hiding clergyman and clerk, reading-desk and pulpit, at once from the view. The congregation was accustomed to it, the ministers were accustomed to it, and to them it was the usual aspect of the church in the hot season—nothing new or strange about it.

Mr. Knighton paints in the darkest hues the character of

#### THE HINDOO ARISTOCRACY.

Outwardly there is nothing to complain of; the tint of the skin is pleasing, not too dark, merely a tinge of brown, a slight tinge, that harmonises well with the glare around, affording an agreeable relief for the vision. Were it paler, like that of the Chinaman or the European, it would appear sickly to the eye accustomed to the darker livery. His small hands and feet might be envied by many a beauty in England; they are delicate, neatly formed, eminently feminine in their proportions. The English beauty would not envy the colour, the light-brown tint; but all the Kalydors and washes of London or Paris will never make her hand of that shape, nor will they give it that delicacy of touch and smoothness of external surface which are natural to his. The countenance, too, is rather a pleasing one. Examine each feature in detail, and you will find that they are all well put together; that eyes, nose, mouth, and chin, are admirably chiselled; yes, that's the phrase—all the features of a man's face are chiselled now-a-days, not well formed, or in proportion, but "admirably chiselled." Externally, I say, all is pleasing and agreeable; but internally, alas! the contrast is striking. This man has been "educated" by the paternal Government of the East India Company. He has been an alumnus of the Hindu or Hoogly "college," and what is the result? Why, nominally, he is still a Hindu—nominally, he still believes in the Vedas and the Shasters, in caste and Brahmanism, with its three hundred millions of gods, and in a salvation to be worked out by the most trivial or the most debasing practices. Yes, nominally; but in truth he believes nothing of the kind. This man has been "educated," I say, and has studied Shakspeare and Bacon at "college," and what is the result? Why, he returns to the world to uphold the prejudices of his father's faith, because he finds it convenient for him so to do, and to believe in nothing but rupees. Rupees are his deities now, and he would willingly have them as numerous as his Hindu gods. He laughs at Brahmanism with Europeans, he laughs at Christianity with Hindus—he hates Muhammadism—he has no faith, no religion, he believes in nothing that is elevated.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston.* By the Author of "The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., a Literary and Political Biography." London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

SATAN has a strange habit of rebuking sin, and people with beams in their eyes have commonly a violent mission to pluck out the motes in the eyes of their brothers; yet it is a sound and wholesome law that it should be so. And, if hypocrisy be the homage which vice pays to virtue, internecine recrimination is no less the most economical and effectual mode of turning vice itself to marketable account in the cause of virtue. Homely proverbs preach the same truth—Set a thief, &c.—When rogues fall out, &c.; for, as no hate is so violent as piqued and baffled love, so no antipathy is so virulent as that which takes the place of outraged sympathy. The fixed and consentient star changes into a dissentient planet, or lurid comet, which seeks to destroy the universe that will not grant it an abiding-place. The accomplice turns informer, hangs his bosom friend, and pockets his blood-money. But the rules of English law say that no man ought to be condemned on the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice. Let us be impartial and regular, and adopt the same rule as a canon of criticism.

Homer found some little difficulty in accounting for the tissue of misfortunes that Ulysses underwent; and Virgil felt a similar perplexity in explaining why Æneas had so many obstacles in preparing the foundation of Rome. In both



cases the pique of a deity—*aperte injuria formæ*—formed the germ and the solution of their misfortunes. The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli is supposed to have suffered something of the same sort at the hands of the late Sir Robert Peel. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*; and hence the downfall of the apostate Free-Trade minister. The author of "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli: a Literary and Political Biography" tilts similarly, and with no feigned fervour, against the brilliant iconoclast; he breaks his lance dexterously and manfully, and his opponent reels in his saddle. Shall the author therefore of "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli: a Literary and Political Biography" eclipse and wear the rent laurels of the author of "Coningsby." The latter may be a rogue; but does it follow that his informer is an honest man? Political capital is a valuable fund; it is a fine, aye and a profitable thing, to break the nose of a demigod, and come off applauded and unscathed. If immediate apotheosis does not follow the act, small men will at least confer a preliminary degree in honours. But more: that way lies the open Sesame to office—political office; respect and fear will draw the golden bars; and then, the doors flung wide, down sits a bland and smiling secretary, and will deify anew the frightened Titan, or swear allegiance to usurping Jove, precisely as the laws of permanency, as applied to the tenure of office, prescribe.

The author of the present work is undoubtedly a man of talent, but not of genius. He shone in invective—not quite like a first-class luminary—but still he shone. He shines similarly now in panegyric: he has shown how well he can abuse; he now shows how well he can praise. If the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli—the brilliant novelist, the dazzling orator—the man who, by sheer force of genius and resolution, has won himself a name among the foremost Englishmen of the day—the man who has made the aristocracy of birth and wealth bow, aye and cringe, under the aristocracy of intellect—if this man, sprung from the people, and with no patent of nobility but his own desert, be indeed no better than a charlatan, an offence, a disgrace to his species: at least let us thank Heaven and the present writer for pointing out to us real high-born and high-bred hereditary peers, who are all that the insolent offspring of the dregs of Jerusalem professed to be. All things and persons are black or white, devils or angels, according to the decisive dictum of Sir Oracle; and when he opens his mouth, let no dog bark. It needs but a touch of the enchanter's wand, and the upstart Disraeli collapses into the disconcerted pickpocket; while Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston expand into the consistent, intelligible, and irreproachable statesmen, whose only faults lie in too lenient a toleration of the criticisms of an ungrateful and indiscriminating country.

Verterit hunc dominus: momento turbinis exit  
Marcus Dama. Papæ!

Alas! in spite of ourselves—with every wish to be charitable—every reluctance to impute sinister motives—every disposition to believe our author a patriot: at the same time we cannot think Mr. Disraeli quite without a conscience, nor the noble peers quite perfect. There rises before us a picture of a busy, silent, scheming, Randal Leslie: weighing party against party—patron against patron: lying perdue behind the scenes, and biding his time. He does not create; but he borrows and adapts, most skilfully. He cultivates the originating and imprudent Burleys of the day—appropriates their ideas, and produces the pamphlet which sets the town asking Who is he? The Audley Egertons themselves, although they know these men, and take them for no more than they are worth, are yet often their dupes. Is the anonymous assailant of Mr. Disraeli, and anonymous panegyrist of our two foremost ministers, a Randal Leslie? The evidence is too tight and too airy—founded too much on isolated sentences and impalpable revelations of sentiment—for us to hazard so grave a charge. If the writer be taken for what he professes to be, he is noble, grand, sublime, and entirely patriotic. The happy coincidence of moral conviction and possible interest must therefore be regarded as one of those rare and felicitous accidents on which the perfectly good man may occasionally be congratulated.

Let us turn from the writer to the book. Like his first book, it is very readable, or rather, skimmable; and like it, it is strong in assertion, and is weak in facts. The plan is the same in both cases, and very simple. A theory is taken, and

facts, or rather allusions—a far surer and less embarrassing mode of proof—are selected to establish it. Thus formerly, the thesis was: Mr. Disraeli is perfectly bad—*quæ* man and *quæ* politician.

Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Ambiguous and unexplained passages are chosen, more particularly from Mr. Disraeli's early life—a high moral tone is taken—a "fie fie" and "how could you?" species of remonstrance is employed—and the culprit ordered for execution. Similarly, in the present work, convenient passages are chosen from the careers of the two noble peers; and a very pretty little dish indeed of praise is offered by their most obedient and very humble servant.

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

The present ministry contains the men whom the country wants and cannot do without. The whole tone of the work is to conciliate the transcendent, but (it is admitted) sometimes discordant, ability which it contains. It is Nestor striving to reconcile the angry chiefs, and paying now Agamemnon, and now Achilles, a judicious compliment. "England," it is said, "cannot do without Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell; neither can she do without Lord Aberdeen. The attempts which have been made to sow dissensions, and to represent Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston as separated from Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen, are wicked, ignorant, and foolish. Those who have propagated such reports know little of Lord Palmerston; he is incapable of such conduct." (p. 434.) Again, people have been quite wrong in supposing that Lord Aberdeen was ever lukewarm in the management of the war, or friendly to the Emperor of Russia. "The minister who has been accused of being in league with the Emperor of Russia was, in fact, far beyond his age, when in 1829 he saw the imperative necessity of resisting all encroachment upon Turkey." And his "remarkable despatch" to Lord Heytesbury "is the ablest and most conclusive exposure of the systematic aggressions of Russia ever drawn up by an English minister." (p. 136.) "Of the many volumes that have been written on the policy of Russia, this brief composition of Lord Aberdeen is by far the most valuable." As to Mr. Gladstone, "before him he has a great career: the most accurate observers" (the writer beyond a doubt) "of English politics look the most confidently to his future; so great are his abilities and so high his character that there is nothing he may undertake which he cannot accomplish." Surely there is a place to be found somewhere for a gentleman of talent with such unexceptionable sentiments.

In truth this book, with grave faults of style—which aims at being, but most certainly is something very different to Macaulay—has considerable merits as a declamation. It is not first-rate, but it is very good second-rate rhetoric. Putting the authors of measures aside, as matter too tempting for the preservation of historical impartiality: the views of what our foreign policy has been and what it ought to be are sound and enlightened. There is not much novelty in them however; for no man of the time has the subtlety or hardihood to advocate any other with anything like plausibility. The text is Russian aggression; and the moral, that Russia must be checked. When Lord Holland twenty years since ridiculed the idea of Russian aggression, and said in the House that he should hail the day when the Czar should be at Constantinople, there might have been high merit in proving the speaker a short-sighted statesman. But our policy is fixed; and the argument as to its expediency and necessity comes too late.

Yet nothing can be quite valueless which tends to remind us even of an understood and recognised duty. Songs and even sermons may inspire, even when they fail to instruct us. The ballads of a civilised people are not the spirit-stirring lays of a Tyrtaeus. But men fight for their purses as stoutly as they fight for their reputations; and civilised nations are somehow not fond of fighting for anything but their purses. And as the ballad is the creed of uneducated men, so statistics and political data are more immediately and practically the creed of educated men. The ballads that they require must be addressed to their heads, and not to their hearts. High sentiments of honour, patriotism, religion, give a fundamental and culminating glory and energy to the intermediate strata of temporal interest. They exalt and they console, but they rarely stimulate.

On this principle, the present book—although far more dogmatic than historical—may be viewed

as a creditable attempt at a ballad addressed to our intellectual classes on our foreign policy. It is not Homeric, although frequently rhapsodical. It breathes of Downing-street, and not of the infinite smile of the gay *Ægean*. It is to be pondered over at breakfast-tables and in morning studies; not drunk in with mad excitement by an entranced crowd listening to a blind veteran of Scio's rocky isle. But such is the interest of the subject, that the immediate effect will not be less, and the continuing result will be more lasting if we view the retrospect, the actuality, and the prospect under the blended influence of those heavenward and earthward emotions which we have just mentioned.

And if we give something of an imaginative colouring to official realities, who shall blame us—at least in a work which is more literary than political? The contest is not one of red-tapists; it is not one of parties; it is not even one of country against country. It may be that eternal principles of justice are involved, and that we are fighting in defence of them. It is certain that vital principles of man's short-sighted interests are concerned; and one most remarkable fact in the affair is that, as far as philosophy can see and as far as second causes are apparent, it was a great and gross deviation from national rectitude—a shameful dereliction from chivalrous sentiment—which has plunged us into a war that threatens the liberties and civilisation of the world.

The year 1772 is now the epoch to which every student who strives to conjecture the future from the past, involuntarily turns. The events of 1854—of many a year to come—date from that time as a new era. That year is as memorable in the annals of despotism as the year 1793 is in the annals of popular licence. The Cossack was as rampant in the former as the Communist in the latter period. But it was singular that the same year should witness, in neighbouring parts of the world, the worst excesses of the most opposite principles. In 1772 Catherine of Russia and Frederic of Prussia made their first violent partition of Poland. In 1793, while Terror and Jacobinism reigned in France, the same powers combined to erase Poland from the map of Europe.

And what was England's policy? When Flanders revolted from Philip II., Elizabeth raised it up as a nation and a bulwark against the onward flood of Papal despotism. How grand and sound that policy was we all know from the baffled antagonism of Louis XIV. and our own triumphant revolution. It is a by-word, but not less true, that the cause of Protestantism and liberty have ever been one; and the cause of despotism and ecclesiastical dominion another. As we had conquered by interposing Holland against Philip and Louis, were we not to conquer by interposing Poland against Russia? But in the latter case we had not, as in the former, to create, but merely to maintain. Single-handed, Poland had often met Russia—a Protestant and democratic country had matched and worsted a priest-ridden and despot-governed country. A purer religion and a more liberal constitution had more than once vindicated the supremacy of truth over falsehood. But evil days of division came; and neither sympathy nor assistance came from that country whence it was most reasonable to expect it. The weak fell before the combination of the strong; and England looked on, remonstrated faintly, and did nothing. Her greatest orator raised his voice in vain; but she remained deaf, and committed that worst of crimes and blunders which suffers a great wrong in order to gain a little uncertain good, with the certainty, sooner or later, of a fearful retribution.

It is obvious to every one now that there is no greater political error on record. But it was long before it was seen to be such: it is only of late years that a truth has been recognised by the nation, which had long previously been a truism on the platform. The two-and-twenty years of desultory war, which ended in 1815, saw as their chief result the solemn ratification of the act. The Congress of Vienna resulted in a treaty in which France and England appear to have been treated equally as conquered nations. In return for all those subsidies—all that frightful sacrifice of English life—that exhausted exchequer, and yet that glorious pre-eminence of English determination—Lord Castlereagh's unhappy pen was made the instrument merely of signing away the last material obstacle that separated Russia from the Rhine.

That treaty, as read by the existing generation, in spite of history appears an incredibility. Had terms, as we have hinted, been imposed on England and France as nations subjugated by the other Continental powers, then, and then only, it would be quite intelligible. Only once since, has the incapacity of diplomatists contrived to equal it, and that was when the Peace Society of 1832 had reduced the estimates so successfully that, when the Sultan applied for ships to aid him against Mehemet Ali, there were none to send him. Then the Czar poured in his ready fleet; then the Dardanelles were shut against all but Russian ships; and the Black Sea, for the first time, gained and deserved its name of a Russian lake. Then the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi made the Emperor Nicholas for years the virtual lord of Constantinople and the Ottoman Empire.

But the errors of 1815 were detected as soon as they were committed. It was seen that a great opportunity had been missed; and, ever since that date, English statesmen have been watching for an occasion to retrieve their mistake. Mr. Canning and the late Duke of Wellington protested, but only protested, in their respective administrations, against Russian aggression. But the year 1841 was the decisive commencement of a policy which is meant to repair the errors of 1772 and 1815. English ships again commanded the Mediterranean; and the Porte was again menaced by its powerful rebel. France refused to join; and the glory of destroying Acre, and confining Mehemet Ali to his pashalik of Egypt, was reserved for an English fleet, acting under the orders of Lord Palmerston. Russia, which until then had been supreme at Constantinople, has been losing influence there ever since; and the Menschikoff embassy was the convulsive, but vain attempt to recover the ground which had been won from her by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Thus stands the issue at present. And such, in few words, is the result of thirty years of English foreign policy. There have been episodes, and there are still outstanding grievances and difficulties; but every incident, however irrelevant at first appearance, has converged, like the grouping in a well-constructed drama, to the development and lustre of the grand spectacle in the drop-scene which is now before us. When arms take the place of diplomacy—when the gown yields to the sword—there is little to be said and much to be done. Whether Europe, at the end of the fifty years for which the first Napoleon forbade the catastrophe, is to be Cossack or republican, appears to be now, under God's providence, merely a question of hard blows. But if the victory be ours, then most surely the same logic—the same rule of right and the same rule of interest which will lead us to keep the Czar out of Constantinople—will lead us to take equally material guarantees for the security of posterity by reconstituting Poland, and possibly Hungary. The latter expedient may be less feasible, but is not less called for, than the former. And, although we may not rashly dare to tamper with the sovereign rights of allies, yet we have paid too dearly for the guilt and folly of acquiescence in an outrage on one nation, for us to bear patiently the ignominious vassalage to which another has been reduced. But, for the present, we have only to pay our money and our lives gladly in a righteous cause; and, when peace comes, to see that the European world, and England in particular, are not duped again by a second treaty of Vienna.

PHILO.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Lady Jane Grey, and other Poems.* By ELIZABETH RAINIER BAILEY. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

*Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History.* By ANN HAWKSHAW. London: John Chapman.

*The Village Bridal, and other Poems.* By JAMES HENRY POWELL. London: Whittaker.

*Clytia, with other Poems.* By G. GERARD. London: Bosworth.

*The Sceptre of Tara: a Poem.* Dublin: Milliken. *Lady Jane Grey* is essentially a poem, and not a drama, although its business is carried on by the agency of the *dramatis personee*. It is a reproduction of the principal events which brought Lady Jane to the scaffold—a brutal and ugly death for one of the most graceful and beautiful of human forms! It is, in fact, a record of the gentle spirit and disposition of the heroine, for which Miss Bailey entertains the

highest admiration. We have not here individualities standing out with broad and bold distinctiveness; nor activities which the histrionic artist might represent to our gaze with living force; nor was such, we think, the aim of the youthful authoress. Doubtless, her object was to describe, through convenient agents, that is, through historic characters, those circumstances which developed the gentle resignation of Sir Roger Ascham's lovely pupil. Such being her object, the authoress has executed her task with patient research, with an adequate conception of eventualities, and with a true appreciation and employment of poetic art. The minor poems in these volumes are abundantly miscellaneous; some few of them frail and faulty, many of them fervid and forcible, and all more or less suffused with a mild and loveable Christian spirit.

*Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History* are the result of a careful and cultivated intellect. The difficult and arbitrary form of the sonnet—a form which, like an absolute monarch, is more apt to enslave than to enfranchise mind—has been managed in this instance with considerable tact. The formality of this species of composition has been reduced, if not wholly conquered, by the authoress, whose style is firm, compact, and pleasing.

Mr. Powell, the author of *The Village Bridal*, is a working mechanic—one who, with a healthy brain and a brave heart, contrives to crush misfortune by a strong resolve, and who manages to extract honey from the bitterest ingredients. Such a man is worth a thousand of those whimpering, shivering cowards who, themselves despairing, have the effect of dragging down the moral grandeur of humanity. To wring poetry out of the hard realities of life has been the partial occupation, as it has been the pride, of Mr. Powell. We should for this have honoured him, even if he had been less a poet; because this mental occupation is sure to solace and elevate the character of man, and only through individual elevation is a nation's social supremacy established. Mr. Powell gives us many details of a worker's life; but they do not present any very remarkable features, like those of Nicoll or Thom, yet they are not wholly uninteresting. He became a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and joined the late disastrous strike. This strike proved to him a school of severe education; and now he declares, what we trust may be useful to many a misguided worker, that "strikes are not the best means of obtaining justice, but rather produce ruinous results to both parties." When we consider the little time Mr. Powell can have had for study, and the scanty means at his disposal in order to view nature in all her phases of magnificence, might, and majesty, we are the more disposed to give *The Village Bridal, and other Poems*, honourable mention. They are penned in a cheerful and elastic spirit, their tone melodiously hopeful, their artistic quality of no mean order. Two lectures contained in this volume, and which were delivered in 1853, at the Wolverton Mechanics' Institution, have pith and suggestiveness. The latter, on Co-operation—a peg on which Robert Owen, and philosophic Germans who stickle for Individualism, may hang innumerable arguments—is not exactly in our province. Of the former we may state that it furnishes a true appreciation and a glowing tribute to that spirit of poetry which has so signally animated and cheered the toilsome pilgrimage of the author.

It seems to be the dreary fashion nowadays, and Mr. Gerard has followed it, to commence a series of lyrics with a lengthy poem, for the sole object of giving a title to a volume. Hence we often find the first production an ill-digested narrative, a crude and deformed story of love, in which two delicate—and being delicate, interesting—creatures of opposite sexes stay out in the night-air (when it were better to have been home), clasping each other's hand, and finding their chief amusement in gazing into each other's eyes, and staring mutually and vacantly up to the stars! We venture to say that such a poem is rarely read, for in the main it is not so attractive as the lyrics which the volume usually contains. These remarks will apply only in part to Mr. Gerard's *Clytia, and other Poems*; for "*Clytia*," with many of the usual objectionable peculiarities, is rich in description, if not actually in ideas. Its store of language is unctuous and wealthy, and rhythmically it is almost faultless. Some of the lyrics are very beautiful, such, for instance, as

one entitled "*The Lake*," which tells its story with a painful distinctness, and which is altogether a composition of which any poet might be proud. We should gladly quote this lyric if we had available space. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Gerard is a true poet—one in whom the power to speak graphically and melodiously is very evident.

Will any one have the hardihood and the time to read through the *Sceptre of Tara*? Even if the reward were the wielding of that potent sceptre itself, we could not do it. By the author it may be "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" but in these bustling times the very appearance of the poem looks like an object devoutly to be shunned. The great error this unknown author has committed lay in mistaking prolixity for strength. With his poetical qualifications, for he is not destitute of such, he could and should have produced a poem more compact; and, being compact, more forceful. Even the author is doubtful of the value of his prolixity, for in the commencement of canto 9—he has expended a superabundance of words long before this—he says:—

Why do I thus mine idle notes prolong,  
And, vainly musing, think I utter song?

Ay, why? "That's the question!" The author has made such a mistake as a just opinion of his own powers should, and a casual observation of the temper of the times, might have remedied. The public has either no time or no inclination to peruse bulky poems, or plethoric prose articles; and hence it is that readers patronise those compositions, brief, but pregnant with information and ideas, which are peculiar to our periodical press.

*The Poetry of Germany. Selections from upwards of Seventy of the most celebrated Poets, translated into English verse.* By ALFRED BASKERVILLE. Second impression. London: Williams and Norgate.

It is not wonderful that this volume has reached a second edition, for, according to a natural law of progression, excellence sooner or later is sure to multiply itself. Mr. Baskerville's book is valuable, considered as ministering to the student's need; and exceedingly grateful and pleasing to those who only through translations comprehend that supreme intellect and that intense poetic force and fire which signalled Germany in the space comprised between the birth of the poets Hagedorn and Redwitz. That space may be considered the "milky-way" in the history of German literature, studded with lustrous and ample stars! Whosoever makes such familiar to English soil and English observation does a great national work, since he freights to our shores the wealth of foreign intellect. To do this effectually demands a decidedly mental capitalist, such as we believe Mr. Baskerville to be. His book is as readable as any book of translations from the German with which we are acquainted; and this is no mean praise. To render the work as excellent as could be desired, Mr. Baskerville has neither through vain-glory nor selfish exclusiveness eschewed the aid of other translators; but he has admitted into his collection some of the translations of Bulwer, Hemans, and Longfellow. Opposite the translations the original text is given, which is an important addition. Keeping to the form, we are gratified to see that Mr. Baskerville has preserved the true spirit of the thoughts of the originals. We have said enough of this book to recommend it cordially to English readers; and we should like to see it in every library side by side with Mr. Mangan's "*German Anthology*."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: J. Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

In this *Third Gallery of Literary Portraits* Mr. Gilfillan classifies critics, especially critics of poetry, under three heads—the mechanical, the impulsive, and the philosophical. The first are more solicitous about the external proprieties of composition than its informing spirit, and judge of the merits of a poem by its conformity, more or less, to certain arbitrary standards of taste. The second, while not regardless of artistic form and completeness, fix their attention more eagerly upon the inner vitality of a performance, on the individual or combined merit of its thoughts, and



the beauty, variety, and fitness of its imagery, without reference to any extrinsic and stereotyped canons of criticism. Of the third order, or philosophical critic, we have as yet had no adequate specimen, nor is his advent to be reasonably anticipated until we have some perfected system of philosophy. As specimens of the first class of critics, those who "scour Parnassus theodolite in hand," Mr. Gilfillan somewhere instances Hugh Blair as a fitting type of the past, and Mr. Dallas and Professor Spalding as fair specimens of the present. To the same class, although of a much higher order of merit, belong Jeffrey, Hallam, and Macaulay. High among critics of the impulsive order, stand Hazlitt, Professor Wilson, Walter Savage Landor, and Leigh Hunt; while Coleridge is the only English writer who makes any approach towards the stature of Mr. Gilfillan's ideal of the philosophical critic.

For ourselves, we regard all *ab extra* criticism as so much wasted ingenuity. Beauty is indefinable and impalpable, and shifting for ever, like the rippled radiance on a dove's neck. Its essence is too subtle to be confined within the appliances at the command of our mechanical critics. As well sally forth to gather moonbeams in a horn lantern, as hope to form any canons of criticism which shall be at once broad enough and delicate enough to embrace and retain the fine spirit of beauty. No spiritual Cuvier, or Swammerdam, or Malpighi, has anatomised her floating form; no Raphael or Titian has adequately depicted the evanescent play and ever-changing expression of her divine features. The beautiful or the sublime is felt as a reality and a power, but is not to be stated in a proposition. Neither Longinus nor Aristotle, nor even Sir Archibald Alison—neither Burke nor Payne Knight, has added one tittle to our knowledge on these matters, or furnished us with any power of discriminating between the true and the false, which we did not before possess. By this we do not mean to imply that there are no rules of taste, no incontrovertible standards and tests of artistic excellence; but we believe that they have never yet been adequately expressed, and that, from their very nature, they defy expression. It is true that there are certain established proprieties which no good author will capriciously violate—certain ascertained laws which no one can break with impunity; but these we believe to be far fewer in number than is generally supposed. Moreover, they do not constitute the sum and substance of what is required in order to produce artistic excellence. Implicit obedience to the laws of harmony and proportion will not necessarily produce another "Transfiguration" or "Apollo Belvidere." It is precisely the possession of those qualities which elude all attempts at definition, which differentiates the labours of genius from the critically faultless efforts of hopeless and helpless mediocrity. All that is high and noble in art and literature "holds of the perennial" and the unlimited; and you can no more foretell the form in which the next product of genius will incarnate itself than you can predict the shape of the cloud that will break in golden gorgeousness, in regal splendour, on the courtly stillness—hushed, sumptuous, and expectant—of a summer noon. "Poetry," wrote Edmund Spenser, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, in the "Argument to October," in the "Shepherd's Calendar" (Todd's edition)—"Poetry is a divine gift, and heavenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both, and poured into the witte by a certain enthusiasmos and celestial inspiration;" and shallow indeed must he be who pretends to see this wind of inspiration in its unrestrained careerings, and to tell us both whence it comes, and whither it goes. Our discoveries in æsthetics are as yet extremely limited and unsatisfactory, and do not extend beyond the mere alphabet of art. All such inquiries we look on as laudable and praiseworthy; but the very nature of the subject demands that they should be restricted within proper limits. You will never ascertain how, and by the combination of what laws, Homer attained his sublime raptures, or how Dante dreamt his divine and terrible dream. The staff in the hand of genius is a magician's wand, and not a weaver's shuttle; otherwise you might reasonably hope to discover, by picking out the threads in the woof of his composition, the nature of the process by which they became woven together. The true artist is caught up in a cloud of inspiration, and leaves no ladder behind him to account for his ascent. Nothing beyond general statement, and the observation of

external laws, ought to be attempted in this direction; while the mystery, the symbol, the hieroglyph, should be left to remain evermore a marvel on the mystic walls, no true priest of the temple dreaming of interpreting them into the phonetics—"the language of the vulgar"—because he knows them to be incapable of any such interpretation.

Hence the absurdity of bringing a few half-formed and crude canons of criticism into universal requisition for the purpose of testing all orders and degrees of merit. The touchstone of such critics can test the quality of nothing but lead, while true bullion remains altogether unaffected by it. It was not thus with the great masters of æsthetics,—with Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, and Schlegel. While discoursing profoundly on the most recondite secrets and laws of art, they never mistook these for the inspiration which gave them their vitality and significance—never dreamt of taking the prophet's mantle for the prophet himself. This, however, is the common and fatal blunder of our modern mechanical critics, who are altogether destitute of the power of perceiving the beautiful and the true, unless they present themselves in the cast-off garments of the old. Indeed they cannot, with propriety, be said to recognise beauty at all; it is but the drapery she wears that they perceive. They seize the mask, and allow the divine masker to escape. In their hard and narrow dogmatism, they would break the ancles of Apollo himself upon the Procrustean bed of their conventionalism, if he were too tall for their carpentry. They bring a coat of Lilliput, and, because it will not fit the broad back of Hercules, they instantly pronounce him a misshapen monster. It is to this false spirit of pseudo-model-worship, we presume, that we are to attribute the lugubrious twaddle about the decay of the spirit of Grecian art, that is now running riot in several directions. Surely it should be borne in mind that all true art is a reflection of the place and period to which it owes its birth. It is not a thing foreign to the soil which cherishes and sustains it. It is no valid objection, it is a mere subterfuge, to say that whatever is highest in art is neither Greek nor Italian, neither French, German, nor English, but is common to all. True; but it reaches the universal only through the particular. It is an infallible test of the genuineness of literature, that it be the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of the people among whom it has originated. But it is precisely that which is *not* universal, but peculiar, that all mere imitators seek to revive. Give us an Athenian atmosphere and a Grecian sky; let us inherit the legends and superstitions, the habitudes of thought and feeling peculiar to the Greeks; let us have Grecian institutions, their culture, history, and nationality—and we shall, doubtless, produce a parallel to Grecian art and literature. Let all these conditions be complied with, and we also may reasonably anticipate the advent of our own Æschylus and Euripides, our own Phidias, Plato, and Plutarch; but, until they are, it is worse than useless to lament their absence. The Muses have no hotbeds for the growth and culture of exotics. In literature, everything must be indigenous, or it will speedily perish. And of this we may rest assured, that our poetry and arts are as much and as truly the product and efflorescence of our civilisation and peculiar environment, as were those of the Greeks of theirs. Every nation possesses that within itself which is not interchangeable, and for which peculiarities of culture alone are not sufficient to account. Of these peculiar characteristics all true literature will be found to take cognisance. A frivolous people, or a frivolous period, will have a frivolous literature. An age of scepticism and unbelief, one that is altogether lacking in earnestness and enthusiasm—like that of the reign of Queen Anne, for instance, and the period immediately following—is extremely unfavourable to the production of poetry of a high order. The artificiality, heartlessness, and frippery of the time become incarnated in its verse. We see these influences at work, not only in the inane and meaningless couplets and epithets of the Blackmores, Philippses, Pomfrets, and Garths of that day, but also, and more distinctly, in the writings of its most gifted men—of Pope, Addison (in his poetry), and Johnson. What can be thought of the taste of an age in which Gay thought it necessary to apologise for the simplicity and naturalness of his "Pastorals," and which looked upon the "Rape of the Lock" as the consum-

mation and flower of its poetry? Bolingbroke and Pope are the most fitting types of their era—the former representing its wit and brilliance, its heartlessness, selfishness, and scepticism; and the latter embodying all these, and adding the most laborious and elaborate specimens of its gewgaw notions of poetic art. We are not among those who are in the habit of speaking of the bard of Twickenham as a man utterly devoid of genius. We think he had much; but it was cold, glittering, and deadly as the sudden shimmer of a dagger by moonlight. Young, whom some cite as an exception, did not escape the prevalent tendencies of his day. He was, doubtless, a man born out of due time, and was worthy of a better period. His sympathies, when in his higher moods, were high and noble, and his soul "leaned towards the infinite." He has uttered things as sublime as Milton himself; but while in the one hand he held the "Lamb's Book of Life," in the other he clasped one of Congreve's plays. The point and glitter of antithesis had power again and again to blind him to the broad sunlight of truth and beauty. Since Cowper and Burns arose, and wiped from the face of nature the paint with which their predecessors had bedaubed it, a great change for the better has come over our poetical literature. We have had great bards since then whose influence will be abiding. The combined reflectiveness and mysticism of Coleridge and Wordsworth, the "cloudy fire" and diffusive splendour of Shelley, and the delicate sensuousness and gorgeous colouring of Keats, are far more operative on the young mind of our period than the writings of Southey, Scott, and Byron. This, had we time and space for illustration, might easily be accounted for. But our mechanical critic cannot pause to account for anything. He has his plaster moulding, into which every work of art must fit precisely, or it is pronounced a blunder, a miscreation, an abortion; and the onrushing stream of life and truth and beauty must wait for him, as he resolutely refuses to wait for it; and the thunder of heaven and the clash and clangour of conflicting tempests must stop in mid career, while he blows a blast from his potential and portentous wind-bag!

Far different is the author before us. Mr. Gilfillan does not approach a new work ready provided with the common tools of critical carpentry, nor is he solicitous about seeing truth and beauty meted out by the ell or the ounce. On the contrary, he brings to their consideration a mind singularly rich in critical endowments and appetencies, so to speak, for the beautiful—a mind thrilling on all sides with high and noble sympathies. He evidently acts on the principle contained in Coleridge's advice to Allston, the American painter, and "never judges of a work of art by its defects." Whatever is good in it finds in him an eager and able expositor. He can sympathise with the poet in all his moods, because of the poetry in his own soul, and is not necessitated to have recourse to any defunct canons of criticism, dead in their very crudity, and rotten ere they are ripe, in order to recognise the presence of the beautiful. He is himself a poet, in all but metre and music. Hazlitt has somewhere remarked, in speaking of Johnson's incompetency as a critic of Shakspeare, that a bad poet can never acidify into a good critic, for the kind of poetry which a man deliberately writes, that kind of poetry only will he as deliberately and as blindly approve. Now we are not aware that Mr. Gilfillan has ever been guilty of the sin of verse; and, if he has, we are far from thinking that it would place him in the category of Hazlitts, bad poets along with Johnson; for his writings abound in passages of true poetry, in nuggets of gold as genuine as any that were ever beaten out into bars; and gleams and glimpses of that "light that never was on sea or land" shimmer and shoot athwart his pages like sunshine through the recesses of a forest;—and yet we are glad, for the sake of his catholicity and general reputation as a critic, that he has not committed himself to any kind of versification, or identified himself with any of the numerous schools of poetry, ancient, mediæval, or modern—flatulent, flaccid, feverish, or spasmodic—into which, for the sake of convenience, we suppose, all efforts of a poetical character are now classified by a certain order of critics; who, in this age of mimicry and nicknaming, like the boys in the streets, catch up the cry from some bigger boy, north of the Tweed perhaps—bawling over the half of one country and the whole of another, until every dim alley of the metropolis sends out

a feeble echo, and the opprobrious epithet dies away at length in the faintest of all possible literary squeaks, as the last of the gentle brotherhood of detractors betakes himself once more to the solaces and sanctity of his garret and his garbage! We say we are glad that Mr. Gilfillan has not essayed to prove his title to the name of poet by versifying, because we believe that Hazlitt's remark would be found applicable to more than those who may fairly be termed bad poets; and because we think that the performances of the poet would have been found to influence, insensibly and unconsciously perhaps, but none the less certainly, the judgment of the critic. We do not mean to affirm that Mr. Gilfillan, or any other critic, either is or ought to be totally free from all prejudices and predilections, or to aver that his stronger sympathies should not be permitted to run in certain prescribed and limited channels, because this would tend to nullify and ignore his claims to individuality; but we do mean to affirm that no critic should be so much of a poet, should be so deeply implicated in verse, as to render him insensible to all orders of merit excepting those of that peculiar school to which he himself happens to belong. As it is, we are inclined to regard, as among the most noticeable of Mr. Gilfillan's characteristics, his evident earnestness, the breadth and warmth of his sympathies, and the boldness, vigour, and picturesqueness of his style.

Of his sincerity and earnestness no one can entertain a doubt who has read three consecutive pages of any of his volumes. These are felt to be no holiday garments, donned for purposes of display, but the natural attributes of the author's genius, giving the tone to all he says and does, and lying at the foundation of all his seeming eccentricities, his strong hate, and his still stronger love. Whether he is engaged in defending the fame of an unhappy and misguided Shelley from the poisoned shafts of bitter malice and bigotry, or in tearing the pasteboard laurels from the brows of a flippant George Dawson; in revealing the full worth and sweetness of some undiscovered flower lurking in the enchanted gardens of a neglected bard, or in trampling into thick mire the fungus-growths of falsehood and feulency—he is ever felt to be in earnest. If his praise is lavish, his blame is no less hearty and sincere. It is no magic spear of Astolpho that he bears about with him, whose very touch prostrates an adversary, but a genuine Thor's hammer, that *crunches* its way to his enemy's vitals. He does not "play with edge tools;" but brings a mace to bear on the neck of his foe. If extravagance implies an unnecessary expenditure of force and energy, then is Mr. Gilfillan sometimes extravagant, for he occasionally unlooses an avalanche to crush a beetle; but it is always the extravagance of power, of superfluous strength, and not that despicable "fume and fret," that blast of windy bombast and bathos, in which his would-be rivals and real detractors so frequently

indulge. When thoroughly roused, he is fierce, angry, and splendid as smitten fire. And yet Mr. Gilfillan is not one of those truculent critics whose goosequills, like the enchanted sword Tyrfing, which the dwarfs gave to Suar-furlami, destroy a man every time they are brandished—in their own estimation—but a warm-hearted, generous, and highly-gifted man, ready at all times to acknowledge merit wherever he finds it, and willing to stand up stoutly in its defence, regardless of consequences to himself. It is amusing to hear the outcry which the race of small carping critics raise at the mere mention of this vigorous man of genius. The mailed hand of the strong man has been down upon them; and it is but natural that they should feel bitter against the author of their sores and bruises. But the most amusing part of the affair consists in their absurd denial of the very existence of that power that has prostrated them again and again. This reminds us of a certain impudent charlatan who was lately struck down by a powerful arm in the middle of the market-place for his abominable insolence, and who, on recovering the use of his legs, pooh-poohed, with a pale and contorted countenance, the blow that had sent him into the mire, and protested, as he tottered off in impotent rage and malice, that it was "but a tap after all!" The "taps" of Mr. Gilfillan are of the same order, and are generally followed by the same results, as they have almost invariably been provoked by a similar spirit. He is at war with the whole race of petty detractors, whose delight is in slander and misrepresentation. Terrible (to themselves) and spectral in the shadow of the tremendous *We* are these anonymous nobodies! In reality, they are *not* the terrific monsters they suppose themselves. No fierce dragons they, "breathing fire, and illuminating the country with the brightness of their eyes," to use the language of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but veritable tadpoles, the result of whose convulsive wriggings is only a little more obscurity and a little more mud. Mr. Gilfillan tells them so—and they are provoked.

Our author is a critic of the impulsive order, and, as such, has had very few equals we think, whether we regard the quick instinctive manner in which he seizes on the peculiarities of the character whom he is depicting, or the vigour, force, and beauty of the colouring with which he transfers them to his canvass. He is less artistic than Leigh Hunt, but has tenfold the power of the author of "Rimini;" less unique and massive, perhaps, than Walter Savage Landor, he has at least equal vigour, and far more catholicity, warmth, and passion; and, if he is not equal to Hazlitt in delicacy of discrimination, he surpasses him in the significance, as well as the profusion, splendour, and originality, of his illustrations. Indeed, in this respect, George Gilfillan stands unrivalled among modern critics. Fancies thick and golden swarm over his pages; images jostle each other like courtiers at a carnival; while now and then one of those rare illustra-

tions which light up suddenly whole continents of thought, flashes from out the volume, like one of those gleams which start up out of midnight, "when a great cloud opens its heavy lids to let through lightning glances," and instantly city, spire, and pinnacle, slumbering hamlet, hushed valley with its robe of mist, and towering mountain with its cloven scalp, burst out into bright life, and then drop suddenly back again into blind night and the still abyss of silence;—illustrations whose chief value consists not so much in their own intrinsic beauty, as in the novelty, the worth and wonder of the region which they illuminate, and whose very suddenness enhances the value of the vision, until the reader feels like a sleep-walker, who, on waking from his dream, finds himself stumbling in the dark through an imaginary ruin, when a sudden tongue of flame—"a shock of light"—reveals to him the gleaming altar, the drooping banners, the pillared aisles, and the recumbent warriors of the Cross in their stony trance, and he knows that he has unwittingly invaded the stillness and the sanctity of a temple dedicated to the worship of the living God! Mr. Gilfillan flings his pearls and precious stones about him with the proud profusion of a monarch whose resources are unlimited, or with the reckless prodigality of a magician who knows that he has the treasures of an Aladdin's cavern at his command. The attributes of barbaric wealth and splendour attach to his volumes; and, in turning over the pages of this *Third Gallery*, before reading it, we were reminded of the feelings of Cortes and his chivalrous compeers—Pedro de Alvarado, Gonzalo de Sandoval, and Velasquez de Leon, with the rude soldiers of Spain, when they broke open the concealed door in the wall of Montezuma's palace, and beheld the treasured hoards of the Aztec monarch spread before them in boundless and barbaric profusion—bars of the precious metals, heaps of gems, wheels of gold and silver, rich and beautiful stuffs, skins of wild animals, and gorgeous draperies of feather-work wrought in imitation of flowers, insects, and the birds that revel amid the sunny groves and perfumes of Mexico, with the "nice art and glowing radiance of colours that might compare with the tapestries of Flanders."

In *curiosa felicitas*, "short, compact, hurrying strokes as if of lightning, and that fine, sudden imagery in which strong and beautiful thought so naturally incarnates itself," this *Third Gallery*, like all the works which Mr. Gilfillan has published, abounds. Of some of the peculiarities of his style we shall have occasion to speak, when, in another paper, we take a brief survey of the contents of this remarkable volume. In the mean time we assure our readers that it amply sustains the reputation which the author has acquired, as an honest and highly-gifted critic, as a man of genius, and a Christian writer.

BETA.

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

IN order to abuse a man well it is necessary to begin at the beginning. Get hold of his pedigree. Ascertain, if possible, whether he had any weak or delinquent ancestor—some one, who was obliged to leave his country for his country's good, or who placed his neck in jeopardy because of a predilection for horse or sheep. Learn whether his father cobbled shoes or his mother kept a mangle; or whether, like one of Goldsmith's acquaintances, his parents made a noise in the world, the one by beating a drum, the other by crying oysters. Failing this, you may probably discover that his uncle once published a bad poem, or that his cousin was plucked at college, or that his maternal aunt had the reputation of being a blue-stocking. Visit all the sins of his ancestry and affinities upon his head. If there is a withered leaf or a rotten branch on his family tree, let all the world know it. Beginning at the root of the man, ascend to his topmost twig, and expose all the imperfections of his growth and being. Give his history from the time of his first bread-and-butter guile, down to

his last trip moral, which you may charitably ascribe to wine, woman, or heathenism—to either or to all, if you would lay the lash on hard. Forget that there is any affection in his nature—any generosity. Forget that he shared his last copper at a potato-stall, with a houseless vagabond ready to perish; but remember that his father indulged in beer, that his mother took snuff, or that he himself made matutinal visits to an uncle, who replenished his exchequer on the condition that he left an upper or nether garment in his keeping. In exposing and abusing a man, believe all the time that you are doing the world some service—that you are laying bare hypocrisy, tearing the veil off vice, and doing proper homage to virtue. If you write, use indignant ink; if you speak, utter vitriolic words.

It strikes us that Eugene de Mirecourt, in sketching the literary career of Alfred de Musset, has been actuated by some such spirit. Accident threw his ninety-odd pages of classic gall in our way—the second edition, stronger than a second brewing. He lays down the broad maxim, that "a biographer has no standard no colours;

his guide is truth, his only law conscience;" but we doubt whether he has attended to it on every occasion. The fact is that M. de Mirecourt had a quarrel with Madame Dudevant, and De Musset had been that lady's friend and her fellow-traveller in Italy. So, as a man's character is said to be known by the company he keeps, it was only necessary, to make De Musset black, to make George Sand blacker. Else why, in speaking of their Italian journey such passages as these?—"We throw a veil over all the incidents of this Transalpine journey . . . Venice is the city of sombre amours: let her keep her mysteries." This affected delicacy, this graceful insinuation of things evil, is more damaging than open accusation. But by M. de Mirecourt it may be considered biography-writing, according to conscience. Why, however, throw a veil over incidents after such flourish as the following?—"Before God and before our conscience, we have taken an oath to pluck off masks, and to tear in pieces the old veil of hypocrisy under which our age hides its gangrened face." Bah! M. de Mirecourt—to use one of your own favourite



interjections—bah ! We are not the apologists of A. de Musset ; but we would rather have been told his tale through some less unprejudiced medium. Let us say that M. de Mirecourt writes cleverly ; that he says much in small space, and poignantly ; that he slays with a feather. He believes that he is telling the truth, and he tells it in his own way ;—in his own way, but in such a way as to leave upon the mind of the reader the impression in this instance that the subject of his biography is a most unredeemed limb of Satan, and a traitor to all the commandments, but the one which says—Love thyself.

Alfred de Musset is sprung of a noble family, a circumstance so far fortunate for his biographer, as it gives him an opportunity of insinuating that his forefathers were not full-blown nobles, but, as our brethren beyond the Tweed would say, sma' lairds—*hobereaux*. The De Mussets, tired of hob-nobbing with the peasantry of Orleans, attempted to make the acquaintance of the great public, some eighty years ago, in the character of authors. They wrote books, which it appears the public never read ; and the very father of the living De Musset "composed a multitude of volumes, which sleep profoundly at this moment in the dust of libraries." It is fortunate for the eyes and understanding of the sons of Adam that so many books are born to sleep in dust. What a bother if all the books in our libraries were wide-awake books ! But to return. The argument is : A. de Musset is of noble extraction ; his father's cousin wrote *Contes Moraux* ("Moral Tales"), inferior to those told by Marmontel ; and his father, a head clerk in the French war-office, wrote about the English and Madam d'Epignay, Paris and the Palais-Royal, Belisarius and Henri Quatre ;—and therefore A. de Musset is a materialist, a *debauché* and a woman-hater, a brandy-bibber and a blackguard, a profligate and a poet-aster. This rogue literary appears to have been born in November 1810 ; too late for the Empire, and too late for the Restoration, as Sainte-Beuve observes. He came into the world, consequently, without a creed ; and, according to M. de Mirecourt, has never yet had one. We confess that his negative qualities tell sorely against him. We are led to infer, from the extracts presented to us from his works, that he has no belief in soul or love, and that is as much as saying *No* to all the everlasting verities. We repeat, that we are not his apologists. He first appeared conspicuously before the public in the *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, in 1836. He had previously written (or translated, for we have not been able to see the work) *L'Anglais, Mangeur d'Opium* ("The English Opium-eater.") Of the first-named work Sainte-Beuve, no friendly critic, gives the following analysis :—

Octave, a youth of nineteen at the beginning of the tale, and of twenty-one at the close, was born in 1810, too late for the Empire, too late for the Restoration, and completed his apprenticeship in the conflict of all ideas and upon the wreck of all creeds. He fell in love. His love resembled love as it has been represented at all times. He was natural, confiding, and full of worship. But, at the most pleasant part of his dream, when seated at supper one evening opposite his mistress, he chanced to drop his fork ; he stooped to pick it up, and saw—what ? the foot of his mistress resting upon the foot of his intimate friend. The discovery is frightful. Octave is immediately seized with the malady of the day, as, formerly, people were taken by the small-pox after a sudden surprise. He quits his mistress, fights with his friend, and is wounded. Cured, he indulges in debaucheries and orgies, until the death of his father withdraws him from them. Confined then to the country, he meets in with a simple and gentle woman, older than himself, but still pretty—the rather pious and mysterious Madame Pierson. He comes to love her, and she falls in love with him. Here occur a thousand simple and bewitching details of woodland walks, with chasteness, then with intoxication. But the old wound of the libertine re-opens afresh, stains and corrupts this happiness. The bizarre, the capricious, the cruel manner in which he destroys at pleasure his illusion and the felicity of his friend is admirably described. After some painful scenes, when a reconciliation appears to be about sealed—when Bridget Pierson consents to forget all, to fly the past, and to travel a far and for a length of time with him, a third, until now unperceived, person enters—honest Smith, who involuntarily loves Bridget, and causes himself to be beloved by her. Octave perceives this, questions them, discovers the sufferings of Bridget, and acknowledges that the many blows he has given to her affections have killed her love, and that now she can recognise duty only. He hesitates ; he is about to strike her with a poignard ; but the good sentiment triumphs. He retires, he denies himself, he yields to a sacred friendship. At the end of the story Smith and Bridget start together in a postchaise.

The story is French ; the analyser is a Frenchman. De Musset, in the poems of his younger years, is accused of being a copyist. No doubt he was—as all must copy before they can write well. De Musset copied ; but there is visible genius in his copies. The *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, as a work, is not open to the charge of being the reflection of another mind. The originality of the author is here conspicuous enough. M. de Mirecourt would have us believe that he draws all his inspiration from *eau de vie*—that he cannot write without a flask of brandy by his side. It may be so. Byron confessed that his verses were the consequence of the imbibition of "Thompson and Fearon"—a rhetorical name for gin. We defend neither the brandy nor the gin bottle ; but we detest the spite and malice that may flow from a pump or a coffee-pot. Place the failings of M. de Musset, then, to the account of the brandy-flask, and it may explain his Byronic tendencies, as manifested in some of his poems. The world, of course, is a great, big, sour crab-apple. There is nothing on it worth loving. Men are false, women are false, love is hollow, friendship a name, truth a delusion. The author is miserable. He is an Atlas overloaded with woe. The sun does not shine to please him ; the moon is a crazing jade. He cannot draw comfort from the stars, which shine only in mockery—shine only to drive him to outer darkness, to contend with the fates. He hints at suicide, and sings the delightfulness of nothingness. If cowardice will not permit him to raise the poisoned chalice to his lips, he can at least go out bare-headed to be buffeted by the storm, and to rail against Providence, and vent impotent curses against the high heavens. He conjures monsters into existence, consorts with demons, riots with felons, and manufactures smart blasphemies. Crime wafts to his abnormal sense the odours of sanctity. We certainly cannot spare you, M. de Musset ; neither do we wish to spare you, most clean-fingered M. de Mirecourt, who, passing by the clear waters of a poet, point out to us his puddles only. It is thus that you analyse the *coupe et les lèvres*—praising the talents of the poet that your stroke may be the more fell.

Frank, a young Tyrolean, devoured by ambition, takes it into his head one fine day to curse God, his father, his country, and takes flight after having set fire to his cottage. In a mountain-pass he encounters a cavalier with a woman mounted behind him. He kills the cavalier, and seizes upon the woman, who follows him nothing loath. The same night he gambles, wins heaps of money and exclaims :

... La monde m'appartient !  
Il me semble, en honneur, que le ciel et la terre  
Ne sauraient plus m'offrir que ce que me convient.

But soon his mistress fails to satisfy him. He quits her, and goes to seek glory in battle. Glory gives him no greater satisfaction than love. He feigns to be dead, giving it forth that he has been killed in a duel, and says, on seeing the priests praying over his coffin—for his face is covered with a mask, and he sees all that passes—

C'est une jonglerie atroce, en vérité !  
O toi qui les entends, suprême Intelligence !  
Quelle pagode ils font de leur Dieu de vengeance !  
Quel bourreau rancunier brûlant a petit feu !  
Toujours la peur de feu—C'est bien l'esprit de Rome.  
Ils vous diront après que leur Dieu s'est fait homme.  
J'y reconnais plutôt l'homme qui s'est fait Dieu.

It is difficult for blasphemy to go farther. The priests withdraw, and Frank's mistress appears in mourning.

... Elle vient, la voila.  
Voila bien ce beau corps, cette épaule charnue,  
Cette gorge superbe et toujours demi-nue,  
Avec ces deux grands yeux qui sont d'un noir d'enfer.

Here commences a horrible scene. Frank, still masked, tempts his weeping mistress. He dries her tears with the glitter of gold, and she becomes unfaithful upon his tomb. Here let us pause.

Arrêtons-nous aussi—we too shall pause, having so far given a specimen of an author, and indicated the spirit which animates his critic.

While warm on the subject of poetical criticism, we may mention a work which has appeared in Lausanne, from the pen of a young man attached to the Cantonal library, William Reymond. It is entitled, *La Harpe et Sainte-Beuve—Coup-d'œil*, &c.—("A Glance at the Development of Literary Criticism in France in the Nineteenth Century.") The author traces the history of literary criticism from the end of the seventeenth century down to the era of Romanticism in 1828, and passes in review all the schools, all the sects, all the literary coteries. He writes chastely, soberly, firmly. His views of authors and their books appear to be correct. He has read, and read to some purpose. He has

memory and mental grasp. He thinks freely, and verifies Schiller's line—

Who freely thinks, thinks well.

La Harpe and Sainte-Beuve. Of each of these names there are two. "The Sainte-Beuve of *Critiques et Portraits* (we have quoted him above) is not he of the *Tableau Historique de la Poésie au XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle* ; any more than the La Harpe of the *Cours de Littérature* is the Christian who wrote *Discours sur l'Esprit des Livres Saints*. La Harpe represents the cold, but regular, methodical Roman element ; Sainte-Beuve the warm, erratic, imponderable German element. Both did great service to the cause of French literature. La Harpe was a man of small stature, but a great critic. In figure he was contemptible ; but in his pen he had power. The wits of the day called him *petit homme* ; but the little man made big men wince. He was the subject of numerous epigrams—and, of all people, the French are the cleverest in epigram. "This little man," said Le Brun—but he said it in verse—"this little man, in his small compass, wishes to subjugate genius." Such genius, indeed, as walked abroad in point-lace and ruffles, hooped petticoats and hair-powder. Another wrote of him—

La Harpe au serpent n'a jamais ressemblé ;  
Le serpent siffle, et La Harpe est sifflé.

"La Harpe doesn't at all resemble the serpent ; the serpent hisses, La Harpe is hissed." Voltaire, says Raymond, described the critic with a single touch of his pen : *C'est un four qui chauffe et où rien ne cuit*—an oven, always hot, but in which nothing can be baked.

Another poet appears in the horizon of France, calculated, we should say, to soar and culminate. Wits appear of order meteoric ; they flash in the darkness and blind us. We rub our eyes and look again, and their place is no more to be found. Others shed a mild though hazy brightness. They neither scorch and blind us, nor lead us into bewilderment of words and principles. All true poetry comes to us without luggage. It is a genial traveller, unembarrassed with cloaks and carpet-bags secured with Chubb or Bramah lock. It knocks at the heart ; and, without the ceremony of presenting a card, finds entrance at once. *Adorations Poésie*, par M. Th. Bernard. Such is the title of the book we have to commend to the notice of readers. We admire the feeling and felicitous expression employed in the *Mémoires Valaisanes*. From these we gain the notion that the French language is susceptible of poetry—a position which has often been disputed. The *Mémoires Valaisanes* are sure to become the favourites of all who are acquainted with the French language. The misfortune we labour under in treating of the poetry of nations differing in language from our own is, that we cannot give such specimens from the original text as are calculated to justify our verdict in the eyes and understanding of that exacting gentleman called the "general reader."

We pass on from French to Russian poetry. The Russians appear anxious to show to Teutonic and Saxon Europe that they are not utter barbarians—that they have and had a literature of their own. We have noticed, in recent numbers, various products of the modern Russian muse. On the present occasion we have to refer to a Russian epic, if we may so call it, dating from the end of the twelfth century. The subject is Igor's expedition against the Polowzer—a nomadic people of Turkish origin, who wandered in Southern Russia, between the Don and the Dnieper. The poem was first published in 1795, from an original manuscript found in Kiev, by Prince Mussin-Puschkin—a manuscript which perished when Moscow was set on fire. Various Russians have since edited and made their comments upon the poem. The last Russian edition, with notes, was published by Gerbel, and published in St. Petersburg in the course of the present year. The edition now under notice is accompanied with a German translation. Dr. Boltz brings it under public notice with the title—*Slovo o Polky Igoreve: Lied vom Heerezuge*. ("The Lay of Igor's Warlike Expedition against the Polowzer ; the Oldest Memorial of the Russian Language from the Twelfth Century, in the Original Text, with a Commentary, Grammar, Glossary, and a Metrical Translation," &c.) Dr. Boltz discusses a question of philological interest : In what language was the lay of Igor's expedition written, whether in the Slavonic as it existed before the translation of the Bible, or in what other popular Slavonic dialect ? Igor, in his expedition against the Polowzer, was taken pri-

soner. The lay relates his escape, and successful return to Russia. The story is interesting, on account of the light it throws upon Slavonic manners and modes of thinking six centuries ago; but as a composition it is far inferior to the *Nibelungenlied*, and not nearly so interesting as the old northern sagas, and tales of Sea-kings.

### FRANCE.

*Mémoires et Correspondance Politique, &c.* ("Memoirs and Political and Military Correspondence of King Joseph.") Par A. DU CASSE. 10 tom. Paris, 1853-4. 8vo.

JOSEPH was the eldest of the Bonapartes and the dullest. Accident made him a king, when nature had fitted him to become a respectable clerk in a merchant's counting-house. His ideas sometimes reach mediocrity, seldom rise above it. He was methodical, painstaking, and obedient—qualities of a useful order, but such as may be found in any *garçon* in any café in Paris. To Napoleon, indeed, he was a most devoted *garçon*, Napoleon treating him as the *garçons* are sometimes treated by imperious and impatient customers. Had there been no Napoleon, we may safely say that there would have been no Joseph; and all his fame rests in his having been tributary to the Emperor—*mon frère*. These memoirs are not deficient of a certain amount of historical interest however. They furnish several rectifications to existing biographies of the great Emperor; and in the letters of the latter to his brother we see the man as a great man is sometimes seen by his valet.

Joseph commenced writing his memoirs during his residence in America. The "Fragment Historique" is dated "Point-Breeze, 14 Avril 1830," and carries the history of the fortunes of the family down to the year 1806, when it abruptly terminates. His motive for writing his memoirs he thus expresses:

Before embarking on the obscure waves of eternity I am about to give an account of myself, and to seek out the causes that have carried us, my family and myself, so high in the ranks of society, and which have finished by taking away from us that which belongs to the humblest mortal—a country that was dear to us, and which we have all served with good faith and devotion. It is neither an apology nor a satire which I write."

Here we have an illustration of the fine struggle between pride and humility, which sometimes takes place in fallen greatness. Farther on he says:

I shall speak of what I know with candour; I shall mention such acts or words of Napoleon as I believe are yet unknown to the public, and of which I had knowledge immediate and direct. It is not his history I am writing, it is not even my own. I am fixing the souvenirs which every day is effacing from my memory. A pen more practised may one day make use of them.

The memoir so designed is jolting and scanty; but it is only fair to state that it wears the air of candour, with which it is professedly written; and we can only regret that circumstances prevented the exiled King from bringing it down to a period when we should have had the revelations of the royal brother respecting the imperial brother. Besides the fragmentary memoir, these volumes contain the correspondence of Napoleon with Joseph from 1795 to 1806; the history of the war of Naples and of the reign of Joseph in that part of Italy, followed by his correspondence with the Emperor his brother; the history of the war in Spain from 1808 to 1813; the correspondence of Joseph, when lieutenant-general of the empire, with Napoleon, when at the head of the troops during the campaign of France in 1814; the correspondence of Joseph with his brother in 1815; his departure for America, and his sojourn in the New World until 1830; and, finally, the steps he took in favour of young Napoleon, the Duke de Reichstadt, after the revolution of July; and his correspondence with various distinguished persons, until his death in 1844. His revelations of Napoleon, and Napoleon's letters addressed to him, strike us as being the most interesting features of these volumes. Our illustrations must necessarily be limited; and, in giving them, we must compel the reader to draw to some small extent upon his own historical knowledge of the times. Joseph, on his return in 1798 from Rome, whither he had been sent as the minister of France, found Napoleon, who was dissatisfied with the results of his embassy, and says:

He (Napoleon) was obliged to conclude that diplomacy is a very uncertain science, when it founds its

views upon the interests of peoples and Governments. It is upon the passions, above all, that it should calculate; but the passions escape calculation. Thus, I can now understand what an illustrious individual once wished me to understand by these words: "Whoever speaks politics more than half an hour, no longer understands what he is talking about."

We could wish that some of our Lords and Commons, in Parliament assembled, would bear the latter truth in mind. Joseph, after speaking of the suicide of Piochegru, proceeds to speak of the death (we say still, the murder) of the Duke d'Enghien. We extract at some length; and here we must somewhat qualify the verdict of candour we have given in favour of Joseph, as it would be easy, in one passage at least, which must strike the reader, to convict him of disgraceful hypocrisy.

The catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien requires of me some details, too honourable to the memory of Napoleon to be passed over in silence. At the time of the arrival of the Duke d'Enghien at Vincennes, I was at my estate at Morfontaine. I was sent for to Malmaison. Scarcely had I arrived in the court when Josephine came to meet me, quite affected, to announce the event of the day. Napoleon had consulted Cambacères and Berthier, who were favourable to the prisoner; but she much doubted the influence of Talleyrand, who had already made several times the tour of the park with Napoleon. "Your brother has asked for you several times," said she; "hasten to interrupt this long conversation: that cripple makes me tremble." Arrived at the door of the saloon, the First Consul bowed M. Talleyrand out, and called me. He expressed his astonishment at the extreme diversity of opinion of the two last persons he had consulted, and asked of me mine. I reminded him of his political principles, which were calculated to estrange every faction; that he ruled the whole, and was, so to speak, the *keystone of the arch*. I reminded him of the circumstance of his entering the artillery in consequence of the encouragement that the Prince of Condé had given him to embrace the military career, at the time of his visit, in 1783, to the College of Autun, when he was going to Dijon to hold the estates of Bourgogne, of which he was governor. I still knew by heart the refrain of the piece composed by the Abbé Simon, our principal. Who then could have told that we should have had to discuss the fate of the grandson of the Prince?

Four lines of wretched doggerel are here quoted, commencing:

Condé! quel nom! l'univers le vénère, &c.

Joseph then proceeds in disgusting fashion:—

The eyelash of Napoleon moistened. He said to me, with a nervous movement which always accompanied a generous thought within him: "His pardon is in my heart, since I can pardon him. But that is not enough for me; I wish that the grandson of the great Condé should serve in our armies: I have influence enough for that." I returned to Morfontaine in this belief. They were already at table. I seated myself by the side of Madame de Staël, who had M. Mathieu de Montmorency on her left. Madame de Staël, on the assurance I gave her of the intentions of the First Consul to grant pardon to a descendant of the great Condé, replied like a woman: "Ah! so much the better. If he had done otherwise, we should not have seen Mathieu here." M. de C—B—, who had not emigrated, said to me on the other hand: "Shall it then be permitted to the Bourbons to conspire with impunity? The First Consul is deceived if he thinks that the *noblesse* which has not emigrated, especially the *historical noblesse*, take a great interest in the Bourbons. How have they treated Biron, and my grandfather, and so many others?" And, calling aloud, "Tonnerre! Tonnerre!" he took to witness M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, who was one of my guests, as well as MM. Roederer, Freyille, &c., as witness to the truth of his assertion. Next day, on my return to Malmaison, I found Napoleon furious against Count Réal, whose intentions he accused, reproaching himself with having employed in his government some men too much compromised in the grand excesses of the revolution. The Duke d'Enghien had been condemned and executed *before even the advice of his sentence had reached him*. He seemed to think that Réal had failed in his duty, to follow his revolutionary passions; but, at length, he was persuaded of the innocence of Réal, and of the strange fatality that had made him appear for a moment guilty, in his eyes. However, recovering himself, he said to me: "Again an occasion has failed; it would have been well to have had for aide-de-camp the grandson of the great Condé! But that is no longer the question; the blow is irremediable. Yes, I had influence enough to have had a descendant of the great Condé serving in our armies! I must console myself, however. Without doubt, if I had been assassinated by the agents of the family, he would have been the first to have shown himself in France with arms in hand. It is necessary to support the responsibility of the event: to cast it upon others, even with truth, would too much resemble a cowardice that I should be suspected of."

Crocodile tears, we say; but, says Joseph "Napoleon never shone with so great a lustre as in this sad and calamitous circumstance;" (p. 100.) Twenty years afterwards Joseph met Count Réal himself, in the United States, who gave him the details of what took place at the time of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. We cannot clearly see, however, how M. Réal's "impatience" exonerates the man who had the "power to pardon" the unfortunate Duke. Réal was one of the four Councillors of State charged with the police of France, Réal having in his district Paris and Vincennes. It was to him that a dispatch arrived in the night, containing advice of the condemnation of the Prince. The police clerk, who was watching in a cabinet outside his chamber, had awoke him twice already on matters of small importance, which made M. Réal impatient. See now how M. Réal's impatience operates towards having a prince shot, if we can credit the relation:

The third dispatch was deposited on his mantel-shelf, and did not catch his eye until the day was far advanced. Having opened it, he made haste to reach Malmaison, where he was prevented by an officer of gendarmerie bearing the advice of his condemnation and execution; the Commission judging that he had no pardon to expect, since the Government kept silence. I shall dilate no further upon the regrets, the impatience, the indignation of Napoleon.

We know that, when he chose, there was not a better actor of regret, impatience, and indignation than the First Consul. Turning to his letters to Joseph, we find him giving lessons in diplomacy to the latter when he was the French Minister at Rome. They are highly characteristic. The Pope was to be bullied. His Holiness must do so and so, or woe betide him! "Make him feel how indecent it is, when the fate of Rome has depended on us, and when he owes his existence to our generosity, that the Pope should renew his intrigues," &c. Again: "Say publicly in Rome that, if M. Provera (an obnoxious Austrian general) has been twice my prisoner, it will not be long before he is so a third time. If he comes to see you, refuse to receive him." Further: "If the Pope is dead, and if there be not any movement at Rome so as to prevent, by any means, a nomination, do not suffer the Cardinal Albani to be put in nomination. You ought to employ, not only exclusion, but even menaces, upon the minds of the Cardinals, declaring at that very instant I shall march upon Rome," &c. The whole of this letter, dated 20th September 1797, is an important one. He really could say an affectionate word now and then, this young, victorious, and marble captain. From Cairo he writes to Joseph:

M. Calmebet has a hundred thousand francs in the Mont-de-Piété in my name; tell him to place the interest there, and let there be as little expense as possible. As for myself, I shall wait to decide what I shall do for news from Constantinople and France. If Rastadt is not finished, if the Irish are beaten, it would be well to make peace. . . . Your attentions to my wife: see her sometimes. I beg Louis to give her good advice. I have only received one letter from thee—that of Lesimple. I wish happiness to Désirée if she espouses Bernadotte; she merits him. A thousand kisses to thy wife and to Lucien. I send a pretty shawl for Julie; she is a good woman; make her happy.

There was no one whose tongue or pen Bonaparte feared more than Madame de Staël's. M. de Staël, when his circumstances were in bad condition, was obliged to retire to Coppet. The implication in the following letter is that, while Monsieur was economising, Madame was foolishly spending. The letter is dated 19th March 1800. M. de Staël died two years after.

M. de Staël is in the most profound misery, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you continue to see her, would it not be well to engage this woman to make her husband an allowance of from 1000 to 2000 francs a month?

Then follows a kind of homily on the morals of the times, and a sentence which might have been as well written upon a banker's cheque: "I pray thee to give my wife thirty thousand francs." As a domestic counsellor, he says, in a letter of Dec. 1801: "Louis and Hortense ought decidedly to be married on the 14th; they will lodge in my house, Rue de la Victoire."

When Napoleon became Emperor, Joseph addressed him as "Sire;" Joseph by the Emperor was addressed "Mon frère"—no longer "Mon cher ami." The letters which passed between the brothers at this time would form the groundwork of various comments. The following letter requires no comment.

"Munich, 31st Dec. 1805.—Mon frère,—I have



demanding the princess Augusta, daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, who is a very pretty woman, in marriage for the prince Eugène. The marriage is decreed. I have demanded another princess for Jerome. As you have seen the latter, let me know if I can count upon this young man doing as I should wish. I have at the same time arranged a project of marriage for your eldest daughter, with a petty prince who will one day become a great prince. As this latter marriage will not take place for some months, I shall have time to have a conversation with you about it. I charge you to let mamma know on my part of the marriage of the prince Eugène with the princess Augusta. I do not wish anything to be said publicly about these matters.

Certainly not. Here is a good brother in power, who combines the sexes as coolly and as naturally as he would combine two divisions of an army. Poor princess Augusta! Poor petty prince, destined to become a great prince!

The second volume contains many letters from Napoleon to his brother on war, and the art of war, which may be read with profit. As an artilleryman, he made the most of gunpowder.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT)

### MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE works of Count Tullio Dandolo, a Milanese, unquestionably emanate from one of the most enlarged and noble minds among his contemporaries in Italian literature. Not long ago has been announced, on his part, an undertaking, the mere conception of which indicates a high order of intellect, and one ready to gird itself for the accomplishment of great tasks. At intervals within late years have been issuing from the press at Milan various volumes by this writer, all bearing upon largely-suggestive and comprehensive subjects, which it is now the intention of their author to combine in one vast work, that may be expected to take its place among the most magnificent productions of Italian genius. A "History of Thought in Modern Times" (*Storia del Pensiero nei Tempi Moderni*), of which body, now in progressive creation, the members (as his miscellaneous volumes might be called) have appeared under the titles, "The Days of Dante and Columbus" (*I Secoli di Dante, &c.*), "Italy in the Past Century," and "Northern Europe and America in the past Century" (*L'Italia nel Secolo passato—Il Settennario dell'Europa e dell'America, &c.*). Nor has the entire circle of the author's literary activity been confined within these limits; for other volumes have been written by him as contributions to the serial publications of the *Pio Istituto Tipografico* of Milan, which for some years past have been appearing under the generic title *Biblioteca Ecclesiastica*. To this he has supplied two works on the history and conditions of the same country—"The Helvetic Middle Ages" (*Medio Evo Elvetico*), and "Switzerland regarded Picturesquely" ( *Svizzera Pittoresca*). And in the same *Biblioteca* has appeared a volume, now before me—"Nascent Christianity" (*Il Cristianesimo Nascente*), produced as the sixth of a work already prepared, called "Studies upon Rome and the Empire till the time of Marcus Aurelius" (*Studi su Roma, &c.*), which, large as is its scale, the prolific author regards as only forming the first act, so to say, of the great drama, and merely introductory to a labour which will certainly surpass in moral elevation—because conceived from a Christian point of view, and in a profound spirit of religious philosophy—the celebrated "Ideen" of Herder, and the "Decline and Fall" of Gibbon: works with which it may be compared in vastness of comprehension, though, of course, the question of merits in execution, and the rivalry in erudition with those great precursors, yet remains to be decided for the reputation of Tullio Dandolo. We are informed, by a preface from the directors of the *Pio Istituto*, that the first of these six introductory volumes, delineating "a picture of the Roman world in its most splendid era," is dedicated to the exposition of history; the second to statistics; the third to manners and customs; the fourth to Latin, and the fifth to Greek literature.

Whether the superior standing and exalted aims of this author have been generally appreciated by Italian critics I am led to doubt; and if not, the inference thence to be drawn is indeed unfavourable to the intelligence of the reading public on this side the Alps. Criticism certainly has passed over with strange silence, in the more southern regions of this peninsula at least, the phenomenon on the literary horizon of such remarkable productions in the Italian tongue. A brief sketch of the intention of Count Dandolo's aggregate labours, with a few words in reference to the volumes already published, in the critical department of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has been the only animadversion to the subject in any periodical of the Papal States that has come under my observation. Nevertheless, the approving notice of one individual has been awarded to him, bearing a value not to be outweighed, probably, in the author's eyes, by the applause of thousands. This came in the form of an autograph letter from the Pope, to which allusion is

made as follows in the dedication of "Nascent Christianity" to the present Archbishop of Milan: "Since his Holiness Pius IX. condescended by his revered autograph to honour me with approbation, I have felt myself renewed in fervour to defend ever more courageously the sacred cause of truth." So attests of himself the learned author; and it is impossible to peruse one of his columns without the conviction that that cause is ever uppermost in his mind, embraced with the ardour of a generous spirit, resolved to lay upon the altar of self-sacrifice the unintermitted labours of a life—all the wealth stored up by study—all the capacities developed by genius!

The elevation of the themes chosen by Dandolo is worthily responded to by the style and conscientious elaboration of the volume to which, for the present, my remarks must be confined. There is a clear and manly simplicity, avoiding all flowery declamation and acted enthusiasm—a tone of earnestness, and deep but subdued feeling, in which the writer's mind seems to brood over its subject, too profoundly penetrated by conviction to be led astray by the desire for effect—that together impart attraction, while inspiring respect for the author, in the work before me. The first chapter of "Nascent Christianity" is a fine specimen of close and vigorous reasoning on the evidences of revealed religion and the systems of sceptical metaphysics opposed thereto, combined with sensibility for the divine beauty of Christianity, and a fervid but tranquil piety that never degenerates into the asperities of controversy, still less into the narrowness of sectarianism. Its sublime title is no other than the name of the Redeemer Himself, whose earthly history is narrated almost in the words of the Evangelists; after which follows a masterly sketch of the first progress of His doctrines; of their conflict with the Judaic and Roman world; of the contradictory ideas and fantastic theories, generated by moral or intellectual depravity, that have tended to obscure, misrepresent, or historically annihilate that Divine Personality. The admissions of Rousseau, of Schelling, and a long extract from the dialogues of Napoleon (in the last days of his captivity), in acknowledgment of the all-triumphant superiority of this perfect Type and its irresistible originality, whether considered individually or in effects and influences—these testimonies are judiciously cited. German systems of unbelief, rationalistic and mystic, are passed in review, briefly exposed, and refuted by argument never commonplace, always clearly and precisely stated. There is a striking passage introduced by the remark that, of all teachers, One alone has remained superior to his imitators, though it is the nature of man "to bury himself in his own triumphs, that is, produce effects beyond himself, so that the disciple causes the master to be forgotten." The second chapter might be opened with the expectation of contents provoking as many dissentient voices as there are disclaimants to the authority of the Vatican, its title being "The Virgin Mary;" but, in fact, there is little here which could be objected against by any Protestant—little, save those brief notices on the life of the Blessed Mother left us by sacred writers, and a few early traditions respecting her last days, her person, and death; followed by an historic review of the social influences, especially as affecting the position of her sex, emanating from the example and idea of Mary in her preternaturally maternal character.

Some of the most thoughtful and striking passages in this work are those where Paganism is confronted with Christianity in its action on society—the chapters headed "Christianity and Paganism," "Slavery," "Circumstances favourable," and (its succeeding) "Circumstances hostile to the Diffusion of Christianity." Those on the manners of the primitive Christians, their condition from the time of Trajan to that of Marcus Aurelius, and from Alexander Severus to Decius, are ably written, and pregnant with learning, whose researches, we see, have penetrated into the inmost life of antiquity. "Pagan philosophers (observes this author), because they knew not the Man-God, were ill able to answer the question—What is man? And, up to this day, whoever disbelieves in the type is unfit to form correct judgment of the copy." Again, alluding to the same philosophy, he says: "Because ignorant of Christ, it comprehended not man, and despised him. Rome, in the days of Cicero, reckoned to more than a million inhabitants—viz *duo milia qui rem habebant*—that is, one free independent man to five hundred miserable and enslaved. And was this philosophy ever heard to advocate the cause of the suffering, to lament over that unutterable degradation? Quite the contrary. Regarding slavery as the natural condition of the multitude necessary to social life, philosophy lent to tyrants the lustre of its doctrines and the support of its examples. Whilst ignoring the true nature of man, it degraded his condition; and, actuated by immense egotism, stood by indifferent to behold the human race decimated and crushed by tyrants; but, no sooner had Christ been preached and believed in, than man, who is in His image, was succoured, if in want—assisted, if infirm—consoled, if afflicted. A terrible example stands before us. Plato had written: 'The people would be happy if kings were philosophers, or if philosophers were kings.' Frederick II. of Prussia had to say: 'When I wish to punish a province, I send philosophers to govern it. France has manifested, to her cost, that Frederick had con-

ceived the truth rather than Plato. There, in fact, the Divine Type of Humanity had scarcely been veiled by the hand of sacrilege, when the ferocious instinct of degrading and destroying man developed itself in men's hearts. Religion, in the act of inculcating to him the idea of duty, stipulated his being free; philosophy, in the act of inculcating to him the notion of rights, made him fall into slavery. Religion, personified in the Goddess of Reason, caused him to sink below the brute; the brute was placed under the safeguard of law—the man was sacrificed. The Cross—symbol of blood and pain—had abolished in the world human sacrifices; courtesans seated on the altars, symbols of voluptuousness, beheld the blood of man flowing in torrents. Christianity showers upon man a divine ray, to ennoble and consecrate him; extinguish that ray, and he is precipitated into abject misery. Wherever is ignorance of Christ, there we find oppression of man; humanity lies crucified where we see not raised up the Cross."

In many instances this author shows a power of appreciating profoundly the causes of good and evil at the root of social organisation, and of exposing them with eloquent clearness: thus, when contrasting the *morale* of labour from the Pagan and Christian point of view, he observes: "The elements of the production of riches may be resumed in agriculture, industry, commerce, or—to use one word—in labour. But for arriving at its greatest development, labour requires intelligence, liberty, security, and remuneration. Not one of these conditions existed for the benefit of labour under the Roman domination. The mechanical professions had fallen into the hands of slaves, who, destitute of family ties, knowledge, and hopes, could not be stimulated to toil otherwise than by fear. Agriculture, it must be owned, continued in some honour; but, in order to its highest prosperity, it is primarily necessary that industry, appropriating its produces, should manipulate and transform them, and, applying them to multiform wants, add to their value: in the second place it is necessary that commerce, disseminating those produces over the face of the earth, should render them more precious by means of exchange; but among the ancient Romans industry was paralysed, and commerce, whose very life is confidence, could never have truly flourished without the consecration of the law of nations—a safeguard almost unknown to the Pagan world. Riches, luxury, abundance reigned, without doubt, in Rome; gold and pleasures there were in superfluity, but for the benefit of few. It was assuredly a mighty phenomenon, in such a state of things, the apparition of a doctrine which, respecting established rights and constituted authorities, proclaimed the religious and moral equality of men; the sanctity of wedlock; founded family ties and society on compassion, charity, and disinterestedness; and, by declaring labour a condition to the existence of man, as well as a means of mitigating to him the trials of his mortal career, ennobled it by a certain character of devotion and sacredness."

(To be continued.)

A supplement, gratis, with the *Weekly Dispatch*, every week until further notice.—The unexampled interest which attaches to every incident connected with the operations of the Allied Armies in the East has determined the proprietors of the *Weekly Dispatch* to devote a greater space to the intelligence from the seat of war than the ordinary limits of this, the largest newspaper published, could possibly afford, and with the view of giving the amplest details, they have resolved upon the issue of a series of supplements, gratis, which will include every particular of interest connected with the Siege of Sebastopol, and will be continued whenever demanded by the progress of the campaign. By the publication of these supplements the portion of the paper usually devoted to incidents of domestic and political importance will be reserved intact, and the engrossing subject of the war will receive the fullest and most varied illustration. A supplement will be published on Sunday next, gratis, and each succeeding week until further notice. Orders may be given to all newsvendors in town and country; and to the publisher, at the *Dispatch* Office, 139, Fleet-street.

CHAMISSO.—Adalbert Chamisso, born in 1781, at the Château de Beaumont, in Champagne, emigrated to Berlin during the French Revolution; attached himself completely to the colony, and showed rare intelligence of German poetry and philosophy. He published in 1813 the singular work entitled *Peter Schlemihl; or, the Shadowless Man*. This tale, written in German, was forthwith translated into French, English, Dutch, and Spanish, and gave birth to a new style, which the Germans call the *fantastic*. The celebrated Hoffman, who excelled in this eccentric branch of modern literature, admits himself to be the disciple and imitator of Chamisso. Subsequently devoting himself to the study of natural history, and of the exact sciences, Chamisso accompanied Otto von Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, undertaken at the cost of the chancellor, Count Romanzoff. Quitting Cronstadt in 1815, he returned in 1818, and published at Berlin the results of his discoveries. The university of that town gave him the diploma of doctor, and the Academy admitted him a member of the circle of physical and mathematical sciences.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

## SUMMARY.

M. F. DE SAULCY has recently published at the press of the Brothers Didot a magnificent quarto volume, entitled *Récherches sur la Numismatique Judaïque*, in which he puts forth some new and important facts concerning the Jewish numismatography. Part of his preface contains some general remarks upon Hebrew archaeology, which are worth translating. "It is a strange thing; the facts of the Hebrew history are so eminently stamped with the marvellous character which the Divine Providence has attached to it, that many, I may say nearly all the archaeologists, without any very careful reasoning wherefore, admit *a priori* that the life of the nation, whose history is to them a kind of mythology, has left no traces upon this earth; therefore there is no hope of recovering the monuments of Hebrew antiquity. Thus, it happens that when one succeeds in recovering and proclaiming a new fact, which deranges a little the philosophical quietude of these disbelievers, there is no kind of attack of which he is not made the butt. Stupidity, ignorance, falsehood, infidelity—they attribute everything to him rather than admit the truths which his labours have driven him to acknowledge. It would be an error to think that I am the first upon whom these archaeological anathemas have been lavished, because I have declared that certain monuments at Jerusalem are contemporary with the dynasty of David. Whatever the reasons which I allege in support of my theory, they have rejected them, and still reject them obstinately, declaring that these monuments—which they have not seen—are of the period of Roman decline. But, I ask, has Jerusalem, before my journey, ever been visited by an archaeologist by profession? Never. Has it ever been visited by an antiquarian architect? Never. Has any one shown upon the monuments of the Roman decline the combination of the Doric and the Ionic orders? Never. Has there been recovered a single Doric monument with triglyphs, dating from the period of Roman decline? Never. Did the Romans renounce the art of the mother country in order to submit to local influences, even to the point of renouncing the vital rules of that art? Never. Are there ever met any ancient monuments which exhibit this mixture of the Doric and Ionic styles which we find upon the Tombs at Jerusalem? Yes, doubtless they are found; but they are monuments of the primitive Greek art. See, moreover, in the magnificent book of M. Hittorf, what he says upon the most ancient monuments of Sicily. . . . This warm and obstinate opposition which I am resisting now has been undergone before me by François Perez Bayer, *à propos* of the Hebrew numismatography; but those attacks only hastened the triumph of the truth. Will it not be so also with the monuments of the Hebrew architecture? The future—a future, perhaps, already come—will show us. I at least wait with full confidence the result of the debate when brought before the good sense of the public. *Mais revenons à la Numismatique hébraïque.* The study of the Jewish coins has hitherto presented two very important phases. In the year 1538 Guillaume Postel translated correctly the legends upon a Hebrew Shekel. In 1781 François Perez Bayer, Archdeacon of Valence, published a beautiful volume entitled "De Nummis Hebræo-Samaritanis," in the preface of which he refuted the superb arguments of Tychem. The body of the work contained a classification of all the Hebrew coins known in Bayer's time. The origin of the coinage of the Jews is there placed at the time of the concession made to Simon the brother of Judas Maccabæus, by Antiochus VII., i.e., at the year 173 of the era of the Seleucids. All the Jewish coins bearing date the year 1, however different their style and their fabrication, were assigned to the first year in which Simon enjoyed the right which the King of Syria had officially granted to him. The same course was pursued for the following years 2, 3, and 4.

"Before the appearance of the book of Bayer, our illustrious Barthélemy had already read and interpreted, with his usual skill, some brass coins of Jonathan Maccabæus, offering exactly the same types as the coins of John Hyrcanus; he had with equal success read some other bilingual coins, which presented the Greek name of a King Alexander, together with the Hebrew name of a King Jonathan. But Bayer, holding too rigidly to the text of the Book of Maccabees, or rather attributing to that passage of it an historical value too absolute, thought that he ought not to admit the existence of coins of Jonathan; and he refused to carry back the existence of the Jewish coinage higher than the high-priesthood of Simon the Asmonean. After the appearance of the book of Bayer, the discredit into which the Hebrew medals had been thrown quickly disappeared. Numismatic science made continual progress, thanks

to the care which was bestowed upon the elements of the science, the appreciation of the types, of the style, of the fabrication, and the weights of the coins; in a word, criticism was introduced into the study of medals. Thenceforth no one could deceive himself, even at first sight, as to the relative age of two ancient coins when compared together; it became therefore necessary to submit the series of Jewish coins to an entire revision. My learned *confrère* and friend, M. Ch. Lenormant, undertook this task; and in 1845 he enriched the *Revue Numismatique* with an extremely remarkable paper, full of new views of the Jewish coins. It would be impossible to display a critical talent more acute and ingenious; and if all the facts relative to the monetary history of Jerusalem have not been assigned in this work to epochs fixed and completely determined, there is not one of these facts which has not been given in the germ to the study of numismatists. All the monuments have been arranged in their relative chronological order with perfect accuracy; and if the actual dates have not been assigned to the different groups of Jewish coins, it is only because M. Lenormant had not the good fortune which happened to me, of obtaining an indubitable coin of Judas Maccabæus, found quite recently in the valley of Jehoshaphat. The existence of a coin of Judas Maccabæus renders more than probable the reading, hitherto somewhat doubtful, by whose aid Barthélemy had determined the coins of Jonathan. I have also received from Jerusalem many examples, well preserved and quite legible, of these coins of Jonathan; and henceforth it is impossible for me to doubt the existence of a coinage anterior to the concession made by Antiochus VII. to Simon the Asmonean. These two landmarks once firmly fixed in the field of Hebrew numismatography, the field enlarges itself inevitably in a notable manner; and there remains no more reason to suppose that numismatic science has nothing to claim for the epochs anterior to the dynasty of the Asmoneans. Profiting amply by the researches of M. Lenormant, I have taken up anew the study of the Jewish coins, the texts of Holy Scripture and of the historian Josephus in my hand; and I now make partakers of the results of my researches all who take an interest in such questions. I shall begin by proving the impossibility of the contemporaneity of certain coins which present the same date; then I shall show upon what considerations I rely in classing one group of coins before another group in order of time; and when once all are thus arranged among themselves in a chronological order, probable if not certain, there will remain no great difficulty in assigning to each of these groups the real epoch of its publication."

M. Jules Oppert, who was sent by the French Government to make explorations in the site of ancient Babylon, has recently returned, having achieved very important results. He has excavated the site of the famous Hanging Gardens, now known by the name of the Hall of Amram-ibn-Ali; and he found various architectural and other remains, which will be placed in the Louvre.

M. Oppert has been able also to discover the six inclosures mentioned by the historian Berosus, the Chaldean priest; they consist of the three concentric walls of the city mentioned by Abydenus, next the walls surrounding the Borsippa, the suburb of Babylon, and that round the North-east Palace, and that round the Royal Palace. He also believes himself to have set at rest the long-disputed question of the magnitude of the great city. The largest magnitude assigned is not exaggerated, if we apply it to the whole of the ground which was included within the outermost of the concentric walls; which, according to his trigonometrical survey, incloses an area of 500 square kilomètres (kilometre = 5000 feet English) or nearly eighteen times the area of Paris within the walls. But, as in all ancient cities, this included a considerable area of arable and pasture land. The inner of the three concentric walls, however, only includes an area of fourteen kilomètres square. The bricks from the ruins of all the walls bear the name of Nabuchodonosor, as well as those of the palace. On the site of the town of Babylon, properly so called, now stands the flourishing town of Hillah. This town, situate on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ancient ruins; and many of the household utensils and personal ornaments of the modern inhabitants of Hillah have been taken from the ruins of mighty Babylon. In another part of the inclosure stands the fortress-palace of the kings, itself as large as a town. In another place he believes himself to have discovered the ruins of the Tower of Babel; they are, he says, very imposing, and occupy a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Languages. M. Oppert has brought back with him a vase of the time of a Chaldean sovereign named Narambel, of date about 1600 years before Christ, and a number of cuneiform inscriptions. The language in which these inscriptions are written, M. Oppert says, is allied to the Hebrew. The antiquities

brought over by M. Oppert will very shortly be placed in the Museum of the Louvre.

Some interesting discoveries have also been made recently in Assyria. In the grand ruins of Nimroud has been found an obelisk raised by the King Chamasphul. On one side of the obelisk is a portrait of the King with a cross upon his breast; the three other sides are covered with inscriptions in hieratic characters, which date from the beginning of the seventh century before our era. One of these inscriptions is 225 lines long; it has been deciphered, and contains the description of the civil wars, and of the wars with Babylon, which happened in this king's reign. A discovery, too, of a cylinder of Tiglath-Pileser I., dated in the year 1840 B.C., is one of great importance to chronology. Tables have been discovered at Warka, which prove that the cuneiform writing was in use down to the time of the Macedonian Conquest.

M. Victor Place, who is conducting excavations at Khorsabad, has found twelve large earthen vessels in the form of casks, each containing from seventy to eighty lines of inscriptions. He has also found a large square vase, on the lid of which is an inscription, and which contains sheets of ivory, lead, copper, silver, and gold, each containing inscriptions.

A work of considerable interest to the Roman antiquary has been determined upon by the French Minister of Public Instruction. This is—a general collection of the Roman inscriptions of Gaul in a grand quarto volume, to contain: (1) the inscriptions of the Maritime Alps; (2) those of Narbonnaise Gaul; and (3) those of the three provinces of Gaul—the Lyonnaise, the Aquitanian, and the Belgic.

## THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

In the next edition of D'Israeli the Elder's "Quarrels of Authors," it will be necessary to devote a supplementary chapter to the "Quarrels of Archaeologists."

First of all, a very short time after its foundation, the members of the British Archaeological Association, from which so much was reasonably expected, quarrelled among themselves, and split up into two rival and opposing societies—one calling itself the Archaeological Institute; the other retaining the original name of the Archaeological Association: that was an unfortunate occurrence, which has very much retarded the progress of English archaeology. And now the Association is involved in another intestine commotion, which threatens at least the subdivision, more probably the extinction, of a body already somewhat feeble.

Our archaeological readers, more especially those interested in the B. A. A., will look to us for some account of this unfortunate dispute, which threatens the extinction of one of our metropolitan Archaeological societies; and we shall not shrink from the unpleasant task of endeavouring impartially to apportion the blame which attaches to one or another side in the dispute.

It is necessary to premise that M. Pettigrew, a gentleman well known in the archaeological world for his zeal and talent in that branch of research, has always been a warm supporter of the Association. Though nominally holding only the office of treasurer, he has devoted much time and energy to the general working and management of the society. His house has been the head-quarters of the Association; the museum and library were deposited there; the business meetings were usually held there; and he was intrusted with blank forms, bearing the printed signature of the secretaries, for the purpose of summoning such business meetings. He was the editor of the journal; and the major part of the correspondence of the Association was performed by him. In short, Mr. Pettigrew might almost have said, with Louis XIV., *L'Association, c'est moi.*

All who know anything of the working of societies know that very many of them really depend for their existence upon the energy and devotion of one man; while his colleagues, whose names fill out the prospectus, leave all the hard work to him, and only give their aid upon an occasional field-day. But the treasurer of the B. A. Association is accused of having done more than this; it is said that when other members of the Association, of high standing in the archaeological world, desired to take a part in the management of the association, they found their interference looked upon with jealousy, and their efforts at co-operation resisted—occasionally with a personal rudeness of repulse, which drove many of them, one by one, from the society.

A subdued discontent at this autocratic government of the society appears to have been long smouldering, and has at length burst into a conflagration. Our space will not permit us to publish the whole of the correspondence on the subject which has been communicated to us; but we shall endeavour to give our readers an impartial view of it.

After the annual congress of the Association at



Chepstow, several of the more active members of the council wished to have a council-meeting called, for the transaction of sundry business which it appeared to them should be transacted without delay. The treasurer was consulted on the matter by the secretary, and returned it as his opinion that it was unnecessary to call a meeting. The secretary again wrote, combating the treasurer's objections, and pressing the matter as important. After a fortnight's delay, no reply having been received to the secretary's second communication, several members of the council drew up a formal requisition to the secretaries, requiring them to summon a meeting. Thus fortified, Mr. Hugo, the secretary, ventured to issue summonses for a council-meeting without further consultation with the treasurer. The treasurer's reply to his notice of summonses we give in *extenso*:

Dear Sir,—I cannot express to you the astonishment I have felt at the receipt of a summons for a council of the association at Mr. Whicheard's on Wednesday next. I have only this evening issued summonses for a meeting as usual at my own house; and that any other should have been sent forth without my cognisance is, I confess, an instance of disrespect for which I was totally unprepared, and which I regard as most highly improper.—Yours, T. J. PETTIGREW.  
Savile-row, Sept. 21st.

Mr. Hugo's reply to this letter we also give at length; they are the two important letters of the series:—

Bishopgate-street, 22nd Sept. 1854.

Dear Sir,—I have just received your letter in which you say that you "cannot express the astonishment you have felt at the receipt" of our notice for the council on Wednesday next, which, as it was sent out "without your cognisance," is "an instance of disrespect for which you were totally unprepared, and which you regard as most highly improper." Excuse me for saying that, if anything were needed to show the state of entire alienation from its original rules at which the association has at length arrived, this letter of yours would supply the deficiency. That a meeting of council, convened, on receipt of a requisition, by the officers to whom that duty belongs, should be considered a matter for astonishment, or a personal grievance, by another officer whose prescribed duties lie in a totally different direction, proves beyond question that such officer must entertain a very inadequate idea of the duties of his office, and of those of his coadjutors. Let me add that, if I continue an officer of the association, this state of things must be rectified forthwith. I, and those who agree with me, desire nothing but what our laws ordain, namely, that each officer shall do his own work, and *but his own*; open his own letters, write his own answers, issue the notices which our statutes recognise as alone valid when proceeding from him, and be responsible for those communications alone of which he is actually cognisant. It seems monstrous to have to insist on these plain and self-evident rights; but circumstances, of which you cannot be ignorant or forgetful, force us so to do. I must, therefore, respectfully beg that you will cancel the notice of the council-meeting which came to me this morning (bearing to-day's postmark, and therefore not posted till late last night); a notice which, although furnished with the printed signatures of the secretaries, was antagonistic to their previous summons, forwarded without their cognisance, and issued against their will. Yours very faithfully,  
T. Pettigrew, Esq. Tho. Hugo.

Mr. Pettigrew's reply to this declares that "the tone and style of Mr. Hugo's letter prohibit his holding any further personal communication with him," and summons him to explain his extraordinary conduct at the meeting which he, Mr. Pettigrew, has summoned.

It appears to us that Mr. Pettigrew stands self-convicted, on the evidence of these two brief notes of his, of the charges which are brought against him, of overbearing conduct in the management of the affairs of the society, and of great disregard for the feelings of his associates. Considering the power which he had hitherto exercised in the Association, he might not unnaturally feel a moment's annoyance on finding a council summoned contrary to his wish; but a moment's thought ought to have shown him that the course taken by the secretary was strictly legal; and a second moment of thought ought to have recalled to his mind that a good deal of deference had already been shown to his opinion in the matter, and that, however eminent his services, and however great the irregular power which had hitherto been permitted to him, he had no right to complain that other members began to wish to share with him in the management of the society; and still a little additional consideration might have suggested that to people in general it might appear an assumption, bordering even upon the ludicrous, for the treasurer of a society to be unspeakably astonished, and to consider it "disrespectful and highly improper," that the secretaries should call a meeting, upon a formal requisition, without Mr. Treasurer's previous sanction had and obtained.

Mr. Hugo's reply, while asserting in a manly way his resolve not to be a dummy secretary any longer, appears to us to be temperately and even courteously expressed. We are utterly unable to see anything in "the tone and style of it which should prohibit any further personal communication with the writer;" and, making every allowance for Mr. Pettigrew's feeling of irritation, we cannot but feel that his rejoinder was a gratuitous and gross insult, which would have elicited from most men a sharper reply than Mr. Hugo's expression of sorrow that Mr. Pettigrew's behaviour should be so "inconsistent and unreasonable," and his declaration that, notwithstanding, he had "no desire to come to an open rupture with him."

The question appears to us to amount to this—Does the fact that one member of a society is able and energetic, and has worked hard and done much for the

society, entitle him to monopolise all the offices of the society, to exercise autocratic power, to snub the nominal officers when they venture to differ from him, and to insult them when they openly oppose him?—in short, do his services entitle him to make the society his society, or, rather, to make himself the society? *L'état, c'est moi!*

We apprehend that the majority of our readers will be somewhat astounded to learn that, at an extraordinary meeting held on the 6th inst., called, we are informed, by the treasurer through the printed secretarial forms in his possession, the judgment of the society was shown in the expulsion of Mr. Hugo by a majority of thirty-five against twenty-two, and the election of Mr. Pettigrew as president. Even if the majority were desirous of continuing the management of the society in the hands of their quondam treasurer, still we are utterly unable to see anything in the conduct or language of their late secretary which justified so violent a step as his expulsion. We are credibly informed that at least twenty men of archaeological status have previously retired from the Association through dissatisfaction with the management; and it appears highly probable that the present minority of twenty-two will follow their example *en masse*. Whether the remaining members will continue to aid their new president's antiquarian researches under the style and title of the British Archaeological Association, or whether that name will altogether vanish from the list of our learned societies, remains to be seen.

## ARCHITECTURE.

### MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

THE *Times* has of late put forth several articles on the present architectural condition of London as compared with the rapidly improving state of Paris, but in a spirit not less likely to discourage, than to promote, the end it has in view in the improvement of our own metropolis. There is one great fact, that the Emperor of the French himself, were he to take London in hand, with all the means and energy he has commanded and shown in his own capital, would be unable to operate against—and that is the fact of the natural and artificial atmosphere which our climate and coal fires jointly contribute, to the obfuscation alike of our buildings and candid perceptions. We were looking, the other day, from one of the windows of the Sun Fire-office, at the Mansion-house, with its noble Corinthian portico. The day was tolerably fine; but the portico was almost imperceptible, and, in short, little was observable but the outline of the mass of the structure, which looked like a general architectural form cut out of a piece of black paper, or like one of those expressionless profiles which itinerant artists take at a shilling a head. The obliteration of detail, by ever-falling soot, and the rare occasions when the sun can light up the blackened features of our buildings, or throw shadows dark enough to show on surfaces already "dark as Erebus," are disadvantages which will be only very partially removed, when all that is to be insisted on in the consumption of our smoke shall have been effected. Besides, the mischief is *done*; and we fear the words of Lady Macbeth will too truly emphasise the truth that "what is done cannot be undone." Measures, however, which may tend to the development of what we have, and to the less impaired effect of what we are to have, are most earnestly to be demanded. We only wish their advocacy could be eloquently exercised without leaving it to be inferred that we have nothing to be developed, and no future developments to be hoped for. Long before the great body of the metropolis began to exhibit those improvements which it now does, it contained buildings of sufficient grandeur and high critical merit to place its architectural pretensions far above the low estimate at which the writer in the *Times* would seem to rate them: we say "seem" to rate them, because he may have certain exceptional reserves in respect to particular buildings, which do not in his opinion affect the city at large; but it does appear to us that, where general censures are unsparingly uttered, redeeming allowances should in candour be made. It is almost a hazardous cockneyism to refer to St. Paul's, and it may be thought a piece of antiquarian common-place to mention Westminster Abbey and Hall. It may be necessary, too, that we should shield ourselves under Italian sanction in respect to *il bel Tempio de San Martino*, and adduce the worshipping estimate of the British critics in regard to the Banqueting-house of Whitehall, the various churches of Wren and his school, the noble pile of Somerset House, and other structures, private as well as public. But surely it is as impolitic as ungenerous to appear to disregard all these, as well as the thousand architectural additions which have been since made, and to publish the opinion that London has yet to begin with those essentials which in Paris are now being consummated. The vastly-improved state of London, as compared with what it was forty years back, and the augmenting ratio in which its improvements continue year after year to be effected, warrant the confident belief that in twenty years more the general aspect of the whole interior will be a marvel in its kind, i.e., as a huge city of streets, squares, and buildings, the aggregate of whose architecture will be un-

equalled by that of any city in the world, however much will remain disadvantaged by position, and all will continue subject to the deteriorating effect of a hostile atmosphere and the merciless outpouring of coal-smoke.

There are requirements, however, which are none the less urgent because unfavoured by any decided likelihood of fulfilment; and these are they which refer to the Great River, which ought to be the grandest feature of the metropolis, and is the worst. The Thames should be, even architecturally speaking, the supremely distinguished thoroughfare of London. Not that we allude to the *number*, as well as the magnificence, of its bridges; for, beyond those of London, Southwark, and Waterloo, and new ones of corresponding grandeur to supply the decayed structures of Blackfriars and Westminster, we would, for effect's sake, have no more additional bridges than convenience should positively demand. The river might be cut up into too many short perspectives, if its banks contained anything worth looking at. As it is, we know of nothing, on a great scale, so small in pretention and mean in character. The view of Mr. Quilp's wharf and counting-house, illustrating the fifth chapter of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," is scarcely an exaggerated specimen of very much of the wharf architecture of the Thames; and, however there may be a great deal which might deem itself libelled by such comparison, there is nothing on either side of the whole course of the river, from the Tower to Vauxhall-bridge, worthy of its situation, excepting only Somerset House and the New House of Parliament. Arched-edged stream, bordered on either hand by motley opposites, varying from the plainest substantial to the meanest rickety; and looking as if it were the slumbering remnant of a mighty torrent which has recently broken through the worst quarter of a city; leaving much that is scarcely better than the destroyed part still standing in sombre wonder or rotten despair, like wretches scarcely to be congratulated on their escape from the intermediate wreck—such is too truly the aspect of the Thames and its banks, especially that on the Surrey side. Take but the vignette at the head of the *Illustrated London News*, which exhibits, indeed, a fair medium representation of the *architecture* which lines the course of the river on the better side, and imagine it confronted with an equal length of tiled sheds *à la Quilp*. Observe, at the same time, the inconsistency of all this, as compared with the imperial cathedral and numerous elegant spires behind, and with the symbols of civic pomp and wealth before—for the fleet of state barges (represented as moving by) seems intended, with malicious but piquant severity, to aid us in the completion of our satire! How is it that the unprecedented commercial wealth of the sovereign city of the world has not been spontaneous in yielding its "superflux" to the mending of the great highway by which that wealth has travelled for centuries, from all parts of the earth, into its principal terminus? Commercial London may well be called the "vortex," rather than the great "reservoir" of riches; since, so far as the stranger may perceive in his views of the main city, it swallows up everything with a graceless gulp, and exhibits no external expression of generous satisfaction or grateful pride.

The opposition to the grand improvement we are now contemplating began when its management was most feasible, viz., when the city was to be rebuilt, after the great fire. Wren's scheme for its reconstruction is well known. He contemplated a continuous quay from the Tower to the Temple. "The practicability of this whole scheme," says Elmes, "without loss to any man, or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and, as it happened, insurmountable difficulty remaining, was the obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses on the old ground and foundations; and also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again with more advantage to themselves than otherwise it was possible to be effected." We further learn that Wren intended, on his quay between London Bridge and the Temple, to have ranged "all the halls that belong to the several companies of the city, with proper warehouses for merchants between, to vary the edifices."

We regret the abandonment of Wren's scheme, not because it would have left us an unimprovable result, but because it would have been a grand first step towards the splendid things which now would be assuredly effected if the facilities of such pioneering were before us. It would have been enough had Wren been received as sufficient for his time, leaving his contemporaries ignorant of the fact that he would be now regarded as the prophet of our own. There was no idea at that period of the gigantic engineering works which were to follow the application of steam-power and hydraulic pressure; nor even of that palatial splendour which was to distinguish not only our civic halls but our commercial warehouses. The Church and the royal or noble Palace were the only buildings on which architecture might assert the vast in scale and magnificent in decoration. It was for the Telfords, the Rendels, and

the Barrys, to attain opportunities for projects of then unconceivable magnitude and grandeur. It was for the Wrens to subdue their grand cathedral notions to Gothic toys, and to give out their energies and tastes in other and secular directions. What was to be has come to pass; and we could wish nothing better than to see our friends Charles Barry and James Meadows Rendel (other parties may name other and better men) commissioned to sweep away two hundred feet on each side of the Thames, and to give us that which alone is wanting (in spite of fog and smoke, as aforesaid) to make London defy the world.

Many years back, the celebrated painter Martin projected a scheme for the embankment of the Thames, and the construction of quays, with a public esplanade, including also a plan for the sewerage of the city, leaving unpolluted the waters of the river. Having seen this, and most of the rest that Martin produced, we are inclined to think him, not an overrated, but a wrongly-rated man. He should have been an artist-engineer. His "Plains of Heaven" and his imagined scene of "The Last Judgment" (though they exhibit some very high qualities of landscape-painting) appear to us to exhibit, as Junius says, "the madness of poetry without the inspiration." His "Last Day of His Wrath" is a stupendous conception of a great convulsion of physical nature; and, whether we regard the imitative truth of the rock as a piece of geological painting, or the deep tragic tone and perfect harmony of the colouring, it is an example of true art. We award it our most submissive and admiring homage; but, in respect to the heavenly and supernatural aspirations of these three pictures, they simply leave us to regret that he did not remain upon earth with Turner, and rival him, as he unquestionably would have done—if, indeed, he would not have exceeded him—as a delineator of nature in her most gorgeous moods.

If, however, he required a medium for the escape of his too expansive ideas into the regions of infinite space (reaching the jewel-studded elbow-chair of the divine judge, with the patriarchal jury-box, and anticipating the consummation of the Revelations), it was well to let him have his "ding" with at least admiring indulgence; but, this being allowed, we wish his grand practical conception of improving London, and finishing off the banks of the Thames, had won for him the regard of men in power, and the co-operation of engineers of practical attainment and daring. To say the least of it, his design must needs be highly suggestive; and it were well those competent to the task should report upon it, or upon such modifications of it as might be deemed worthy of consideration.

It is indeed a remarkable illustration of the inconsistency which is consistent with the nature, perhaps of Englishmen in general, and certainly of the Londoners in particular, that they can find spirit and funds for the projection and realisation of such a gigantic scheme as that of the Crystal Palace, and such a useless one as that of the Thames Tunnel; that they can find means for effecting the grandest works, not only in other parts of the kingdom, but in other and remote parts of the world; and yet leave uncared for the most crying necessities of their own metropolis;—doing wonders, as we have admitted, in gracing the head and decorating the limbs of their monster city, and still omitting to do the thing of all things that may cause it "in health and wealth long to live"—that may give it the additional beauty congruent with perfect purity, and cleanse the distressed body of the perilous stuff that rests within its bowels. The "simile" may be "unsavoury" but the cause allows no hesitation on the score of squeamishness. The fable of the "Belly and the Members" may be modified to serve the theme under consideration. Without food for the one, the others will languish into death; but—we need pursue the matter no further.

We end, as we began, by defending the architectural pretensions of the great body of the British metropolis; and in the hope that the energies of improvement speculators will hereafter be especially directed to the purification of the Thames and the decoration of its banks.

## POPULAR MEDICINE.

### THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

#### I. NEW BOOKS.

*The Piratical Specific: a new and infallible mode of Treatment for the Asiatic Cholera.* By Dr. F. WILSON, of Mauritius.—The author of this pamphlet says he was a "medical man and an independent sugar planter, during twenty-five years' residence in Mauritius," and his position has enabled him to treat the poor in that island gratuitously; "and," he adds, "twenty other years' residence and travelling in different parts of the Eastern and Western world gave me ample opportunities of studying the diseases of tropical climates, particularly the diarrhoea, dysentery, bloody flux, cholera, elephantiasis, and leprosy. In the two latter diseases, I believe I am the only individual known to have obtained a radical cure." Modest and most useful man. How must the sufferers in tropical climates bewail the removal of so valuable a philanthropist! But stay, he is as much in request at home as abroad; for he says "the study

of diagnostics has so much absorbed the enthusiastic discoverers of the present age that they have neglected the study of the action of medicines; and thus we are rich in pathology, and extremely poor in therapeutics. I have been compelled, in consequence, to look abroad for native empirical and other fortuitous remedies," &c. After this, the reader will be somewhat surprised to hear that this "piratical specific," this "new and infallible mode of treatment," for the Asiatic cholera, is—not some hitherto unknown tropical remedy—but simply "thirty grains of ipecacuanha, and two grains of tartar emetic, followed by quantities of warm water, from six to ten quarts, repeated when necessary." Dr. Wilson must be very ignorant not to know that this has long been an approved mode of treating cholera in this country, and that consequently there is nothing new or original in the remedy as described by the author, except, indeed, that, unlike all other remedies, it is said to be "infallible"—a most important exception certainly. *Infallible* is a word not to be found in the purely medical vocabulary. It is *par excellence* the epithet of quackery. But, taking leave of Dr. Wilson and his "piratical (pirated?) specific," we wish to have a word with our readers on the alleged neglect, on the part of the profession, of the study of the action of medicines, the science of therapeutics. It is the empirical twaddle of the day that the curative efficiency of regular medicine is either at a stand-still or retrograde, and that the attention of the profession is wholly absorbed in chemistry, pathology, histology, and diagnosis, to the neglect of therapeutics. If this were really true, there might be some excuse for educated men seeking in the regions of chance and empiricism that relief which rational medicine was too busy to afford. But is this true? Has the power of professional science over intractable or inveterate diseases actually diminished, or even remained stationary, during the last quarter of a century? It is only necessary that the question should be fairly put; the answer will occur to every educated reader. No science, not even mechanics nor chemistry, has advanced so rapidly of late as that of therapeutics. Let us call to mind a few facts which lie on the surface of the question, and then ask whether the population of this country have not reason to be grateful to Providence for the blessings which rational medicine has recently shed around society. Dr. Wilson charges the profession with having neglected the study of the action of medicines. Time was, indeed, when this study was neglected, and the practice of the profession was almost wholly empirical. But of late, a truly wonderful change has taken place. Less than three years ago, so important and so universally interesting had the question become, that the Medical Society of London offered the Fothergillian Gold Medal for the best essay on the action of medicine on the system, or "on the mode in which therapeutic agents introduced into the stomach produce their peculiar effects on the animal economy." The prize was awarded to Mr. Headland, whose admirable essay was reviewed in the CRITIC at the time. This does not look like neglect of the study of the action of medicines. Nor is this a solitary exception. A few years ago a special inquiry was set on foot by the Provincial Association, and conducted by Mr. Hunt, on the medicinal action of arsenic, the result of which has been that the whole range of chronic and inveterate diseases of the skin have been brought under control, and are now as easily cured as other chronic diseases. Still more recently, the diseases of the ear, and the resulting deafness, have been brought to a great extent under the control of medical treatment, by the researches of Mr. Harvey and other enlightened surgeons; and, lastly, to crown all, who does not know that pulmonary consumption, a disease which once baffled all medical skill, has been brought within the category of curable diseases by the introduction of cod-liver-oil? This oil has been found almost equally useful in scrofulous and lupoid diseases. Reference might be made to many other improvements; but enough has been said to prove that therapeutics is neither stationary nor retrograde in this country, while other collateral branches of medicine are also taking giant strides.

#### II. EPIDEMICS.

Every severe epidemic visitation leaves behind it an increased anxiety to trace the history and discover the causes of epidemics. And perhaps there has been no period in past times in which that anxiety has been so intense throughout the whole medical world as at the present period. And yet we seem to know, if possible, less than ever of the origin and causes of these afflictive phenomena. The Epidemiological Society has now been in existence about five years, and its members have some of them worked like men impelled by a zeal which no discouragement could quench. And yet, if we except some important revelations respecting the causes of the inefficiency of vaccination, the society has discovered nothing con-

\* The real value of this remedy has not yet been fully appreciated by the profession, in consequence of the enormous adulterations which it receives in the hands of second and third-rate druggists. But happily Dr. De Jongh, of the Hague, has been engaged by a respectable firm to test the oil prepared in the Luffden Isles for the London market. This oil is incomparably good; and a great boon is this arrangement both to the public and the profession.

cerning epidemics which was not previously known. We should not be surprised, indeed, to hear that this society has died a natural death; for Government, which seized with avidity and published, by order of Parliament, the most valuable portion of its transactions, has now, we understand, refused the grant of a single penny to enable it to pursue those important investigations, which are absolutely standing still for want of the necessary funds. This is too bad. Millions are being squandered away in the prosecution of a disastrous and ill-conducted war; but the demon of pestilence, which destroys ten times as many lives as the most destructive war, is allowed to stalk through the land, carrying disease and death to every door, without one single effort being made to arrest its course, or discover the hidden caverns from which it breathes destruction.

This neglect will be felt still more acutely if it shall prove that there is good foundation for a theory of epidemics which has recently been propounded by Dr. Charles Reclam, of Leipzig, who has lately read, at the general meeting of naturalists and physicians at Gottingen (Sept. 1854), a memoir on the *Life and Diseases of Nations*,\* in which he traces epidemics to moral and political disturbances, and other national causes, rather than to the state of the air. Hippocrates put forth the axiom that "a general disease must originate from a general cause;" and Hecker, the great historian of the epidemics of the middle ages, reckons "external agents," and especially the cheapness and dearth of food, as affecting the spread of epidemic disease; and Dr. Reclam, quoting this, adds: "Starting from the conviction that other influences are not less powerful, I have followed up in the first instance the mutual relation between the diseases and the mode of life of the population of Leipzig, as, in this instance, the best sources for comparing the sanitary condition and mortality on the one, and the mode of life in its widest acceptance on the other hand, were at my command. Thus I succeeded in finding out, from the year 807 downwards, forty-six periods of epidemic disease, each of which was either preceded by moral or political contention, or material disturbances, or by revolutions in the manners of public life. Here then are the most influential agencies acting upon the formation of the mode of life of the masses." Of these epidemic periods he cites the following examples:—1. *The Reformation*, effected at Leipzig "as well by blood as with ink," carrying with it executions, the refusal of honourable burial, increased exasperation, the estrangement of oldest friends and members of the same family, and all the moral and physical evils of an unchecked fanaticism, was followed by the plague of 1535 and 1538. 2. *During the Thirty Years' War*, Leipzig was devastated several times, which brought on an epidemic of plague, in which, from 1630 to 1633, the third part of its population died. 3. The subsequent extortions and tortures of the Swedes, and the terrors thence ensuing in Leipzig, ended in a four years' epidemic (1636 to 1639), in which nearly half the inhabitants died. In like manner he traces what he terms the *war typhus* (which spread over the whole of Germany) to the campaigns of 1813; the cholera of 1831, to the popular commotions of 1830; the cholera of 1848-9, to the previous commotions; and the cholera of 1854, to "the war north and south." The plague of England and of Europe is also attributed (by a mistake in chronology) to the discovery of America; which, in fact, followed rather than preceded the outbreak. On the strength of these opinions, he believes that "a new law of nature has been found," viz. that "Every more important change, every undue moral excitement, every material or moral stinting (*verkümmern*) of the national life and its development, is followed by a national disease." Now, although the physician must look at causes more proximate than national disturbances, for the actual outbreak of epidemic disease, yet it would be interesting to inquire how far political events have tended to develop these causes—by the excitement of human passions, the destruction of life and neglect of burial, the scarcity of food, the exposure to cold, wet, famine, fatigue, and all the miseries of war, and the neglect of social improvements and medical science, under the influence of fanaticism or political furor. The subject will too certainly receive a full and horrible illustration in the future history and consequences of the present most fanatical and disastrous war.

#### III.—MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT.

*Dr. Semple's Dismissal from the Parochial Infirmary of St. Mary's, Islington.*—The medical journals are indignant at an event which has occasioned great excitement among the medical practitioners at Islington, namely, the dismissal of Dr. Semple from his post as medical officer of the Parochial Infirmary of St. Mary's, Islington. From the one-sided account which has reached us, it appears that there is indeed great ground of complaint. It is represented that the infirmary has long been deficient in accommodation; that the over-crowded state of the wards has produced a fearful amount of sickness and death; and that Dr. Semple thought it his duty to lay before the Inspectors of the Board of Health, and also those of the Poor-Law Board, the dangers which were incurred by this deficiency in the sanitary arrangements. The

\* Ueber Volksleben und Volkskrankheit.



"dirty" party in the parish, or those who deny the existence of these evils, are represented as indignant at these reports, and as having, by a series of petty intrigues, driven Dr. Semple from his post. If these things be true, the Islington authorities will have much to answer for, and we think a thorough investigation is called for. But, at the same time, we much question whether it is wise for the profession to take the matter up, as though a professional grievance had been perpetrated. We have not heard that Dr. Semple is, or is likely to be, in any degree or manner a sufferer from the transaction, either in his professional or private character. On the contrary, whatever he may have lost by his dismissal from this ill-paid parochial office (an appointment seldom sought after very eagerly by men in the position of Dr. Semple) must be abundantly compensated in the public notoriety and honour which he will reap from his noble and humane conduct. The really injured parties are the poor inmates of the workhouse, who, on Dr. Semple's showing, are most inhumanly victimised by the imperfect regulations of the Islington parochial authorities. But truly these evils do not lie at the door of the profession. The worthy Rector of Islington, or any humane and influential parishioner, has only to represent the state of things to the Poor-Law Board, as at present constituted, and we can scarcely doubt the result. But if a party is made, a feeling of caution, if not of opposition, is excited. Ill-blood is kindled, ill-words bandied, and meanwhile the poor continue to suffer. In the present eventful and trying crisis, when a poor man pays his rates with extraordinary difficulty, parish vestries, always slow, are more than ordinarily cautious in deciding upon any improvements which may increase the amount of the rates; and it may be that there are other difficulties in the way of immediate sanitary improvements. Still, such a state of things must not and cannot exist long. Meanwhile, we should like to know what the parish authorities have to say to the charge of requesting Dr. Semple to resign his office without adequate reason. This requires explanation, at least.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### WINTER EXHIBITION.

A CHOICE little collection this, of sketches and studies by some of the most distinguished of our living artists. Who that recollects Frith's picture of "Rams-gate Sands," that motley exhibition of human life, will not be glad to see the first sketch, the fresh idea as it came from the artist's brain? Here it is in little, yet so delicately handled, that the fine humour is not lost—rather indeed concentrated.

Next to it is a strange little landscape by Herbert. The place is near Boulogne; the materials a running brook, rather muddy in colour, over which passes a bridge. A woman is kneeling down, washing in the brook; on the left, a market-woman on horseback is half seen passing out of the picture; to the right, the yellowish sunlight pierces through an irregular group of trees, traversed by the pathway, along which two white-hooded sisters of charity are speeding on some benevolent mission. The effect of the whole is most living. This is one of those landscapes which tell a tale; rarely have we seen one so calculated to arrest the attention and inspire reverie. Why? The handling does not appear to be that of the professed landscape-painter. All the better. There is no conventionalism here; but that which struck the artist's mind as peculiarly characteristic of the scene has been faithfully and closely imitated. Perhaps that which principally gives point and purpose to the whole, is the admirable representation of the sunlight through the trees, and the figures of the two nuns passing between them, whose hurried tread is distinctly marked, and whose low-murmured gossip one almost expects to hear.

Frederick Goodall's "Rencontre at the Well in Brittany" is a sweet picture of rustic life. Nothing can be more natural than the figures—the boy lazily poised on the back of the old horse, the girl with her hand on the crank, which she has ceased to turn. There is a tale too in this picture, and unaffectedly told.

H. O'Neil sends the sketch of his "Faust and Margaret;" also a capital little study of a Mulatto Girl; and a daintily-painted Eastern Sultan.

Mr. J. Philip's "Gipsy Sisters of Seville" have a good deal of arch character.

F. R. Pickersgill's "Lost Game,"—a lady and cavalier, in the sixteenth-century Italian costume, playing at chess, Cupid at the lady's elbow interfering with the game—is a very striking picture. Without much novelty of subject, it cannot fail to please by the beautiful effect of colour, and the elegant execution of the details. The chessboard is a picture in itself.

We have seldom seen anything from the hand of Mr. Stanfield more genial than his little "Coast Scene in the Gulf of Salerno." Look at the figures in the boats; no drawing-master's figures these, but every one of them alive. As for the mountains, air, waves, and natural objects generally, these are matters of course—no one can paint them like Stanfield; but when a living interest is added, though it be only that which pertains to the business of simple market-folk and fishermen, the picture gains an immense increase of charm.

D. Roberts's two breezy views of Isaida, the ancient Sidon, and the ruins of Tiberias, are also delightful in their way. We like Sidon the best. James Thomas Linnell's "Firs and Furze," and "Wood Scene," are pictures which improve upon acquaintance. At first, excessive labour is the prominent feature; a prolonged attention shows that this labour, though too apparent, has not been misapplied, so far as effecting a most complete and accurate representation of natural objects is concerned. Firs with their needle foliage and brown cones, and furze with its brilliant yellow flowers, could hardly be more faithfully rendered; and all other parts of the picture will probably bear an equally close examination. There is, however, we know not what constraint about the execution of these clever works, which distinguishes them from those startlingly true imitations of nature which we find in the works of our two great ones, Millais and Hunt.

A new aspirant in the pre-Raphaelite school, of some promise, shows himself here. "Rosamunda," by Arthur Hughes, has some of the qualities which characterise Millais. The wild roses of the bower remind us of them in the picture of Ophelia. Rosamunda herself, disturbed at her embroidery by the sound of the key in the lock, the signal of her royal lover's approach, looks like a breathing image. There is a little awkwardness in the attitude; but the face is absolutely living. With some patent weaknesses, we yet discern the touch of the true poet in this little work—the promise, we hope, of still better things.

Sir C. L. Eastlake's "Pilgrims in Sight of Rome" needs no words of ours to commend it to the notice of the visitor. Never were the various phases of wonder, joy, gratitude, and devotion more simply and charmingly expressed than in the faces and attitudes of the Italian peasants, who, from a rocky eminence, behold for the first time Rome, the object of their pilgrimage.

We are far from having exhausted the list of gems which adorn the catalogue. Sheep, by Andsell; ditto, by Sidney Cooper; Venetian Fishing-craft, by E. W. Cooke; a Sandy Lane, by Creswick; a sombre Yew-tree, by C. Davidson; Hampstead Donkeys, by J. W. Glass; a weather-beaten Fisher-boy, by A. Solomon; a fascinating Young Lady "ready for a walk," by Elmore; and another, with most murderous black eyes, by Sant—are among the notabilities marked by us. Miss A. J. Mutrie's Flowers appear to us the very "roof and crown" of flower-painting. Finally, some readers may perhaps thank us for calling their attention to "Shelley's Grave in the Protestant Burial-ground, Rome," by W. Gale.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Silver medals have been awarded to Mr. Edwin Frederick Hall, for the best painting from the life, in the life school; Mr. Henry Harrison Martin, for the best painting from the living draped model; Mr. Henry Garland, for the best drawing from the life; Mr. John Adams, for the best model from the life; Mr. Henry W. Banks Davis, for a model from the life; Mr. Benjamin C. Norton, for the best drawing from the antique; Mr. A. J. Barrett, for the best model from the antique; Mr. Charles Lock Eastlake, for the best architectural drawing, of the south front of Burlington House; Mr. Edgar Philip Brock, for the best perspective drawing in outline; Mr. Henry Banks Davis, for the best drawing in sciography.—A memorial bust, in marble, of the Rev. Dr. Croly has just been completed by Mr. Behnes, and the committee intrusted with the commission have expressed their entire satisfaction of the result.—It has been determined by the bar on the Oxford circuit to place the bust of Mr. Justice Talfourd in the Crown Court of Stafford.—Scotch artists will be glad to hear that Her Majesty has commissioned works from both Mr. Gibson and Mr. Macdonald.—The exhibition of the elementary works of students of the provincial and metropolitan schools of art opened on Thursday at Gore House. They are better arranged than before.—Mr. Wornum has been appointed to succeed General Thwaites as Secretary to the Trustees of the National Gallery.—Mr. Ruskin calls the new houses of Parliament "the most effeminate and effectual heap of stones ever raised by man."—Mr. Baxter, the inventor of the mode of printing in oil colours, has recently, by an ingenious modification of his system, adapted his process to the production of a species of photographic prints, which possesses many advantages over the existing mode of calotype printing.

An issue of considerable interest to photographers has been tried, at the instance of Mr. Talbot, who claimed a right in certain processes known as the collodion processes. Mr. Talbot's patent has hitherto operated to prevent professional photographers—unless licensed by him—from using these processes in their business. The courts, however, have decided that his priority of invention is not clear, and consequently, that his right cannot be maintained.—Mr. Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor, has lately returned from Rome, where he has his studio, and expects to go back in a few weeks.—Artists are still largely employed for the Hotel de Ville, Paris. A ceiling, by M. Leon Cogniet, has been put up in the throne-room; and for the gallery of Henri IV. ten large pictures are being

painted, representing choice views in the environs of the capital.—The French artists are working hard for the exhibition of next year. M. Jerome has an "Apotheosis of Augustus" in hand; Yvon, a "Retreat from Moscow;" Couture, a "Carnival Supper Scene;" Scheffer, a "Christ tempted by Satan."—At the sale of the late Baron de Meilemburg's collection of pictures, in Paris, the crowd of amateurs was so great after the first five minutes, that it was impossible to enter the room. A landscape by Hobbema fetched 80,000 francs; "The Horse Market," by Wouvermans, 72,000 francs; and a landscape by Both, 28,500 francs.—M. Etienne Leroy has now finished the restoration of the Rubens pictures in the Cathedral of Anvers.—Three millions of francs are to be spent on the new cathedral at Lille. The competition for architect is open to all Europe. The successful competitor will receive 10,000 francs; the second approved design, 4000 francs; and the third, 2000 francs.—The paintings in the chapel at Fontainebleau, by Fremiet, injured by time and carelessness, have been revived, under the direction of the Minister of State, M. Achille Fould, by M. Theodore Lejeune. The chapel was built about 1529, and it was in 1603 that Henry IV. led Fremiet to visit Paris, and commissioned him to decorate this edifice.—The works in progress at the Louvre, in Paris, have exposed some subterranean constructions of considerable antiquity; and it is believed that Henri IV. had an underground communication formed from his palace to the residence of the fair Gabrielle.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Etudes Primordiales: Scales and Preludes in the Major and Minor Keys.* Jewell and Letchford. An admirable work, which should be in the possession of every pianoforte student. The scales are carefully fingered; and the preludes are pleasing and interesting, and will be found of advantage to every moderate player.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

WE may shortly expect a visit from the Singing Society of Cologne, who intend, at the instigation of Mr. Mitchell, to give concerts in London, for the benefit of the relations of the English sufferers at Inkermann.—The wife of Omer Pacha has just had published, at Paris, five military marches of her composition for the piano.—A new opera by Auber, libretto by Scribe, is about to be put in rehearsal at the Grand Opera at Paris.—The Varieties Theatre at New Orleans was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 21st ult. The loss was estimated at 90,000 dollars.—"The Flight into Egypt," the new oratorio by M. Berlioz, was produced the other day in Paris with so much success, that a second performance of it was announced for Christmas Eve.—Madame Ugalde has returned to her old place of occupation—the *Opéra Comique* of Paris.—A new tragedy, called "The Gladiator of Ravenna," not long ago anonymously produced at Vienna, and received there with the utmost enthusiasm, proves to be written by Herr von Weber, a son of the composer of "Der Freischütz."—M. Fétis, in a letter to the *Gazette Musicale*, commends, in a high strain of praise, some new orchestral and symphonic compositions which have been just produced at Brussels. They are by M. Litolf, many years ago known in London as a pianist of promise. M. Fétis styles him the one real composer of "Young Germany."—The *New York Medical Gazette* announces that a new opera company is about to be established in that city.

M. Adolphe Adam has supplied the Théâtre Lyrique with a new opera, called "Le Mulier de Toledo," of which M. Dennery has written the book. M. Dumanoir, so often the dramatic partner of M. Dennery, has for a while quitted the language of prose, to which he has confined himself for a score of years or so, and makes his first attempt at a comedy *en vers*. Hence the little piece "L'Ecole des Agneaux," which teaches us, by its plot, that the best mode of becoming a successful lover is to edit a satirical newspaper; teaches us also, by its existence, that the adage "poeta nascitur, non fit," is of questionable validity. The Gymnase is the favoured house at which are recited the maiden Alexandrines of M. Dumanoir.—A musical journal relates, on the faith of a Berlin letter, the following anecdote of Vivier. This gifted artist had been engaged to play one *morceau* at the palace, on the occasion of the late fêtes given in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Prussia. He performed his solo, accompanied by Meyerbeer on the piano, and was rewarded with the nearest approach to applause permitted by court etiquette; and a request was made him, in the name of the Queen and Princesses, to play Schubert's "Serenade." Vivier readily assented, but he had no music with him, and so arduous a task as accompanying Schubert from memory dismayed Meyerbeer himself. The court would thus have been doomed to disappointment, had not Prince George of Prussia stepped forward and volunteered his services, which were accepted, and the performance went off *à ravir*.

## LITERARY NEWS.

Mr. Weld is preparing a life of Sir John Franklin, embracing his early naval career, and his various Arctic explorations, with the measures taken to search for his last unfortunate expedition.—Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, has been requested by the friends of the late Professor Edward Forbes to prepare an extended biography of that distinguished naturalist. As a biographical writer Dr. Wilson has greatly distinguished himself by lives of Cavendish and Dr. John Reid.—The publication of the new volumes of *Macaulay's England*, promised for the ensuing spring, is again delayed by the recent discovery of a mass of papers relating to the Stuart family, the contents of which render it necessary to re-write a considerable portion of the history.—A curious pamphlet has been published in Paris, announcing the recent discovery in that city of an unpublished manuscript by Walter Scott, consisting of a tale called "Moredun."—At Paris, M. de Barante has published the first volume of a "History of the Directory."—A publisher in the United States has commissioned Mr. W. Thomas to make an offer to M. Mazzini for the purchase of a work to be entitled "Memoirs of Revolutionary Europe from 1830 to the present time," which, it is understood, M. Mazzini is now composing. The terms offered are 2000 dollars per volume of 400 pages 8vo., to be paid on the completion of each volume, with four per cent. interest in the mean time.—The *Moniteur* has published a decree, opening a credit of 4000*l.*, to be applied to the necessary expenses which the collecting, editing and publishing of the first Napoleon's writings entail. Already the Commission have received, from various parts of France and from abroad, many "precious documents."—M. Guerazzi, whose recent work, published at Pisa, and suppressed by orders from Florence, has had an immense clandestine circulation and created a sensation in Italy—is engaged on a novel, having General Paoli, the last of the Corsicans, for hero.

It is now announced that Mr. A. Hayward, Q.C., has not obtained his appointment at the Poor-Law Board.—A pension of 50*l.* has been granted to the widow of the late Dr. Kitto, whose labours in Biblical literature have been of much popular usefulness.—The vacant Professorship of Geometry in Gresham College has been filled up by the election of the Rev. Mr. Cowie, late Fellow of St. John's College, and Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge. Mr. Cowie was Senior Wrangler in 1839, and for some years Principal of the Engineers' College at Putney.—An English author, named William North, recently committed suicide at a New York hotel, under very melancholy circumstances.—The French Academy of Sciences has elected M. Payer a Member of its botanical section in the room of the late M. Gaudichaud.—According to the *Gazette de l'Académie de St. Petersburg*, the Chevalier Bunsen continues to reside in retirement at Heidelberg. He has just sent to a publisher at Berlin an historical work, the fruit of his recent leisure.—The late M. Marrast was offered wealth and honours by Louis Napoleon. He rejected them, and died in want; true, however, to his principle and himself. Forgetting this refusal, the Emperor has bestowed a pension of 6000*fr.* on Madame Marrast.—In a recent number of the *Mouquetaire*, M. Alex. Dumas, in a review of "La Turquie Contemporaine," or "Studies on the East," by M. Lamartine's friend, M. Charles Rolland, speaks of the ingratitude of France for the services rendered by M. Lamartine. This notice has called forth from the poet statesman a letter, in which he, after thanking M. Dumas for his flattering allusions to his "short and forgotten public life," begs him not to talk of ingratitude. "I have experienced none," says M. Lamartine; "and if I had, I should blush to remember it. In my opinion our country sufficiently recompenses one of her children by permitting him to serve her. She is like the divinity. We owe her all, and she owes us nothing."—The children of Schiller are endeavouring to obtain from the Prussian Chamber an extension of the copyright which they at present enjoy in the works of their illustrious parent. According to the present law, their peculiar property in Schiller's works is secured until 1858, and they pray that the term may be extended twenty years.

A measure is promised to be introduced on the difficulty of the laws relating to the newspaper press, as soon as Mr. Gladstone sees an opportunity of carrying it.—The theme for the Maitland Prize Essay at Cambridge for 1855 is—"The Religious History of the Sikhs, considered with especial reference to the prospects of Christianity in North-Western India."

A startling telegraphic report has been received at New York, to the effect that private letters from Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition announce the discovery of the bodies of Sir John Franklin and his men completely frozen, and in a perfect state of preservation.

A provincial paper states that Thomas Seal Blackwell, Esq., M.R.C.S., of Cranbrook, in Kent, and Sarah Hodsoll, his wife, are claimants for the fitch of bacon, to be presented at Dunmow, in July next, by Mr. W. H. Ainsworth.—Sir W. Jolliffe has given notice, on behalf of Sir J. Pakington, that, on Thursday, the 25th of January next, he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the better encouragement and promotion of general education in England and Wales.—Another discovery of Roman

remains, consisting of stone coffins and skeletons, has just been made on Combe Down, near Bath. On the cover of one of the coffins is an inscription. A coin, the date of which, however, cannot be determined, has been found in the jaw of one of the skeletons.—A Bill has passed both Houses of the Cape of Good Hope Parliament, authorising "the importation into the colony of the Cape of Good Hope of books, being foreign reprints of books first composed, or written, or printed, or published, in the United Kingdom, and in which there shall be copyright."—At the sale of the late Mr. Pickering's collection of manuscripts and autograph letters, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, were some highly interesting relics of the poet Burns, which realised extraordinarily high prices. The greatest attraction was lot 277, being the celebrated "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," written in a fine bold hand, as if the subject had inspired the very handwriting of the bard; this sold for 30*l.*, and was purchased for America. The original document, signed and sealed, appointing the poet an exciseman, produced 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The other letters and poems, all holograph, sold for high prices. Among them lot 225, letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thanking her for friendly criticisms, "Not the blasting depredations of a canker-toothed caterpillar critic," 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* 231, Letter to R. Miller, declining the offer of an engagement to write poetry for the *Morning Chronicle*, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* 241, Part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, containing "Auld lang Syne" and other verses, 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—The late Mr. Croker's library has been sold, and the lots have not brought extravagant prices. The collections for a History of the Popular Ballad Literature of Ireland, consisting chiefly of transcripts from manuscript and printed sources, sold for 13*l.* The ballads, broadsides, and folio pamphlets, Irish and English, published between 1679 and 1725, a collection in 3 vols., sold for 13*l.* 5*s.* A collection of Historical Tracts relative to the period of the Civil Wars in Ireland, 1641, &c., formerly in the Heber collection, sold for 72*l.* The first five editions of Walton's Angler sold together for 29*l.* 10*s.* The Ormonde Letters and Papers, 6 vols. folio, sold for 130*l.* The Orrery Letters sold for 60*l.* Lot 864, a large mass of original letters, forming the materials from which, chiefly, the *Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*, edited by Mrs. Thomson, were compiled, sold for 21*l.* The Shakespeare "bethoal ring" sold for 7*l.* 5*s.*

The first general meeting of the Council of Teachers and the students of the Working Men's College in Red Lion Square was held on Wednesday week, the close of the first term. After tea, the Reverend Frederick Maurice, the Principal, made a general statement. Since the opening of the college, nearly 180 students have been admitted. The best attended class is the Bible class, comprising 50 or 60 students; next, the classes on Algebra and Grammar. The class on Public Health has not as yet been successful. Those on Political Words and the play of "King John" have been scantily attended; but these classes will re-open in the ensuing term, commencing on the 7th January. The Principal spoke highly of the industry and intelligence of his pupils. The other teachers, Mr. Ruskin especially, declared themselves fully satisfied as to the practicability of teaching the highest branches of knowledge to working men during their leisure hours. Mr. Ruskin congratulated the Drawing class on the accession of Mr. Dante Rossetti to the Council of Teachers. All the old classes will be continued, and new ones will be instituted, namely, a French class, by M. Talandier; a Latin class, by Mr. Irving; and one on Political Economy, with Mr. Mills's work as a text-book, by Mr. Vansittart Neale. An evening school, distinct from the college, but under its superintendence, will be commenced for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Principal and teachers were all received with hearty expressions of friendly feelings, and the meeting seemed to be pervaded by a hopeful spirit.—Belgium has at length acceded to the literary convention with England.—The postage of letters between England and France has been reduced one-half. On and after Monday next, the charge for a letter between London and Paris, not exceeding a quarter of an ounce, will be 4*d.*—The Austrian authorities have ordered that in future the German language shall be used in all proceedings before the tribunals of Hungary. Latin has been hitherto used in their law proceedings.—As a result of the literary international treaty between France and Belgium, it is recorded that already the publishers of Paris have sent 10,000 volumes to Brussels, to be deposited in the *Bibliothèque Royale* of that city.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &amp;c.

## THE CHRISTMAS PIECES.

LYCEUM.—*Prince Prettypet and the Butterfly*: an Extravaganza, in two acts, by Mr. W. Brough.

OLYMPIC.—*The Yellow Dwarf and the King of the Gold Mines*: an Extravaganza, in one act, by J. R. Planché, Esq.

To be frank with my readers, I have not seen all the Christmas pieces yet; in fact, I have only seen two of them, and of these two only do I propose to give some account at present. The truth is, that I have been spending my Christmas out of town; and, not having the advantage of either ubiquity or the dis-

tinguished assistance of a corps of parliamentary reporters, I am compelled to confine my efforts within the limits of my powers; whilst a natural preference for my own opinion induces me to prefer waiting until I can judge for myself, above indorsing the verdicts of other people.

Having an old prejudice in favour of the Lyceum and its scenic splendours, I paid my first Christmas visit there. Here I am content to adopt the report which seems universally admitted, that this bears away the palm of excellence in *mise en scène* from all the others. The text of the Extravaganza is from the pen of Mr. W. Brough; and, but for a mystification about the originality of the plot, it scarcely seems to call for much remark. The mystification arose in this manner. The usual reports upon the Christmas pieces concurred in referring the authorship of the story to the Countess D'Aulnoy (no doubt the same wag was busy with the parliamentary reporters who hoaxed a great critic into believing that *Isabella* was a novelty); so Mr. W. Brough writes to the *Times*; and, after complaining that "it seems to be the general belief that there is no such thing in the present day as an English piece not taken from a French source," he lays claim to the sole and indisputable authorship of the fable upon which the plot is founded. Mr. Brough need not have been so hard upon a belief which he has done so much to establish: as for the plot, it is not much to boast of, and certainly not enough to write to the *Times* about; it is a flimsy little tale, barely strong enough to hold together the beautiful extravaganzas of the scene-painter, and perfectly destitute of point or moral. The dialogue is crammed with jokes, not very new; but the songs are neat and sparkling, and for the most part admirably adapted to the vocal powers of the artists. And what is the plot? Why, that *King Cocalorum* (Mr. F. Matthews) has a spoiled son, *Prince Prettypet* (Miss Harriet Gordon), and a shrewish wife, *Queen Peccapeppa* (Mrs. Frank Matthews); to tame this unruly boy, the distracted King can think of nothing better than matrimony, and so ambassadors are summoned from all neighbouring kingdoms, bearing portraits of their princesses, after the approved fairy-tale fashion. But the wayward Prince is so careless about marriage, that he leaves it to chance to determine his fate, and tells the ambassadors to draw lots for him; they do so, and the prize is flown away with by a butterfly. And now commences a great war with the Butterfly nation, every subject of *King Cocalorum* being engaged by command of his Majesty, and the hope of great reward, in the task of slaughtering as many butterflies as possible; *Gauzevieve* (Miss Martindale) the attendant spirit of *Millefiora* (Miss Oliver), the Queen of the Butterflies is in imminent danger of being caught, when she is rescued by *Prince Prettypet* in person; and to prove her gratitude she introduces him to the *Queen of the Butterflies*, who claims him as the husband of her daughter by virtue of the lot which was drawn at the raffie for a wife. But this lovely *Papillonetta* (Miss Fanny Ternan) is not forthcoming, being in the power of *Scarabeus*, King of the Beetles (Mr. J. Bland), from whose power the prince must rescue her. This he does most successfully, and the first act ends with a celebration of the nuptials in the Crystalline Haunt of the Butterflies, a charming scene of blue water, seen through glittering stalactite, and bathed in rosy light, and which offers an appropriate field for displaying the flexible graces of Rosina Wright, and her attendant train of be-winged and muslined butterflies. In act two, we find the happy couple enjoying domestic felicity "in a cottage near a wood," a felicity destined to be soon disturbed by the arts of *Scarabeus*, who, though shorn of his supernatural power, has enough of human guile to make man and wife jealous of each other. The arts of the seducer are, however, finally unmasked; and to ensure the happiness and gain the confidence of her husband, the fair butterfly *Papillonetta* abandons flighty ways to become a mortal like himself; and the piece ends, in a blaze of splendour, with the exhibition of a magnificent piece of complex machinery, all gold and silver, and amethyst and ruby, nymphs in gauzy dresses hanging in graceful wreaths about the beautiful Butterfly Queen: a rosy halo of splendour lights up the glittering tableau, and there remains upon the mind a confused impression of tasteful magnificence such as Beverley himself never before produced upon us. There is an underplot about a plot to dethrone *King Cocalorum*, in which Mr. Basil Baker, Miss Eglinton, and Miss Talbot appear to be interested, but which is of no great interest to the spectator, or importance to the progress of the piece.

For the "Yellow Dwarf," it is enough to say that it is Planché's to infer that it is well written, easy, polished, and graceful. In this story (which is taken from the Countess D'Aulnoy) it is a princess who is to be married; *Princess Alfair* (Miss E. Ormonde), the only daughter of *Queen Indulgenta* (Mrs. Fitzallan). The fair princess is concealed and unwilling to wed; in vain for her sue "half a dozen bran new sovereigns." *Meliodorus*, King of the Gold Mines (Miss St. George), is the favoured one, if any, but even he not very much. This is very anything to the Queen-Mother, who, being somewhat of a match-maker, is very anxious for her to look kindly upon *Meliodorus*; so she hastens to consult the fairy *Haridan* (Miss Marston), who resides in a desert guarded by lions.

To pr  
but, t  
Mr. I  
she or  
fair to  
her fa  
perple  
last o  
Yellow  
line of  
this is  
for the  
the le  
his p  
Yellow  
to the  
Mingl  
Mr. R  
trates  
not co  
it, wit  
appear  
piece, a  
admir  
Dwarf  
for she  
In the  
all suc

PAN  
attract  
Mr. B  
the ent  
here th  
country  
of the  
distanc  
Russian  
so adv  
to prai  
much a  
only to  
distinct  
ness of

Adventu  
1*s.* 6*d.*  
Alison's  
4*d.* cl.  
Alone, 2  
Antipode  
Archibold  
edit. 1  
Art-Jour  
A Tour i  
5*s.* cl.  
Ashton C  
Areling's  
9*s.* cl.  
Aytoun's  
Barnard's  
Water  
Barnum's  
edit. 25  
Baumgar  
27*s.* cl.  
Bell's Eng  
2*s.* 6*d.*  
Bentley's  
6*s.* cl.  
Bentley's  
dotte."  
Biographi  
6*s.* 6*d.*  
Bohn's Str  
2 vols. 3  
Bohn's Br  
3*s.* 6*d.*  
Bohn's Ec  
men," 5  
Bohn's A  
Bohn."  
Bohn's Cl  
3*s.* cl.  
Bohn's E  
Kelly,"  
Boyle's F  
5*s.* bds.  
Brabazon's  
Braithwa  
6*s.* cl.  
Brewster's  
British Im  
Bruce's (D  
Bucknill's  
Buttery's  
trated by  
Cain, by C  
Chambers'  
Charles Ra  
Charm, Th  
Chesand's  
Christmas  
Christmas  
Co helms"  
Cowper's T  
Cowper's T  
Crescent ar  
Crosby's B  
Cunningham  
2 vols. 12  
Cure of Go  
Curtis's (G  
8*s.* 12*s.*



To propitiate the lions she carries a basket of cakes; but, these being stolen by the Yellow Dwarf *Gambogie* (Mr. F. Robson), she is in imminent danger, from which she only escapes by promising the hand of the fair *All-fair* to the hideous *Gambogie*. To this promise he holds her fast; and it is not until after great difficulty, sore perplexity, and many crosses, that *King Meliodorus* at last obtains the object of his wishes in spite of the Yellow Dwarf. One fact shines clearly out of every line of this piece—that it was written for Mr. Robson: this has cramped *Planché*, and sufficiently accounts for the no less undoubted fact that it is, as a whole, the least effective piece which has proceeded from his pen. In one point of view, however, "The Yellow Dwarf" is perfectly successful—its adaptation to the character of the actor for whom it was written. Mingling tragedy with burlesque, the quality which Mr. Robson illustrates is the *Grotesque*, and he illustrates it to perfection. This peculiarity of the piece was not comprehended by the other artists who supported it, with the single exception of Mrs. Fitzallan; who appeared, indeed, to enter fully into the spirit of the piece, and, by taking her tone from Mr. Robson, gave an admirable pendant to the character of the Yellow Dwarf. This lady should rise high in the profession; for she plays naturally, and she plays with intellect.

In the next number I hope to give some account of all such other of the Christmas pieces as survive.

JACQUES.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE. — The greatest attraction of the season is a panorama just opened by Mr. Burford—*The Battle of the Alma*. It presents the entire of the battle-field; and it is only by a visit here that any clear conception can be formed of the country, the positions of the armies, and the gallantry of the attack. Seen thus, with relative heights and distances correctly given, the wonder grows that the Russians could by any force have been driven from so advantageous a position. It is scarcely necessary to praise the beauty of the picture as a work of art, much as it deserves it, for everybody will go, if it be only to see the details of this great battle presented distinctly and accurately to their eyes with the vividness of reality.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adventures of Capt. O'Sullivan, by W. H. Maxwell, new edit. 1s. 6d.  
 Alison's History of Europe, Vol. VIII., People's edit. post 8vo. 4s. cl.  
 Alone, 2nd edit. 2s. 6d.  
 Antipodes; or, the New Existence, by a Clergyman, 31s. 6d.  
 Archbold's New Practice of Courts of Common Law, 2nd edit. 11. 15s.  
 Art-Journal for 1854, 4to. 31s. 6d.  
 A Four Round my Garden, trans. from the French of Farr, 5s. cl.  
 Ashton Cottage, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Avelling's (Rev. T. W.) Voices of Many Waters, post 8vo. 9s. cl.  
 Ayton's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, 8th edit. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Barnard's Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water Colours, illust. 20s. cl. gilt.  
 Barnum's Life, by Himself. Author's edit. 7s. 6d.; cheap edit. 2s. 6d.  
 Baumgarten, (M.) Acts of the Apostles, translated, 3 vols. 27s. cl.  
 Bell's English Poets, Vol. XIII. "Chaucer, Vol. II." 7s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Bentley's Monthly Vols. "Jesse's Court of England, Vol. I." 6s. cl.  
 Bentley's Standard Novels, Vol. CXXVI. "Cooper's Wyandotté," 2s. 6d.  
 Biographical Cat. of Principal Italian Painters, by a Lady, 6s. 6d.  
 Bohn's Standard Library, "James's Richard Cœur de Lion," 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
 Bohn's British Classics, "Gibbon's Roman Empire," Vol. VI. 3s. 6d.  
 Bohn's Ecclesiastical Lib. "Ecclesiastical History of Sozomen," 5s.  
 Bohn's Antiq. Lib. "Handbook of Proverbs, collected by Bohn," 5s.  
 Bohn's Classical Library, "Pliny's Natural History," Vol. I. 5s. cl.  
 Bohn's Extra Vols. "Boccaccio's Decameron, trans. by Kelly," 3s. 6d.  
 Boyle's Fashionable Court and Country Guide, 1855, 24mo. 5s. bds.  
 Brabazon's (E. J.) Home Happiness, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Brathwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. XXX. 6s. cl.  
 Brewster's (Sir David) More Worlds than One, 6s. cl.  
 British Imperial Calendar (The) for 1855, 12mo. 5s. cl.  
 Bruce's (Dr.) Biography of Samson, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.  
 Bucknill's (J. C.) Unsoundness of Mind, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Butler's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast, by Roscoe, illustrated by Meadows, 2s. 6d. bds.  
 Cain, by Charles Boner, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Californian Crusade (The), 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Chambers's Journal, Vol. II. new series, 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Charles Random, by Thos. White, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.  
 Charm, The, 3rd Series, illustrated, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Chesand's (W.) Druses of the Lebanon, 8vo. 14s. cl.  
 Christmas's (Rev. H.) Christian Politics, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Christmas Day, by Christian Le Ros, 8vo. 1s. bds.  
 Church of England Magazine, Vol. XXXVII. imp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.  
 Co heires of Willingham, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Cowper (W.), The Life of, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Cowper's Task: illustrated by Birket Foster, 4to. 18s. cl. gilt.  
 Crescent and Cross, by Elliot Warburton, new. ed. post 8vo. 6s.  
 Crosby's Builder's Price Book, 1855, 8vo. 4s. swd.  
 Cumming's Five Years of Hunter's Life in South America, 2 vols. 12s.  
 Curse of Gold (The), by B. W. Jameson, 8vo. 1s. bds.  
 Curtis's (G. F.) History, &c. of the United States, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 De Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France, 4 v. 14s.  
 Dod's (C. R.) Parliamentary Companion for 1855, royal 32mo. 4s. 6d.  
 Doran's (Dr.) Habits and Men, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Drummond's Engravings of the New Testament, 8vo. 8s.  
 East India Register and Army List for 1855, 8vo. 10s. swd.  
 Ellen Montgomery's Bookcase, 'Mr. Rutherford's Children,' Vol. 2, 16mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Elliot's Nature and Use of Logarithms, &c. 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Encyclopædia Britannica, 8th edit. Vol. VII. 4to. 24s. cl.  
 Ency. Met. Vol. XXX. Airy's Treatise on Trigonometry, 2s. 6d.  
 Englishwoman in Russia, by a Lady, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Evans' (Rev. J. H.) Memoir, &c. by Rev. J. J. Evans, 2nd edit. 7s. 6d.  
 Excelsior, Vol. 2, cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
 Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs, fcp. 3s. bds.  
 Family Friend, Vol. X. new series, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio, 1st and 2nd series, 1 vol. 2s.  
 Footsteps of St. Paul, by Author of 'The Faithful Promiser,' 5s. cl.  
 Francatelli's (C. E.) Modern Cook, 9th edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Fraser's (Rev. R. W.) Elements of Physical Science, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.  
 Frost upon the Pane, royal 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.  
 Galloway, Messiah Theologically and practically contemplated 9s.  
 Germany, during the Insurrection of 1848, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Gilbert's (J. T.) History of the City of Dublin, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Gillespie's Necessary Existence of God, new edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Gleig's School Series: 'Tate's Experimental Chemistry,' 18mo. 1s.  
 Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Parish Sermons, 3rd series, 12mo. 7s. cl.  
 Green-eyed Monster (The), by Whitshinabe, fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
 Griswold's (R. W.) Republican Court, &c. illust. sm. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.  
 Gunning's (H.) Reminiscences of Cambridge, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 21s.  
 Guizot (M.) The Fine Arts, &c. 2nd edit. sq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Guy's (J.) British Spelling-Book, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Hamberg, The Chinese Rebel Chief, Hung-Siu-Tsuen, 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Hargrave's (E. H.) Australia and its Goldfields, post 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Hay's (Hon. and Rev. S.) Remains, Memoir by Dr. Graham, 6s. cl.  
 Headley's (Rev. P. C.) Women of the Bible, fcp. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Heliand; or, Adventures in the Sun, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Heroines of Charity, with Preface by Aubrey de Vere, fcp. 2s. 6d.  
 Hervey's (Lord) Reign of George the Second, new edit. 2 vols. 21s.  
 Hildred, the Daughter, by Newton Crosland, illustrated, 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Hiley's Practical English Composition, Key to Part I, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 History of Our Blessed Lord, easy verse, 2nd edit. illust. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Hoppus's (E.) Tables for Measuring, new edit. oblong, 3s. cl. roan.  
 Horace, by H. Owgan, LL.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Horace's Odes, Epodes, &c. by H. Owgan, LL.D., 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.  
 Humphrey's Origin and Progress of Art of Writing, 2nd edit. 21s.  
 Hutton's (Dr.) Mathematical Tables, 12th edit. royal 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Introductory Sketch of Sacred History, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 James's (J.) Evangelical Life, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Jay's (Rev. W.) Autobiography, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Jenk's Devotions for Families, Improved by Simeon, 2s.  
 Johnson's (G. W.) Cottage Gardener, Vol. XII. 4to. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Johnston's (J. F. W.) Chemistry of Common Life, Vol. II. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Jullien's Cadeau for 1855, folio, 5s. swd.  
 Keene's (H. G.) Ex Eremos. Poems, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Kempis's (Thos. O.) Imitation of Christ, new edit. fcp. 5s. cl.  
 Kidd (W.) The World and its Two Faces, 12mo. 1s. swd.  
 Knighton's (W., M.A.) Training in Streets and Schools, fcp. 8vo. 1s.  
 Knighton's (C.) Knowledge is Power, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Lacy's (F. E.) Merry Sparks for a Winter Hearth, fcp. 1s. bds.  
 Law's (Ven. H.) "Christ is All," Genesis, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 Laxton's Builder's Price Book for 1855, 12mo. 1s. cl.  
 Leaves from Life, by L. N. small 4to. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt.  
 Le Mesurier's (Rev. H.) Mer-cur-ius, or the Word-maker, 8vo. 6s.  
 Leslie's (C. R.) Handbook for Young Painters, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Light on the Dark River, Memorials, Mrs. Hamelin, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
 Linwood's (Rev. W.) Treatise on Greek Tragic Metres, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Little Boy's Own Book of Sports, illustrated, sq. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Long Vacation (The), royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Lord's (P. B.) Popular Physiology, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.  
 Mackenzie's (W. B.) Bible Characters, vol. 2, 8vo. 3s. cl.  
 Mackenzie's (Mrs. C.) Life in the Mission, &c. new edit. 2 vols. 15s.  
 Magazine for the Young, 1854, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.  
 Mahon's (Lord) History of England, Vol. 7, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.  
 Mair's Introduction to Latin Syntax, new edit. by Dr. Carson, 3s.  
 March Winds and April Showers, 12mo. 5s. cl.  
 March's (H.) Sabbaths at Home, new. edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Masius (Dr.), Studies from Nature, translated by C. Boner, 8s. 6d.  
 Mayne's (F.) Life of Nicholas I. Emperor of Russia, 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Midland Florist (The) vol. 8, 12mo. 4s. cl.  
 Mind of Jesus, by Author of 'Morning and Night Watches,' 8d.  
 McIntosh's (C.) Book of the Garden, vol. 2, royal 8vo. 1l. 17s. 6d. cl.  
 Mitchell's (J.) Jail Journal, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Monastery and the Mountain, illust. square 16mo. 4s. cl. swd.  
 Monro's (Rev. E.) Journey Home, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Monthly Packet, vol. 8, f. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Monthly Record of Church Missions for 1854, f. 3s. cl.  
 Morell's (J. R.) Neighbours of Russia, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Mouse and her Friends, trans. by J. E. Taylor, f. 3s. bds.  
 More's Language and Lit. of Ancient Greece, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 36s.  
 My Brother, the Man of Many Friends, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.  
 Murray's (Dr.) Chloroform in Childbirth, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Murray's Railway Readings, 'Rejected Addresses, by J. and H. Smith,' f. 1s. swd.; 'Notes from Life, by H. Taylor,' f. 2s. swd.  
 Naturalist (The), Vol. IV., illustrated, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Nautical Magazine, for 1854, 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.  
 Nelson's (Lord) Family Prayers, 3rd edit. 24mo. 1s. 6d. roan.  
 Newland's Confirmation and First Communion, 2nd edit. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Nichol's (Sir G.) History of the English Poor Law, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.  
 Nieritz's (G.) Tales for the Young, 18mo. 3s. cl.  
 North's (Rev. J. W.) Sermons at Trinity Church, Greenwich, 2s. 6d.  
 Oakleigh Mascott, a Novel, by L. Howe, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.  
 Odessa and its Inhabitants, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.  
 Official Handbook of Church and State, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.  
 Orr's Circle of the Sciences, Vol. II., 'Mathematical Sciences, Vol. I.' 3s. 6d.  
 Parlour Library, Vol. CXX., 'Hunter's Feast,' by Captain M. Reid, 1s. 6d.  
 Penny Post, Vol. IV. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Pepys's Diary, edited by Lord Braybrooke, new edit. 4 vols. 24s. cl.  
 Phillip's (C.) Questions in Geography, 18mo. 1s. sewed.  
 Plurality of Worlds, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Poetry and Prose, Supplement to 'Daily Lesson Book, No. 3,' 2s.  
 Preces Pauline, or Devotions of the Apostle Paul, f. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Private Devotions at the Psalmist's Hours of Prayer, 18mo. 2s. cl.  
 Public Carriages of Great Britain, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.  
 Pullan's (Mrs.) Maternal Counsels to a Daughter, f. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Railway Library: 'Heir of Selwood,' by Mrs. Gore, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
 Ranking's Half-Yearly Abstract of Medical Sciences, Vol. XX. 6s. 6d.  
 Royal Kalendar and Court and City Register, 1855, 12mo. 5s.  
 Run and Read Library: 'Mary Anne Wellington,' new edition. 1s. 6d.  
 Scripture Notes on New Testament, 1st and 2nd Years, 1 vol. 48s.  
 Scripture Text Examples, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl. swd.  
 Scrope's Salmon Fishing in the Tweed, &c. 2nd edit. illust. 31s. 6d.  
 Scudamore's (W. E., M.A.) England and Rome, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Sebastopol: a Poem, by Mrs. Y. Smythies, fcp. 8vo. 1s. swd.  
 Select Library of Fiction: 'Ruth,' fcp. 2s. bds.  
 Sigourney's (Mrs. L. H.) Biographies of Brave and Good, 1s. 6d.  
 Smith's Precious Things from the Everlasting Hills, 32mo. 2s. cl.  
 Specimens of Sacred, Pathetic, and Serious Poetry, new edit. 2s. 6d.  
 Step Son, by F. N. Dyer, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl.  
 Strickland's (Agnes) Queens of Scotland, Vol. V. cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Sunlight through the Mist, new edit. illust. square 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Syntax (Dr.) Three Tours of, Part I. royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
 Tales for Christmas and the New Year, 32mo. 1s. bds.  
 Tatham (Emma), The Dream of Pythagoras, 2nd edit. 5s. cl.  
 Teacher's Offering for 1854, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 The Three Boys, by J. E. Hay, illust. 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. cold.  
 Thirty Years of Foreign Policy, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Thomas's (Rev. D.) Crisis of Being, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
 Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, new edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 24s.  
 Titmarsh's (M. A.) Rose and the Ring, 2nd edit. sq. 5s. bds.  
 Tit for Tat, by a Lady, post 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Tourgenief's (L.) Russian Life in the Interior, f. 8vo. cl. 6s.  
 Trav. Lib., 'Mayne's Voyages and Discoveries in Arctic Regions,' 12s.  
 Treasury of Manners and Customs for Young, by W. Anderson 3s.  
 Tupper's Lyrics of the Heart and Mind, f. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Tyas's (R.) Beautiful Birds, Vol. II., illus. f. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 Unspeakeable (The) cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Walker's (Rev. R. F.) Memoir, by Rev. T. Pyne, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Ward's Growth of Plants in Closely-Glazed Cases, 6s.  
 Warren's (S.) Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age, people's edit. post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Warren's (S.) Lily and the Bee, people's edit. post 8vo. 2s. cl.  
 Warren's (S.) Now and Then, people's edit. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Water Lily, by Harriet Myrtle, illust. 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured.  
 Watts's Divine and Moral Songs, illustrated on cloth, 12mo. 1s.  
 Wheel of Life (The) by John Mills, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
 Whewell's (Dr.) Elements of Morality, 3rd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 Who's Who in 1855? 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl. gilt.  
 Will my Readers go to Spain? cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Williams's Short History of the Waldensian Church, 8vo. 5s.  
 Wolf's (J. F.) Fairy Tales, illust. by Harvey, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Wonderful Drama of Punch and Judy, illust. 1s. plain; 2s. col.  
 Wordsworth's (Dr.) Athens and Attica, 3rd edit. cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Wright's Kiss for a Blow, illustrated edit. royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Youth's Magazine, 1854, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Yvan's (Dr.) Six Months among the Malays, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

#### OBITUARY.

FAUCHER, M. Leon, an eminent French writer on questions of political economy. Amongst his productions are two large volumes, called "Etudes sur l'Angleterre," one of the best and most serious books on our country published in France. M. Faucher played a leading part in political affairs, and was for some time a cabinet minister.

MATHIESON, Peter at Abbotford, aged 84 or 85, for nearly thirty years coachman to Sir Walter Scott. He was brother-in-law of Sir Walter's faithful Tom Purdie, and was taken into the poet's service about the year 1804, when Scott first set up a carriage. The pages of "Lockhart's Life" make frequent mention of the trusty and favourite charioter. The bowling-green at Abbotford was placed where it is, in order that Sir Walter might listen of an evening to the voice of prayer and praise from the coachman's cottage.

ROUTH, the Rev. Martin Joseph, D.D., and President of Magdalen College, Oxford, aged 99. Dr. Routh had held the headship upwards of sixty years.





Now ready, 150 pp., 100 Woodcuts, and Ten Plates, price 5s.

## AN ESSAY ON

## Church Furniture and Decoration:

FORMING

A Manual of the Archaeology, and a Guide to the Restoration, of the Interior Decoration and Furniture of Churches.

Contents:—

General Arrangement of Ancient Churches.  
Polychrome—Wall Paintings—Stained Glass.  
Communion Table—Chair Rails.  
Chancel Screens—Stalls.  
Wall-hangings—Door Curtains—Carpets and Mats—  
Altar-cloths—Embroidery.

Reading-desk—Lettern—Pulpit—Pews.  
Clerical Vestments—Church Plate—Lighting of Churches.  
Tile Pavements.  
Monuments.  
Bier and Pall, &c. &c. &c.

Reprinted from the *Clerical Journal and Church and University Chronicle*. With additional Engravings and Plates.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.,

Honorary Secretary of the Essex Archaeological Society; Author of "The Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses" published under the Sanction of the Central Committee of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The book is evidently the work of one who wishes the Church well, and would see it as well cared for and furnished as it generally was in the middle ages. . . . The volume is worth thought an study by men on both sides of this somewhat difficult question."—*Art Journal*.

"This little book has sprung out of an acknowledged want. . . . Mr. Cutts has searched both ancient and mediæval history for whatever in reference to his subject has been set forth by authority, or received the sanction of general usage; and in this essay he has endeavoured, we think successfully, to apply the principles of revived Gothic to the internal decoration and furniture of modern Gothic churches."—*Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*.

"We have been greatly interested in Mr. Cutts's book; which is rich in curious information—historical, archaeological, and artistic. The illustrations have a value and interest of their own."—*The Nonconformist*.

"Mr. Cutts is fully master of his subject, and his name is already known to a wide circle in connection with previous archaeological researches. Scottish Churchmen—our brethren of the Episcopal communion excepted—have comparatively little concern with the subject-matter of the volume, from which, however, they may derive some valuable hints; but the work is, nevertheless, well worthy of their perusal, as opening up a store of curious information, and giving them some notion of the importance which has frequently been attached to the details connected with the internal arrangements of the sanctuary, by those who adhere to the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Church of England."—*Church of Scotland Magazine*.

"The treatise is fairly well done. Mr. Cutts is particularly strong as to the necessity of reviving polychrome, and often writes very sensibly on this subject."—*The Ecclesiologist*.

"We are glad to meet Mr. Cutts in the field of Ecclesiology, in which he is so intelligent and zealous a labourer. . . . For those who have not seen it, we may mention that his book discusses shortly, yet with an abundance of knowledge, all the leading subjects connected with the services and adornment of a church. . . . His manual might be consulted with advantage by the majority of those who have to do with the decoration of our churches and the direction of our services."—*The Guardian*.

"An able essay."—*Spectator*.  
"The author writes from an evident love of, and full acquaintance with, the subject of which he treats. His readers will find the essay full of entertaining matter. The author's researches have been prosecuted in a careful and painstaking manner; his work is very reasonable in regard to price; and is decidedly the best manual and summary of information regarding 'Church Furniture and Decoration' which has as yet fallen under our notice."—*Northern Standard* (Edinburgh).

"It will be difficult to estimate too highly the usefulness of a book like the present, in which an Ecclesiologist of Mr. Cutts's standing and well-known accomplishments gives us the benefit of his practical advice and sensible observations. . . . The work is very prettily illustrated, and will form as agreeable and satisfactory a manual as we can imagine on the Internal Decoration of Churches."—*Essex Gazette*.

Copies may be obtained, postage free, direct from the Publisher, or by order of any Bookseller.

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex street, Strand, London.

**BEDDING.—ECONOMY, DURABILITY, and COMFORT.**—J. and S. STEER'S SPRING and FRENCH MATTRESSES make the most elastic and most bed. A price list of every description of bedding, blankets, and quilts, sent free. Bedsteads: Arabian, four-post, French, and other styles, in birch, mahogany, &c.; patent iron and brass bedsteads on the most improved principles. Cribbs, cots, &c.; bedroom furniture of every description. Floor Down, Quilts in silk and cotton cases.—J. and S. STEER, Bedding, Bedstead, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 13, Oxford-street, London.

**THE SHAMEFUL PRICE OF CANDLES** has produced its remedy, by the introduction of a new FRENCH MODERATOR TABLE LAMP, for sale, giving the light of three candles at the cost of one. Everybody should have it. Every variety equally reasonable. Cheap, choice, and extensive.—SMITH, 291, Strand, exactly opposite Norfolk-street.

**BEDDOME'S POWDERS, an Alternative** Apert for Bilious and Liver Complaints, and the best Medicine for Children. Highly valued in Adelaide and Sydney.—Sold by BARCLAY and SONS, Farringdon-street, and SANGER, 150, Oxford-street. Is. 1/4d. a packet.

**A GENTLEMAN** having come into possession of valuable RECIPES for the CURE of NERVOUSNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, and CONSUMPTION, will be happy to forward them gratis, on receipt of a directed stamped envelope. Address Mr. D. OFFORD, 67 A, Great Russell-street, Russell-square, London.

**IMPORTANT TO POTATO GROWERS.**  
**HAY, SANGSTER, and Co.,** are now ready to send out their celebrated Stock of SEED POTATOES from prepared cuttings, now completely free from disease, of the following sorts, viz.:—Early Brington Kidney, per bushel, 12s.; Early Oxford, 10s.; Early American, 8s.; York Regatta, 6s.; Scotch Cups, 6s. Package and delivery in London, 9d. per bushel, and 2s. per sack. Newington Butts, London.

**AMERICAN PLANTS.—JOHN WATERER** begs to announce that he has published a new Catalogue of his Rhododendrons, &c., as exhibited by him in the Gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's-park, London. It describes the colours of all the Rhododendrons considered worthy of cultivation, with a Treatise on their successful management, and may be had by inclosing two postage-stamps.—The AMERICAN NURSERY, BAGSHOT, SURREY, near Farnborough Station, South-Western Railway.

**MARION'S RESILIENT BODICE and CORSALETTI DI MEDICI.**  
"So highly recommended by the faculty, and now so extensively patronized by the elite of our aristocracy, we need hardly say that all whom we have any influence over shall in future wear them."—*Editor of the Courier*.

They combine firmness with elasticity, fit closely, fasten easily in front, retain the original symmetry of their adjustment, and are judiciously adapted to every varying condition of the female form. Ladies in health, Convalescents, and Invalids wear them, with equal satisfaction, and, having experienced the Comfort and Advantages they assure, will not return to the ordinary Stays and their attendant evils.

**PATENTED IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, and AUSTRIA.**  
Enlarged Prospectuses, with Illustrations, details of Prices (from 14s.; children's, 8s.), explicit Directions for Self-measurement, &c., on receipt of two stamps for postage.  
All Country Orders sent (without extra charge) carriage-paid or post-free.  
Messdames MARION and MAITLAND, Patentees and sole Manufacturers, 44, Connaught-terrace, Hyde Park, London.

**PATENT INDIA-RUBBER KNIFEBOARD.**  
A new, cheap, and effectual Substitute for Buff, &c., in knife-cleaning, at about one-half the price. Families who appreciate a clean, well-polished knife, without uselessly wearing it out, should try one, being the best and cheapest yet introduced. Manufactured by CROWDEN and GARRIB, successors to Thomas, Smith, and Co., Wholesale Brush-makers and General Factors, Wholesale Agents for Barham's Patent Cocoa Fibre Brushes, &c. Goddard's Non-mercurial Fat Powder, Falcon-square, London. Sold by Ironmongers, &c., in almost every town. Prices 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. each.

**EVENING AMUSEMENTS.—Parties, Schools, &c.,** provided with all kinds of AMUSEMENTS, consisting of Parlor Magic, Dissolving Views, Fantoccini, Punch, &c. Christmas-tree ornaments in endless variety. Parties residing in the Country can have any quantity sent, by inclosing a remittance to Merry's Fancy Repository, 380, Oxford-street. All the new popular games, including the Game of the Regatta, French Cricket, and the latest assortment of novelties for presents, in French, German, and English toys, puzzles, dolls, houses, rocking-horses, and elegances in fancy articles impossible to catalogue. Copy the address, MERRY'S, 380, Oxford-street.—The Racing Game, all sizes, from 1s. to 10s. 10d. Sample for seven stamps.

**W. RICHARDS, No. 370, Oxford-street,** Manufacturer of the CRYSTAL PALACE FLOWER BASKETS to the original and a variety of other new and elegant DESIGNS FOR THE CONSERVATORY, WINTER GARDEN, Saloon, Hall, &c. No. 1, THE QUEEN'S PATTERNS; No. 2, PRINCE OF WALES; No. 3, PRINCE ALBERT PATTERNS; THE DUCHESS, the Countess, the Gothic, Grecian, Scandinavian, Southern, African, and other patterns. BASKETS, FLOWERS, BASKETS, from 4s. to two guineas and upwards. Wire-work of every description, for use and ornament. WINDOW-BLINDS of all sorts.—No. 370, OXFORD-STREET, nearly opposite the Princess's Theatre, VIA RAIL, and the terminus of the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. A Pattern-sheet may be obtained on application per post, &c.—N.B. Crocus Baskets in variety.

**KNOW THYSELF!** The secret art of DISCOVERING THE TRUE CHARACTER OF INDIVIDUALS from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised by ELEN GRAHAM with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age (inclosing thirteen penny post stamps), to Miss GRAHAM, 3, New-road, Hornsey, Middlesex, and they will receive in a few days a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, failings, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected.

**THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.**  
The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced twenty years ago by WILLIAM B. BURTON, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Ten Spoons, per dozen	18s.	22s.	32s.
Desert Forks	30s.	40s.	45s.
Desert Spoons	30s.	42s.	45s.
Table Forks	40s.	50s.	64s.
Table Spoons	40s.	50s.	66s.

Tea and coffee sets, waiters, canes of Newman-street; at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process, at proportionate prices.

**CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.**  
Fiddle. Thread. King's.  
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen 12s. 24s. 30s.  
Do do do do do do do do do 10s. 21s. 25s.

WILLIAM B. BURTON HAS TEN LARGE SHOW ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated and Japanned Wares, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding, &c.) so arranged and assisted that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.  
Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.  
25, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1, 2, and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, FERRY'S PLACE.

**RIDING LESSONS during the HOLIDAYS.**  
Ponies for Young Gentlemen and Ladies at the GROSVENOR RIDING SCHOOL, 22, South-street, Park-lane. Mr. JOHN HAWKINS, Proprietor.

**USEFUL PRESENT.—THE BABY JUMPER and NURSERY YACHT** are most interesting articles for the nursery. Manufactured and sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by H. S. ROBERTS and CO., 18, Tichborne-street, Regent-quadrant. Circulars and list of prices on application.

**DEBILITY, &c.—Capt. BAILEY,** having restored himself to robust health, after years of suffering from debility and general weakness, is anxious to make known to others the means of cure (which are exceedingly simple, and can be used by all). He will, therefore, send the same free, on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.  
Address 153, Piccadilly, London.

**HAIR DYE.—BACHELOR'S COLUMBIAN.**—There is none so good. The British public are particularly requested to ask for Bachelor's, and observe the name and addresses of R. HOVENDEN, 22, King-street, Regent-street, and 37 and 38, Crown-street, Finsbury, on each New York original packet; and if it cannot be obtained of perfumers, it will be certainly supplied genuine at the above addresses. The trade will find it by far the best dye extant. Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s. each packet.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH** of the best, cheapest, and most durable description. Manufactured and adapted solely by Mr. THOS. LUKYN, with guaranteed success, on his improved French mode of mechanical construction. Read Lukyn's "Essay on the Teeth," with Illustrations, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d., by post, 3s. 4, Upper George-street, Bryanston-square.

**GROUX'S IMPROVED SOAP COMPANY,** Wholesale Warehouses, 30, Minorities; 6, Pool-street, Manchester; Fletcher-gate, Nottingham; Union-street, Glasgow; and 150, Front-street, New York.—"Health, Cleanliness, and Economy." The new TOILET and FANCY SOAPS made by this Company, are beautifully scented, and framed in models so unique that the most fastidious adhere them on the toilet table; they give health and beauty to the skin, and are recommended by Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S. Their household cleansing Soaps wash freely in the hardest water. No soda need be used.

**TO INVALIDS.—COOPER'S DISPENSING ESTABLISHMENT,** 25, Oxford-street, London. The preparation of Prescriptions is carried on entirely distinct from the Retail Business, competent assistants only are engaged, no apprentices being employed. Medicines are dispatched immediately they are prepared, without any additional charge, to St. John's Wood, Baywater, Notting-hill, Fulham, Pimlico, Camberwell, City, Islington, Camden-town, Kentish-town, and all intermediate distances.

**COOPER'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF MEDICAL APPARATUS, DRUGS, &c.,** forwarded free by post. Brass Lavement or Enema Apparatus, 10s.; Fountain Enema Apparatus, 18s.; Reservoir Apparatus, 27s.; Improved Lavement Apparatus for administering the whole of the Injection at one stroke of the piston, 3s.

**COOPER'S 80s. MEDICINE CHEST,** containing Drug and fourteen Stopped Bottles, Scales, Knife, Measure, in Mahogany Box with Lock and Key and printed directions for administration. Leather Cases containing four Cut Glass Stopped Bottles, 4s. 9d. Stopped Bottles in Boxwood Cases from 1s. upwards; Graduated Measure Glasses from 1s.; with every other article necessary for the relief and comfort of Invalids, at a considerable reduction on the usual charges. Orders, accompanied by a remittance of 30s. forwarded free to any railway station.—WILLIAM T. COOPER, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 26, Oxford-street, London.

**TO HOLDERS OF RAILWAY SHARES** and Debentures, English or Foreign, and other Transferable Securities.—MONEY ADVANCED on the above-mentioned securities at 5 per cent. per annum, for periods not shorter than six months nor longer than three years.  
Apply to Mr. COLLINS, Solicitor, 5, Crescent-place, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

**WINTER HOSIERY,** warm, soft, elastic, durable, and economical, for family use and invalids; also Under Clothing, Coloured Flannels, Rugs, &c., in great variety, for the Army and Navy.—At POPE and PLANTER'S, 4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London.

**THE 16s. TROUSERS REDUCED to 14s.;** Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.; Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s. Made to order, from Scotch Tweeds, all work, thoroughly shrunk, by R. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street. N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

**CAMBRIDGE.—OVER'S RESTAURANT, DINING, and REFRESHMENT ROOMS, 6, Bonnet-street, King's-parade.** Visitors to Cambridge will find here Comfort and Economy. A liberal Carte d'ôte. Private Rooms for Parties and Ladies, and Dinners to order. Families at Lodgings supplied with Dinners, &c. on moderate terms. Hot, Cold, Shower, and Vapour Baths always in readiness.

**PLUMBE'S ARROWROOT** should be used in preference to any other; it is patronised by the most eminent Physicians in London. Testimonials accompany each Packet.—A. S. PLUMBE, 3, Allie-place, Great Allie-street, Whitechapel.

**TO ALL BAD WRITERS.**  
**IMPROVED SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP,** by Mr. MARTER, at the Writing Institution, 93, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, City. Persons of any age (however bad their writing) can, by taking Eight Lessons, speedily acquire an expeditious and well-formed style of Penmanship, adapted either to business, professional pursuits, or private correspondence. Terms, 10s. 6d. The new style of writing particularly adapted to Ladies solely invented by Mr. Marter, taught in Six Lessons, for 10s. 6d. Young men prepared for the Public Offices and Mercantile pursuits in general, and then introduced to situations.

**THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,** for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

**ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS** for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a Pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children. Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desirous that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.  
Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 3s., and 10s. each.

## A Dream of an Ancient Christmas

(ILLUSTRATED) IN THE

CLERICAL JOURNAL AND CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE OF FRIDAY;

Also, Christmas Ecclesiastical Doings Abroad—the Christmas Musical Services in London Churches—and all the Theological Literature of the fortnight. A Copy post-free for nine stamps.

OFFICE, 29, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA METROPOLITANA.

New Edition, in a Series of Crown 8vo. volumes, each containing a complete treatise, and published every Second Month.

The Issue for the First Half of 1855 will be—

**A Treatise on Trigonometry.** By GEORGE B. AIRY, M.A., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal. Revised, and Questions added, by HUGH BLACKBURN, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. 2s. 6d. January 1.

**A Compendium of the Occult Sciences.** By Rev. E. SMEDLEY, M.A. March 1.

**A Manual of Geology.** By Professor PHILLIPS. May 1.

Also immediately, a Third and Cheaper Edition of

**A Manual of Botany.** By Professor BALFOUR. Revised by Dr. WILLIAMS. 10s. 6d.

RICHARD GRIFFIN and CO., London and Glasgow.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S WORKS.

Thoroughly Revised under the immediate care of the Author. In a Series of Post 8vo. Volumes, to be published Quarterly.

SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

Feb. 1. Vol. I.

Lives of Philosophers who Flourished in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

May 1. Vol. II.

Lives of Men of Letters who Flourished in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

Aug. 1. Vol. III.

Historical Sketches of the Great Statesmen of the Reign of George III. Vol. I.

Nov. 1. Vol. IV.

Historical Sketches of the Great Statesmen of the Reign of George III. Vol. II.

RICHARD GRIFFIN and CO., London and Glasgow.

Just published,

## LADIES OF THE REFORMATION.

By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON.

With above 100 Illustrations by J. GODWIN, J. W. ARCHER, &amp;c. Small 4to. cloth extra, 12s. 6d.; calf antique, 21s.

By the same Author,

## LADIES OF THE COVENANT.

Numerous Illustrations. Cloth extra, 7s. 6d.; calf antique, 14s.

BLACKIE and SON, Warwick-square, London; Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Just published, in crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d. cloth,

## BALDER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN."

SECOND EDITION. WITH PREFACE.

"In this poem we read a magnificent protest against the tendency of our age to materialism and positive philosophy and the apotheosis of mechanism and intellect. An age which everywhere manifests a blind atheistical dedication of force and power. The age to which of all others that trumpet-tongued text 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' needs to be preached and sung. There are two hundred and eighty-three pages in this book, and not one but contains fine thoughts, magnificent imagery, striking similes, or searching reflections. Of the wealth of thought revealed we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak, it is so great. We consider Balder to be the first and worthy part of a great poem—one of such a degree of greatness that it has scarce an equal in our century, and one that will take the public opinion some years to arrive at that greatness. To those who cannot see its purpose, we may say as the old chroniclers wrote of Shakspeare—'Read it again and again, and if so be you do not understand it then, there is manifest danger that you are not quick of comprehension.'—*Eclectic Review*.

"Genius is so unmistakably present in every page of the strange book before us, that to give examples from one, without injustice to the others, we find to be beyond possibility in the limits of a magazine review. We cannot, however, resist a passing allusion to the absence of all melodrama in those scenes which nevertheless reach the very bounds of the

dramatic, and to the instinctive avoidance of the horrible and attainment of the terrible, under circumstances of the highest tragedy. These general facts infer a quality of intuition in the author, which only the true critic can properly estimate; and in such passages as the portrait of Amy in scene twenty-eight, and the *adieu* of scene thirty-seven or scene twenty-four, he will recognise the same wonderful truth of instinct at work, in the calmest nooks and most pastoral quietudes of the many-coloured landscape of life."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

The lesson to be taught would make a grand theme for poetry, but only a crowned singer could hope to teach it. Let some large and wealthy mind study the darker possibilities of his own being—then the question may be neatly handled. Some such denizen of Parnassus—understanding by experience the peculiar temptations of high poetic temperament—knowing well all those airy illusive tongues that 'sylvan men's names' in the haunted wilderness of aspiration—looking steadily down that wrong turning, the gloomy avenue of that *via mala* he himself might have chosen—such an one could address his brethren, and all of us, with happiest effect. Qualifications adequate to an enterprise so worthy, Mr. Yendys unquestionably possesses; to some such purpose he appears to have devoted himself in the present poem, and, in our judgment, with signal success."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Recently published, in post 8vo. price 5s. cloth,

## THE ROMAN. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BALDER."

"Should any one after the preceding extracts doubt whether we have a new poet amongst us, we should almost despair of his conversion. But we should not abandon the attempt while we had such an argument in reserve as the ensuing description of the Colosseum."—*Athenæum*.

"How far the merit corresponds with the magnitude of the work there may be some difference of opinion, but none as to the genius and power of the author."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Any man might be proud to be the author of this poem, which, if the first production of an author hitherto unknown, is full of the richest promise; and at any rate shows that we have poets still among us, who, if they would but take equal pains with our older writers, are capable of achievements not any way inferior to theirs."—*Guardian*.

"The hand that has struck this lyre is the hand of a master."—*Sun*.

SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

**POTICHOMANIE.**—Mr. WRIGHT begs to call the attention of Ladies to this simple and Fashionable ART, recently introduced from Paris, by which plain glass patches are converted into beautiful imitations of India, Sèvres, and other styles of Vases. Personal instructions given, together with a set of materials, for 10s. 6d. By following Mr. Wright's method, a considerable saving of material will be effected. Specimens on view daily from 10 till 6.—102, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

**STAMMERING** perfectly and permanently CURED, in both Children and Adults. The system is easily understood and applied, and has been successfully pursued for the last twenty years, by Mr. BARTHOLOPE, who cured himself. References to clergymen, gentlemen, and the parents of children cured.—Address Mr. BARTHOLOPE, Melbourne-square, North Brixton. Children received into the House.

**THE PEN SUPERSEDED.**—The most easy, elegant, and best method of marking linen, books, &c., is with the PATENT ELECTRO SILVER PLATES. By means of this invention a thousand articles can be marked in ten minutes with initials, names, or crest. Any person can use them. Initial plate 6d.; name, 1s.; crest, 2s.; sent free, with instructions, on receipt of stamps, by the Inventor and Sole Patentee, T. CULLETON, 2, Long-acre. Beware of Imitations.

**BASS'S EAST-INDIA PALE ALE.** BARCLAY'S PORTER and STOUTS, in 18-gallon casks, bottles, half-bottles, and imperial pints, always in best condition. BERRY, BROTHERS, and Co., 3, St. James's-street, London.

**THE ROYAL CAMBRIDGE SHERRY.**—This noble Wine is purveyed to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; to her Majesty's Household; many of the highest Dignitaries of the Church; and to some of the principal clubs and messes. It is a pale, dry Sherry, of great firmness and character; while its stomachic qualities have been tested and strongly recommended by eminent medical men. It can only be had in England of the Importers, BELLINGHAM and Co., 4, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, in cases, 30s. per dozen; or in bond at 14s. per quart cask. Those prejudiced against advertised wines are earnestly desired to give this popular Sherry Wine a trial.

**THE CIGAR and SNUFF WAREHOUSES.**—Messrs. TOSSWILL and Co., Merchants and Importers. The largest stock in the Kingdom. Entrance to Warehouses, No. 4, Monument-yard, extending to 6, 7, and 8, Pudding-lane, London. Best Havana Cigars, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 12s. 6d. per lb. Maria Louis, 15s. 6d. Fine Regalias, 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. Cubas, 10s. 6d.; Tosswill's and Co's Royal Union, 12s. 6d.; and Prince Alberts, equal to foreign, 12s. 6d.; also their Latakia Cigars, 12s. 6d. Latakia Tobacco, 7s. 6d., with every other kind. The Earl of Harrington's Mixture, and all other choice Snuffs, 5s. 6d. per lb.

**C. S. TOZER** begs to invite the attention of Noblemen, Clergymen, the Legal Profession, and the Public generally, to his CHOICE OLD STOCK of the EARL OF HARRINGTON SNUFFS, as follows: his original recipes. These snuffs are made purely from tobacco of the best description; carefully selected, and laid down according to rule, so as to ensure to the public a continuance of the same flavour and pungency, without the aid of chemicals—an essential desideratum to the Connoisseur. Black Carrottes, 1st class, 10s. per lb, 2nd class, 8s. per lb; Copenhagen, 10s. per lb; Saint Omar, 10s. per lb; Saint Vincent, 10s. per lb; Bolongaro, 10s. per lb; Amersfort, 10s. per lb; Martinique, 10s. per lb; Robillard, 10s. per lb; First class full flavoured Old Cuba, 10s. per lb; Curacao, 8s. per lb; every other description of snuff at reasonable price. These snuffs may be had in any quantity. Packed in pound bottles, or in lead, air-tight, and sent to any part of the kingdom. 2lb Samples. Post-office orders payable at the Strand. C. S. TOZER, 48, Essex-street, Strand, London, Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist.

\* \* Foreign Cigars of the best brands.

## DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED FOR MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY, AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT MEDICAL MEN AS THE MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SOME DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTINE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—effecting a cure or alleviating suffering much more rapidly than any other kind.

### PURE AND UNADULTERATED.

#### TESTIMONIAL FROM

ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., F.R.S.,

Member of the Royal College of Physicians,

Physician to the Royal Free Hospital,

Author of 'Food and its Adulterations,' &amp;c. &amp;c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, with which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it some time previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the adulteration of Cod Liver Oil.

"I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Amongst the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil, and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration, by admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis, and this unknown to yourself, and I have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile.

"So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition.

I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.,

"Bennett-street, St. James's-street.

"1st December, 1854.

"To Dr. De Jongh, the Hague."

SOLD IN LONDON, by ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND. Dr. De Jongh's sole accredited Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions, and sent by them, CARRIAGE FREE, to all parts of Town.

May be obtained in the COUNTRY, from respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicine. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the Oil, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co. will forward four half-pint bottles to any part of England, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a remittance of 10s.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 9s.—IMPERIAL MEASURE.

**Caution.**—The bottles are labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, without which none are genuine. The Public are especially cautioned against frequent attempts to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the pretence that they are the same as Dr. De Jongh's, or equally efficacious.



This day is published, No. II., price 1s.  
THE

## MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

With Illustrations by PAIZ.

NEW NOVEL.

## THE HOUSE OF RABY; Or, Our Lady of Darkness.

3 vols. post 8vo.

"The Authoress has displayed powers which are great enough to enable her to take a very lofty position amongst the writers of Romance. . . . *The House of Raby* is one of the few romances of the day that will live."—*Daily News*.

Crown 8vo. price 8s. 6d.

## STUDIES FROM NATURE.

BY DR. HERMANN MASIUS.

Translated by CHARLES BOKER, Author of "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria."

With Illustrations by E. HASSE, of Leipzig.

Cheap Edition, price 2s.

## RUTH: a Novel.

By the Author of "Mary Barton."

"A sad tale, most sweetly told; a Christian lesson most eloquently enforced."—*Sun*.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

## NEW WORKS NOW READY.

**TROPICAL SKETCHES; or Reminiscences of an Indian Journalist.** By W. KNIGHTON, M.A., Author of "Forest Life in Ceylon." 2 vols. 21s.

**THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; or, Narratives, Scenes, and Anecdotes, from Courts of Justice.** Second Series. By PETER BURKE, Esq., 2 vols. 21s.

**HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA.** Revised by the Editor of "Revelations of Siberia." 2 vols.

**HERBERT LAKE.** A New Novel. By the Author of "Anne Dysart." 3 vols.

**OAKLEIGH MASCOTT.** By L. HOWE. Dedicated to Professor Aytoun. 2 vols.

**ANTIPODES; or, The New Existence: a Tale of Real Life.** By A. CLERGYMAN. 3 vols.

Also, in the press, 3 vols.  
A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. GORE, entitled  
**MAMMON; or, the Hardships of an Heiress.**

HURST and BLACKETT, Publishers, Successors to HENRY COLBURN, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

## INTERESTING LITERARY PRESENTS.

**CHEAP EDITION OF PEPYS'S DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE,** comprising all the recent additional Notes and Emendations, printed uniformly with the last Edition of "Evelyn's Diary." In 4 vols. post 8vo., with Portraits, &c., price only 6s. each, bound.

**CHEAP EDITION OF LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.** By AGNES STRICKLAND. With all the late Improvements, and Portraits of every Queen. 8 vols. 7s. 6d. each, bound.

**CHEAP EDITION OF THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.** By ELIOT WARBURTON. 1 vol. with Fifteen Illustrations, 6s. bound.

**CHEAP EDITION OF MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.** 7 vols., with Portraits, only 3s. each, bound.

Published for H. COLBURN by his Successors HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

**THE NEW CLERICAL DIRECTORY.**—The first part of the NEW CLERICAL DIRECTORY will be presented with the next number of the CLERICAL JOURNAL and CHURCH and UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE, on January 8.

This CLERICAL DIRECTORY will contain a vast amount of original information not elsewhere to be obtained:—being a complete guide to all facts necessary to be known respecting the Clergy and the Church.

ADVERTISERS will find the Number of the CLERICAL JOURNAL for January 8 a very desirable medium. TEN THOUSAND COPIES will be issued and circulated among the Clergy and best classes of the Laity, throughout the Kingdom.

A copy, with Directory Supplement, post free, in return for Nine Stamps.

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London.

## NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS.

From One Hundred and Fifty to

## NINE HUNDRED COPIES

of each of the following Works are in circulation at

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

An Englishwoman's Impressions of Russia.

The Quiet Heart.

A Diary, by the Earl of Carlisle.

Memorials of Amelia Opie.

Aubrey, by Mrs. Marsh.

Oliphant's Shores of the Black Sea.

Warren's Essays.—Ruskin's Lectures.

Autobiography of William Jay.

Bremer's Homes of the New World.

Lamartine's Celebrated Characters.

Guizot's Life of Cromwell.

Milner's Shores of the Baltic.

Germany, 1760 to 1814. By Mrs. Austen.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

Hooker's Himalayan Journals.

De Sauley's Visit to the Dead Sea.

Chesney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns.

Our Cruise in the Undine.

Parkyn's Residence in Abyssinia.

Smyth's Year with the Turks.

Atherton. By Miss Mitford.

Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book.

Murchison's Siluria.

The Americans at Home.

Heartsease; or, the Brother's Wife.

Curzon's Residence in Armenia.

Lady Lee's Widowhood.

Life of Thomas Moore.

Thackeray's Christmas Book.

Purple Tints of Paris.

The Old Chelsea Bun-house.

More Worlds than One.

Matthew Paxton.—Katherine Ashton.

Sunny Memories, by Mrs. Stowe.

Hill's Travels in Siberia.

Haydon's Autobiography.

Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk.

Layard's Second Visit to Nineveh.

High and Low.—Christie Johnstone.

Claude the Colporteur.

Fresh Copies are added whenever a delay occurs, and an ample supply is provided of all the principal New Works as they appear.

Single Subscription One Guinea per annum.

Literary Institutions and Book Societies supplied on liberal terms.

\* \* \* Prospectuses may be obtained on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 510, New Oxford-street, London; and 76, Cross-street, Manchester.

Now ready, Gratis, and Postage free,

## A LIST OF

## SURPLUS COPIES OF RECENT WORKS

WITHDRAWN FROM

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

And offered at greatly reduced Prices for Cash.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 510, New Oxford-street.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.—NOVELTY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Now ready, at all Book and Print Sellers,  
**ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE**  
By an Animal Painter.

With NOTES by a NATURALIST. Twenty Photographs, after Drawings by J. B. Imp. 4to. price 2s. 2s.

Testimony of Sir Edwin Landseer.

"If any praise from me can add to the popularity of this charming work, I have great pleasure in repeating my sincere admiration for its extreme originality of conception and admirable accuracy of knowledge of the creatures delineated. Having studied animals during my whole life, perhaps my testimony as to the truth of the artist's treatment of the Scriptural Illustrations may have some influence."

Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co.; and ACKERMANN and Co. Dublin: JAMES M'GLASHAN.

## WORKS JUST PUBLISHED BY Thomas Constable and Co.

Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature.

I.

Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

## HUNGARIAN SKETCHES IN PEACE AND WAR.

By MORITZ JOKAI.

"Jokai is a highly popular Hungarian author, and this is the finest specimen of his works that has appeared in English."—*Athenaeum*.

II.

Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

## ATHENS and the PELOPONNESE, With Sketches of Northern Greece.

By HERMANN HETTNER.

"Hettner is a scholar, an historian, an archaeologist, and an artist, and in a series of letters, or pages from a diary, written in 1852, he tells us a sad story, in flowing and elegant language, and with an enthusiasm which proves his relish for the work."—*Globe*.

III.

Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

## TALES OF FLEMISH LIFE

By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

"The most characteristic qualities of the author are exhibited in these interesting tales. These are, his perfect fidelity to nature, his simple and genuine pathos, his deep but unobtrusive sense of religion, and his quiet but effective humour."—*Edinburgh Guardian*.

Christmas Book for Children.

## AUGUSTIN, THE HAPPY CHILD.

From the French of Madame CLARA MONNEROD.

Small 8vo. cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.

## SAPPHO:

A Tragedy by Franz Grillparzer.

Translated by L. C. C. Small 8vo. price 3s.

## A Refutation of Spinoza, by Leibnitz.

Recently discovered in the Royal Library of Hanover.

With Prefatory Remarks and Introduction by the Count A. FOUCHER DE CAREIL.

Small 8vo. price 3s.

## THE PHILOSOPHY of the INFINITE;

With special reference to the Theories of Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin.

By HENRY CALDERWOOD. Demy 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

"The most independent metaphysical essay we have read for a long time. . . . It possesses perspicuity, which is the essential attribute of a philosophical style, and, moreover, unites clearness with condensation."—*North British Review*.

## THE MOSAIC RECORD IN HARMONY WITH THE GEOLOGICAL.

Small 8vo. price 3s.

"Death has been busy among our most distinguished masters of Natural Science; and it cheers us to see such a man as the author rising to occupy one of the vacant places, and to show that the race is not yet extinct."—*Witness*.

Collected Works of Dugald Stewart.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Just ready, Vol. III. of

## ELEMENTS of the PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Now complete, in 3 vols. handsome 8vo. price 12s. each.

\* \* \* To the Elements are prefixed Introduction and Part First of the Outlines of Moral Philosophy, with many new and important additions.

## The TABLE-TALK of JOHN SELDEN.

With Notes by DAVID IRVING, LL.D.

Small 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. Dublin: JAMES M'GLASHAN.

Just published,  
**MRS. FURLONG'S ORAL EDUCATION;**  
or, Sketches for the Domestic Circle.  
JAMES NISBET and Co., 21, Berners-street.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY FOR JANUARY.  
**JAMES'S (G. P. R.) HISTORY OF THE LIFE**  
OF RICHARD ŒUR DE LION, King of England. New Edition,  
with fine Portraits of Richard and Philip Augustus. Complete in  
2 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. each.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S BRITISH CLASSICS FOR JANUARY.  
**GIBBON'S ROMAN EMPIRE**, complete and  
unabridged, with variorum Notes, including, in addition to all  
the Author's own, those of Guizot, Wenzel, Niebuhr, Hugo, Neander,  
and other foreign scholars. Edited by an ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.  
Vol. VI. post 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY FOR JANUARY.  
**PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY**, translated,  
with copious Notes. By the late JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D.,  
F.R.S. Vol. I. post 8vo. cloth, 3s.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY FOR JANUARY.  
**SOZOMEN'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY**  
FROM A.D. 384-440; and the ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF  
PHILOSTORGIUS; translated from the Greek, with a Memoir of the  
Author. By E. WALFORD, M.A. Post 8vo. cloth, 3s.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY FOR JANUARY.  
**A HANDBOOK OF PROVERBS**, comprising  
an entire republication of Ray's Collection of English Proverbs,  
with his Additions from Foreign Languages; and a Complete Alpha-  
betical Index; to which are introduced large Additions, as well of Pro-  
verbs as of Sayings, Sentences, Maxims, and Phrases, collected by  
HENRY G. BOHN. Post 8vo. cloth, 3s.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME FOR JANUARY.  
**BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON**, a complete  
translation. By W. K. KELLY, Esq. With fine Portrait. Post  
8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.  
HENRY G. BOHN, 4, 5, and 6, York-street, Covent-garden.

Published Monthly, price 3d.  
**THE BRITISH MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.**  
Edited by Mrs. J. BAKEWELL, Author of "Friendly Hints to  
Female Servants," "Conversation Cards on Intellectual and Moral  
Subjects," &c. &c.  
London: J. SNOW; and may be had, by order, of all Booksellers.

HANDSOME PRESENT FOR THE LADIES.  
Now ready, Vol. I. of  
**THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S ILLUSTRATED**  
Paper, a Journal of Literature, Fashion, Ladies' Fancy Work,  
Useful Information, and Amusement. Illustrated with 170 superb  
Engravings, after designs by the late Count D'Orsay and the most  
eminent artists of the day. Price only 3s.  
London: JOHN LUTTS, 268, Strand; and all Booksellers.

NEW WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.  
**THE STATIONERS' COMPANY'S SHEET**  
ALMANAC for 1855, price 3s., embellished with a view of the  
New Westminster Bridge, designed by Sir CHARLES BARRY.  
Published by the Stationers' Company, at their Hall, Ludgate-street.  
Proofs of the Print, on thick plate paper, may now be had, price 3s.

**MOORE'S ALMANACK for 1855.** Price 6d.  
Containing, besides the usual Calendar, a full account of the  
Eclipse and other Astronomical Phenomena of the year; the Stamp  
Duties; a Popular Chronicle of the War with Russia; a Vocabulary of  
Turkish Words; and other Information.  
London: Published for the Company of Stationers, by JOSEPH  
GREENHILL, at their Hall, Ludgate-street.

FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.  
**THE RURAL ALMANAC AND COUNTRY**  
GENTLEMAN'S CALENDAR for 1855 contains all the business  
of the month relating to the Sports of the Field, the Farm, and the  
Garden. It is an Almanac for the Country House. It has twelve  
superb Engravings, from drawings by ANSELL, HARRISON WEIR,  
LEECH, HARTLOE BROWN, and others. Price 6d., or 7d. stamped for  
post. A copy sent by post to any person enclosing seven postage-stamps  
to the FIELD OFFICE, Essex House, Nos. 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand,  
London.

**GOLDSMITH'S POCKET ALMANACK**  
for 1855. Price 6d. sewed.  
With 80 pages of letter-press, containing more useful and valuable  
matter for occasional reference than can be found in any other publi-  
cation of the same size and price.  
Published for the Company of Stationers by JOSEPH GREENHILL, at  
their Hall, London.

And may be had of all booksellers and stationers—  
In roan tuck, gilt edges, interleaved ... .. 2 0  
Morocco tuck ... .. 3 0  
Morocco, silver lock ... .. 4 0  
And in a variety of other bindings suitable for presents.

NEW BOOK ON THE WAR.  
Just published, fcp. 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.,  
**THE NEIGHBOURS OF RUSSIA, and**  
HISTORY OF THE WAR, to the SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL (with  
Plan.) By JOHN REYNELL MORELL, Author of "Russia as it is,"  
"Algeria," &c.  
"Of use to every one desiring an intelligent acquaintance with the  
causes, progress, and prospects of the struggle in which we are now  
engaged."  
THOMAS NELSON and SONS, London and Edinburgh.

DARTON'S EDUCATIONAL PRINTS, 1s. each.  
Sold by all Book and Printers, and sent by post on receipt of stamps,  
from 58, Holborn-hill.

**STANDARD FLAGS.** Printed in Oil Colours  
and Gold, on a large sheet.  
Sixteen Animals, from designs by Harrison Weir, on one large sheet.  
Printed in oil colours.

Also, beautifully Coloured by Hand, one sheet each,  
The Dog, and his Uses  
The Horse, and his Employments  
The Cow, and her Uses to Man  
The Sheep, and its Parts  
Shells, their Beauties and Uses  
The British Sovereigns, from William the Conqueror to Victoria,  
with the Crowns and Coronets of England.  
Together with Classification of Animals and Vegetables, after Cuvier  
and DeCandolle, on a large sheet, 59 Illustrations.  
DARTON and Co., 58, Holborn-hill.

Third Edition, cloth, 1s.; by post, 1s. 6d.  
**WELSH SKETCHES, First Series.** By  
E. S. APPELBYARD, M.A., author of "Proposals for Christian  
Union."  
"Had been a veritable 'John Jones,' he could not have shown a  
warmer heart for Wales and Welshmen."—*N. Wales Chronicle*.

By the same, at the same price each, second edition.  
**WELSH SKETCHES, Second Series.**  
"It is written in a plain attractive style, which, in conjunction with  
the impartial feeling and great research it evinces, is sure to make it a  
favourite."—*Archæologia Cambrensis*.

Second Edition.  
**WELSH SKETCHES, Third and Last Series.**  
"Amusing and instructive sketches."—*The Clerical Journal*.  
"Constitute a concise, luminous, and genial history of the Cymry."—*Hogg's Instructor*.  
London: JAMES DARLING, 81, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Just published.  
**MRS. FURLONG'S CHRISTIAN MEDITA-**  
TIONS; or, Holy Instructions to Live a Life of Faith. 3d edit.  
Messrs. HATCHARD, 157, Piccadilly.

Just published.  
**MRS. FURLONG'S SUGGESTIVE QUES-**  
TIONS TO PROMOTE RESEARCH. First Series, Second  
Series.  
Messrs. HATCHARD, 157, Piccadilly; WILLIAM GURNE, 11, Brompton-row.

Just published.  
**NEW MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION:** with  
a Recommendation Note by TREVEATHAN SPICER, Esq.,  
LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.  
Messrs. HATCHARD, Piccadilly.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—TALLANT** and  
ALEX. solicit an inspection of their well-selected Stock of new  
and attractive BOOKS, suitable for the present Season.  
21, Warwick-square, Paternoster-row.

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.  
**SUNDAY AFTERNOON;** or, Scripture  
Pictures, Poems, and Questions. A Series of Seventy-two  
beautiful Steel Engravings, from entirely new designs, with one hun-  
dred and thirteen Poems, and a copious collection of Questions for the  
use of Parents and Teachers. Second Edition, price 3s. 6d.  
SAMUEL BAGSTER and SONS, 15, Paternoster-row, London.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF PRINCE CHARLIE.**  
For the Piano-forte. By BRINLEY RICHARDS.  
No. 1. Who wadna Fecht for Charlie?  
No. 2. Charlie is my Darling.  
No. 3. Over the Water to Charlie.  
No. 4. Bonnie Dundee.  
These elegant Piano-forte Pieces, by the above talented composer,  
are now published, price 2s. 6d. each, postage-free.  
HAMMOND, 9, New Bond-street.

Latest published, in 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth, pp. 464.  
**THE CHERUBIM and the APOCALYPSE.**  
By ALEXANDER MACLEOD.  
"Profound reverence for the Word of God, a deep and clear insight  
into its harmonies, thoroughly Evangelical views of its doctrinal  
truths, are apparent throughout this excellent book."—*Evangelical*  
*Christian*.  
"It is undoubtedly the best of recent productions."—*British Banner*.  
"The work will repay perusal, and be found suggestive of profitable  
thought on a deeply interesting subject."—*Original Secession Magazine*.  
Edinburgh: W. WHITE and Co. London: LONGMAN and Co.

This day is published, price One Shilling.  
**A WORD IN SEASON;** or, Comforting  
Thoughts for the Relatives of the Fallen in the East. By the  
Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

By the same Author.  
**THE PLACE OF DUTY;** with Reflections on the  
Fallen at Alma. Second Edition, enlarged, price 6d.  
JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

LIFE and REMAINS OF JOHN ROBY.  
In post 8vo. with Portrait, price Half-a-Guinea.  
**REMAINS, LEGENDARY and POETICAL,**  
OF JOHN ROBY, Author of "Traditions of Lancashire." With  
a sketch of his Literary Life and Character. By his Widow.  
"One of the most exquisite pieces of biography that were ever  
penned—at once unique and beautiful."—*Christian Times*.  
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

New Editions, now ready, of the  
**REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE'S**  
MANUAL OF PAROCHIAL PSALMODY; viz.—I. In 32mo.  
very neatly printed, price 9d. per copy, in limp, stiff covers. 2. In  
18mo. printed on a clear type, price 1s. 6d. per copy, in extra cloth,  
boards, or 2s. neatly bound. And, in 12mo. printed on a large new  
type, price 3s. 6d. per copy, in extra cloth, boards.  
\* Clergymen applying directly to the Publishers will be supplied  
on liberal terms.  
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

**EUCHARISTICA: Meditations and Prayers**  
on the Most Holy Eucharist, from Old English Divines. With an  
Introduction by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. 2s. 6d. cloth; 5s. bound in  
morocco.

**HORÆ SACRÆ: Prayers and Meditations** for  
Private Use, from the Writings of the Divines of the Anglican Church.  
With an Introduction by the Rev. JOHN CHANDLER, M.A., Vicar of  
Witley. 2s. 6d. cloth; 5s. bound in morocco.  
The above are also kept in a variety of handsome bindings, as also  
are Bibles, Common Prayer-books, and Church Services in every  
variety of type and size.  
London: R. and A. SUTCLIFF.

**APPROPRIATE PRESENT.**  
**THE DOMESTIC COMMENTARY** on the  
OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS. By the Rev. ROBERT  
SHUTTLE, Vicar of Alton. Second Edition. Second Thousand.  
Beautifully printed in large type with the Text. In 2 vols. imp. 8vo.  
2s. cloth; or, in 4 vols. 4s. cloth. May also be had in a variety  
of bindings suitable for Presents, varying in price from 3s. 10s. to 5s. 10s.  
London: JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton-row, and 36, Paternoster-  
row.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cloth,  
**MORNINGS WITH JESUS: a Series of**  
Devotional Readings for the Closet and the Family. By the  
late Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of Bath.  
London: JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton-row, and 36, Paternoster-  
row.

**FAMILY COMMENTARY.**  
The Gospels complete in 3 vols. 18s. cloth.  
**MANNA in the HOUSE;** or, Daily Expo-  
sitions of the Gospels; specially adapted for reading at Family  
Worship. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M.—St. Matthew  
and St. Mark, 6s.; St. Luke, 6s.; St. John, 6s.

**FAMILY PRAYERS.**  
Fcp. 8vo. 6d. cloth.  
**THE ARK in the HOUSE;** or, a Series of  
Family Prayers for a Month; with Prayers for Special Occasions.  
By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M., Author of "Manna in the  
House."  
"This is one of the best collections of Family Prayers which we have  
yet seen."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.  
London: JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton-row, and 36, Paternoster-  
row.

Illustrated with a coloured Map, Fcp. 8vo. 6d. cloth.  
**ISRAEL in the WORLD;** or, the Mission  
of the Hebrews to the Great Military Monarchies. By W. H.  
JOHNSTONE, M.A., Author of "Israel after the Flesh."  
London: JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton-row, and 36, Paternoster-  
row.

Cheap Illustrated Edition, price 8d. sewed, 1s. cloth.  
**THE LAMPLIGHTER and GERTY THE**  
FOUNDLING. A Story of the True, the Beautiful, and the  
Good; with ten Illustrations. Edited by GRACE E. DALTON.  
\*\* Ask for Grace Dalton's Edition.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.  
Price 8d. sewed, 1s. boards.  
**THE BOYS' START IN LIFE and HOW**  
THEY SUCCEEDED. Edited by GRACE E. DALTON.  
Illustrated with twenty Engravings.  
London: JOHN F. SHAW, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

This day is published,  
**CHRISTEL, a Christmas Poem; and Sonnets.**  
Price 1s.  
Oxford: SLATER and ROSE. London: G. BELL, Fleet-street.

Just published, price 6d.  
**HINTS FOR THE CHANCELLOR** of the  
EXCHEQUER. By an OCTOGONARIAN.  
EFFINGHAM WILSON, Publisher, 11, Royal Exchange.

This Day, folscep 8vo. 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s.  
**ABDUL MEDJID, a Lay of the Future;** and  
other Poems. By Miss H. B. MACDONALD.  
Edinburgh: J. HOGG. London: R. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

**THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.** The  
Positive Argument from Scripture. With Answers to some late  
Objections from Analogy. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.  
London: SAMUEL BAGSTER and SONS, 15, Paternoster-row.

**FLY LEAVES—Antiquarian, Biographical,**  
Poetical, and Miscellaneous. Second Series.  
Ready this day, price 3s. 6d.  
JOHN MILLER, 45, Chancery-lane, Trafalgar-square.

Now ready, on India paper, price 10s. 6d.,  
**A PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR SIMPSON,**  
of Edinburgh. This portrait is pronounced an admirable like-  
ness, and executed in the best style of lithography, by Messrs. Schenck  
and M'Farlane, of Edinburgh.  
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

In fcp. 8vo., price 3s.  
**THE MOUSE and Her FRIENDS;** with  
Other Stories, translated and adapted for Children. By JOHN  
EDWARD TAYLOR. A companion volume to "The Fairy Ring."  
CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Price 6d.  
**WHERE IS THE GUEST CHAMBER:**  
Sermon preached in a Parish Church on the Sabbath before the  
Communion, 1854. By the Rev. F. GRANT. Published by request.  
Edinburgh: PATON and RITCHIE, Hanover-street.

Sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.  
**LA FLEUR et la FEUILLE;** translated from  
LA CHAUCER into French lines, with the text opposite ("The Flower  
and the Leaf"), by the CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN, Translator of  
"Gay's Fables."  
W. JEFFS, Publisher, No. 15, Burlington Arcade.

**FABLES de GAY;** translated into French  
lines by the CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN, with the text oppo-  
site. 1 vol. price 3s. 6d.  
To be obtained of WHITTAKER and Co., or at the CHEVALIER DE  
CHATELAIN'S, Professor of French Language and Literature, No. 27,  
Grafton-place, Exton-square.

Just published, small 8vo., price 3s.,  
**SAPPHO: a Tragedy.** By FRANZ  
GRILLPARZER. Translated by J. C. C.  
Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co. London: HAMILTON,  
ADAMS, and Co. Dublin: J. M'GLASHAN.

**GIFT BOOK FOR CHILDREN.**  
Just published, small 8vo., cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.,  
**AUGUSTIN, the HAPPY CHILD.** From  
the French of Madame CLARA MONNEROD.  
Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co. London: HAMILTON,  
ADAMS, and Co. Dublin: J. M'GLASHAN.

Price 3d.; by post, 4d.  
**ON the USE of PURE OXYGEN GAS,** as a  
most safe and powerfully Efficacious Curative Agent in various  
Diseases. A Treatise of 32 closely printed pages.  
H. BAILEY, 219, Regent-street; or from the Author, GEORGE BARTLE,  
4, Mornington-crescent, Hampstead-road.

Just published, with 10 Plates, price 5s.  
**EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER;** or,  
Lithography made Easy. Being an Essay upon Lithography in  
all its Branches, showing, more particularly, the Advantages of the  
"Patent Autographic Press" for the use of Schools.  
London: GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, 5, Paternoster-row; and WATERLOW  
and SONS, 65 to 68, London-wall.

Second Thousand, with a New Frontispiece, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth,  
**THE MODERN BRITISH PLUTARCH;** or,  
Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of our Country  
for their Virtues, or Achievements. By Dr. W. C. TAYLOR.  
"The work supplies what has long been needed, and may be advan-  
tageously used in the training of our young people."—*Eclectic Review*.  
GRANT and GRIFFITH, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

**GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.**  
In one handsome fcp. 8vo. vol., cloth, gilt-edged and lettered, price 5s.  
**THE GOLDEN AGE; a Sketch** from  
Waterloo; The Red Cross Knight; and other Poems. By  
ALEXANDER GOUGE. Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of  
Carlisle, &c.  
"Grateful flow, and sparkling narrative."—*Critic*.  
London: ARTHUR HALL, VICTORIA, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.  
Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK.

Second Edition, elegantly bound in cloth, price 1s. 6d.  
**BELL'S LIFE OF CAMERON.**

"An elegant and faithful sketch of the life, principles, exertions, and  
sufferings of a holy martyr of whom the world was not worthy."—*Watchman*.  
"A highly interesting volume. A more tastefully-written biograph-  
ical work has not fallen under our notice for a considerable time."—*Iron-  
ing's Courier*.  
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co. Edinburgh: OLIVER and  
BOYD.

New Edition, reduced to 4s., with Maps and Engravings.  
**THE EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH.** By  
the Rev. EDWARD CHURTON, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland,  
and Rector of Crayke, Durham.

Price 1s. 6d., or 15s. per dozen, in cloth. A New and much-enlarged  
Edition of  
**SIMPLE SKETCHES from CHURCH HIS-**  
TORY. By Mrs. TOOGOOD.  
Sixth Thousand, price 1s., or 10s. per dozen, neatly bound in cloth,  
**THOUGHTS for THOSE that MOURN.**  
London: JOHN HUGHES, 11, Stationers'-hall-court.

**WORKS BY T. S. ARTHUR.**  
**THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S LIFE**  
containing The Maiden—The Wife—The Mother. 32mo. cloth,  
gilt and lettered, 2s. 6d.

**TALES for the RICH and POOR:** containing  
Keeping up Appearances—Making Haste to be Rich—Rising in  
the World—Debtor and Creditor—Retiring from Business—Rehearsal  
Wings. In 2 vols. 32mo. cloth, gilt and lettered, price 3s.; or, hands-  
omely bound in morocco at various prices.

**TALES of MARRIED LIFE:** containing  
Lovers and Husbands—Sweethearts and Wives—Married and  
Single. 32mo. cloth, gilt and lettered, 3s.  
\*\* Any of the above may be had separately, at 1s. each, cloth gilt.  
London: J. S. HODGSON, 22, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 16, Oakley-square, Hamp-  
stead-road, in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office,  
13, Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the Parish of St. Giles, Blooms-  
bury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Fleet-street,  
Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Monday, January 1, 1855.



ts.

he

nd

he  
ate

al,

N,  
ke-  
neck

th  
HN

R:  
the

om  
ure  
or of

ach  
opo-

DE  
27,

NZ

,  
s,

om  
on.

s a  
rious

ETH,

or,  
hy in  
f the

LOW

or,  
untry  
OR.  
ivan-  
enc.

ce in  
rom  
ly  
art of

w.

ON.

, and  
y."-  
egre-  
ic.-  
and

By

land,

ged

HIS-

oth,

FE,  
cloth

ming  
ing in  
have  
hand

ning  
d and  
gilt.

lamp  
office  
rooms  
street  
S.